

THE
EDINBURGH REVIEW,

OCTOBER, 1857.

No. CCXVI.

- ART. I.—1. *The Works of Francis Bacon, Baron of Verulam, Viscount St. Alban, and Lord High Chancellor of England.* Collected and edited by JAMES SPEDDING, M.A., of Trinity College, Cambridge; ROBERT LESLIE ELLIS, M.A., late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge; and DOUGLAS DENON HEATH, Barrister-at-Law, late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. London: 1857.
2. *Bacon's Essays, with Annotations.* By RICHARD WHATELY, D.D., Archbishop of Dublin. London: 1856.
3. *The Works of Francis Bacon, Lord Chancellor of England.* A New Edition. By BASIL MONTAGU, Esq. London: 1825.
4. *Œuvres Philosophiques de Bacon.* Par M. N. BOUILLÉ. 3 vols. Paris: 1835.
5. *Examen de la Philosophie de Bacon.* Ouvrage posthume du Comte JOSEPH DE MAISTRE. Lyons: 1852.
6. *Franz Bacon von Verulam.* Die Realphilosophie und ihr Zeitalter. Von KUNO FISCHER. Leipzig: 1856.
(A translation of this work, by Mr. Oxenford, is published. London: Longman and Co., 1857).
7. *Bacon, sa Vie, son Temps, et son Influence jusqu'à nos Jours.* Par CHARLES DE REMUSAT. 1857.

THE need of a worthy edition of the works of Francis Bacon, and the appeal which this need made to the lovers of philosophy and the cultivators of English literature, have long been felt. Mackintosh, an elegant discourses on the history of philosophy and of literature, but a literary workman little apt

VOL. CVI. NO. CCXVI. U

himself to undertake the labours of the editorial office, was in the habit of holding forth on this subject to his companions on the Norfolk circuit; and among these his exhortations produced an especial effect on his friend and admirer, Basil Montagu. Montagu was not much of a philosopher, and without some strong external impulse, would never have thought of laying his hands on the '*Novum Organon*;' but he was one of those persons in whom the conviction that a thing ought to be done is a strong reason for doing it, if no one else will; so he devoted his life in a great measure to Bacon's works and Bacon's history.

Perhaps it may have happened to some of our readers to fall in with the lively old man, exploring, a few years ago, his classic ground at St. Alban's; lingering among the groves of Gorhambury; or labouring in the church of St. Michael, to decipher the inscription on the grave of him who erected that striking monumental statue of his master; or tracing the lines of the ancient garden, with its pools, which is now called the *Poniards*, and which was formerly, as he explained, the *poul yards*; or pointing to the grave, in the same churchyard, which he had destined for himself, and the inscription '*Patientissimus Veri*,' by which he had already characterised himself, on his tombstone.

His patience was considerable, but it could not quite compensate for the lack of philosophy; and his edition is rather a monument of his good will than a valuable addition to English literature. It did very little to satisfy the need which had given occasion to it. If our old collaborator, Mackintosh, had made an estimate of his hero, thus presented to the public by his own admirer, probably he would have taken occasion to supply the comprehensive philosophical views, exact literary criticism, and impartial biographical research, in which Mr. Montagu was largely deficient; and indeed the appearance of that edition is now chiefly memorable in literature as the occasion which called forth in these pages an essay on Bacon, of consummate eloquence and brilliancy, from the pen of a still more illustrious member of our confraternity.

We have now before us, in the edition of Messrs. Spedding, Ellis, and Heath, a performance of a very different character. Bacon's works may, in a general view, be distinguished into historical, philosophical, and legal; and these three gentlemen are well known as persons who are eminently accomplished in these three departments of literature respectively. How they have discharged their duty as editors it may hereafter be our business to consider; but the fact that they should have

thought it advisable to combine their different accomplishments in order to produce a worthy presentation and exposition of the great Chancellor of England and of Nature, shows at the same time a due reverence for their author and a just appreciation of the comprehensive and varied character of their undertaking.

Several works have recently appeared, in other countries as well as in this, on the subject of Bacon and his philosophy; and of the value of that philosophy the estimates have been most diverse;—some ascribing to him a large share of the merit of all that has been done in science since his time, others charging him with gross ignorance of what was known to the most intelligent men of his own day, some speaking of him as the author of a new and powerful method of discovering truth, others regarding his method as worthless; others again slighting his method as old and no novelty at all; while we have now before us another view of this matter, namely, that his method is new, and likely to be very efficacious for discovery, but has never yet been tried. Perhaps a calm survey of Bacon's writings, and of the history of science since his time, may enable us to decide among these opposing opinions; and certainly the edition now before us affords a favourable occasion for making the attempt. And there is another subject—the history of the philosophy and system as it arose and shaped itself in Bacon's own mind—which cannot fail to have a strong interest for all those who ascribe any importance to the philosophy or to the man, and which the present editors have enabled us to study with great advantages. We shall first say a few words on the latter of these subjects.

The circumstances of Bacon's birth and family naturally opened to him prospects of ambition, both forensic and political, to which he was by no means insensible; but it would seem that from an early age he had felt within him the nobler impulse, much less common in persons of his rank, to be a reformer of philosophy. His biographer, Rawley, begins his account with a due reverence for his subject. 'Francis Bacon, the glory of his age and nation, the adorning and ornament of learning, was born in York House, or York Place, in the Strand, on the two and twentieth day of January, in the year of our Lord 1560. His father,' he goes on to say, 'was that famous counsellor to Queen Elizabeth, the second prop of the kingdom in his time, Sir Nicholas Bacon, Knight, Lord Keeper of the Great Seal of England, a lord of honour, prudence, sufficiency, moderation, and integrity.' The first prop of the kingdom whom Rawley had in his mind, the Lord Treasurer Burleigh, was also connected with Bacon, having married hi-

mother's sister. The admiring biographer soon proceeds to speak of his intellectual aspirations. 'Whilst he was commoner in the university, about sixteen years of age (as his lordship hath been pleased to impart unto myself), he fell into a dislike of the philosophy of Aristotle; not from the worthlessness of the author, to whom he would ever ascribe high attributes, but for the unfruitfulness of the way; being a philosophy (as his lordship used to say) only strong for disputations and contentions, but barren of the production of works for the benefit of the life of man: in which mind he continued to his dying day.' After a time spent in travel, he made the law his professional study, but he was also already employed in giving shape to a plan for the improvement of human knowledge, to the formation and success of which, according to his view, past ages had been gradually tending. The time was pregnant, and he undertook the office of announcing the expected birth. In his letter to Father Fulgentio, written about 1626, he says, 'I recollect that forty years ago I composed a small juvenile work on these matters, which truly with a mighty confidence, and with a sounding title, I called "*Temporis Partus Maximus*." We do not possess this youthful essay, but the image as well as the thought remained fixed in his mind. Among his papers was found one*, written probably thirty years later than the period here spoken of, with the title, '*Temporis Partus masculus, sive Instauration magna Imperii Humani in universum*.' It might seem as if, in altering the phrase, he had represented to himself all previous philosophies as female births, unfitted for the harder and more effective business of life.† He had reason to say, at that later period, that he trusted something must come of these his attempts, on the ground, among other grounds, of the ardour and constancy of his mind, which had not grown old in so many years as to this design, nor waxed cold in its purpose.

Yet he had a strong tendency to employ his thoughts upon the practical characters and habits of men, in their intercourse with one another, as well as upon the knowledge by which they were to acquire or recover a wide empire over nature; and he had a rich vein of shrewdness, imagery, and pointed remark, often amounting to wit and sometimes to wisdom, which was

* Published in this edition, vol. iii. p. 327.

† Cowley says, —

'Philosophy, I say and call it He;
For whatsoever the painter's fancy be,
It a male virtue seems to me.'

especially in its appropriate province when applied to social, civil, and political matters; and though he was not placed in any very elevated post, his position in the earlier years of his manhood was such as to give him abundant opportunity of observing the characters, institutions, and incidents which make up the world, and afford materials for the sagest reflections, as well as for the keenest satire. The result of such reflections he committed to writing. It was the earliest of his printed publications, with the exception of some legal and occasional papers, and is undoubtedly up to the present time by far the most generally known and valued of all his works; and indeed in this way has few equals in the literature of modern Europe. The 'Essays,' of which we now speak, were published first in 1597, but were known, it would seem, before they were published; for in his dedication of the work to his brother, Anthony Bacon, he implies that there had been a danger of a surreptitious publication. 'Loving and beloved brother,' he says, 'I do now like some that have an orchard ill neighboured, that gather their fruit before it is ripe to prevent stealing.' 'Therefore,' he adds, 'I hold it but discretion to publish them myself as they passed long ago from my pen, without any further disgrace than the weakness of the author.'

These Essays are so well known that we need not dwell upon their character. They seem to have been in some measure produced by the author's habit of collecting and preserving what he calls *antitheta*;—brief and pointed maxims on one side, and on the other of a number of general subjects; or, as he himself says*, '*antitheta* are *theses* argued *pro et contra*, wherein some may be more large and laborious, but in such as are able to do it, to avoid prolixity of entry, I wish the heads of the several arguments to be cast up into some brief and acute sentences, not to be cited, but to be as scanes or bottoms of thread, to be unwinded at large when they come to be used.'

Thus his *antitheta* on Nobility are (taking Dr. Whately's translations),—

'*Pro*:—

'High birth is the wreath with which men are crowned by time.

'We reverence antiquity even in lifeless monuments; how much more in living ones!

'Nobility withdraws virtue from envy, and commends it to favour.

'*Contra*:—

* Advancement of Learning, p. 11.

'Nobility has seldom sprung from virtue: virtue still more rarely from nobility.

'Persons of high birth oftener resort to their ancestors as a means of escaping punishment, than as a recommendation to high posts.

'Such is the activity of upstarts that men of high birth seem statues in comparison.

'In running their race, men of birth look back too often, which is the mark of a bad runner.'

The Essay on Nobility is the 'unwinding' of these maxims, or rather a lively enunciation and illustration of them. Dr. Whately, in his recent edition of the Essays, to which we have just referred, has taken Bacon's remarks on each subject as his 'scenes or bottoms; from which he has unwound, or to which he has tied, a lively and entertaining string of illustrations, anecdotes, criticisms, and reasonings. He has moreover illustrated the text by judicious comparisons of the language of Bacon with the older English writers, and interspersed it with a commentary of singular originality and acuteness.

But though Bacon might thus from time to time employ his mind upon the ordinary businesses of men, he was steadily occupying himself with that which concerned his own especial business, and which, as we have seen, he learnt to call the *Instauratio Magna*; — a proposal for increasing human knowledge and human power, by new and improved methods of using the human faculties. To trace all the steps by which this design grew up in his mind and was clothed in words which he finally allowed to remain, must of course be impossible, — as it is impossible to draw the progress of any great design, or any great work, from its origin to its completion. But the present editors have done, in this way, all that can be done, and have indeed explored the course of Bacon's efforts, as shown by his successive writings and drafts, with extraordinary diligence and ingenuity.

There is a question of prudence and propriety which must often be very perplexing to editors who have in their hands a great number of successive drafts of an author's work, or of its parts. How far are they to bring before the reader the various forms which the composition assumed before its final form? How far are they to be bound by deference to the author so as to acquiesce in what he thought and said after all his fluctuations of judgment? How far are they to indulge the curiosity of the reader, by showing him the trials which the master made before he succeeded to his own satisfaction? Perhaps we may venture to say that in such cases the completed work most truly represents the author's mind; while at the same time

it is difficult for his ordinary admirers not to wish to catch him in the unaccomplished effort. The real reverence for the teacher is shown by listening to him when he begins to teach, not by overhearing his soliloquies. In some kinds of composition, poetry for instance, nothing can be more adverse to a pure poetical enjoyment of a fine passage, than to compare a rough draft, full of false rhymes, flat lines, superfluous epithets and broken constructions, with the 'full majestic touch and energy 'divine,' which the same passage finally acquires, and with which it then seems to have had from the moment that it sprung from the poet's mind. We know manuscript drafts of portions in Milton, which it seems almost profanation to read, or when they have been read, to recollect. The drafts of Bacon's great work, and its parts which have survived and are exhibited in this edition, are not offensive in this way; indeed scarcely any of them are otherwise than striking and interesting. But the multiplicity of them somewhat obscures and confuses the general effect of the work. And this tendency to confusion is further increased by the editors' giving the various parts of the work, not in the order in which they are connected in the general plan, but in the order in which they seem to have been composed. Thus nothing is plainer, from all that Bacon says of his intentions, than that the work '*De Augmentis Scientiarum*' was the first part of the Great Instauration, and the '*Novum Organon*' a subsequent part. Yet in the edition before us this order is reversed: the '*Novum Organon*' stands the first of the philosophical works, and the '*De Augmentis*' comes afterwards; and the reason which Mr. Spedding assigns for this arrangement is, that all the parts of this great work were incomplete and more or less abortive, and that therefore the best way is to give, first, '*the distributio operis*,' setting forth 'the perfect work as he conceived it in his mind, and then the 'series of imperfect and irregular efforts which he made to 'execute it, in the order in which they were made.' Even if we were to assent to this opinion, it is difficult to see how the scheme is here carried out; for the work '*Of the Advancement of Learning*,' which must be regarded as representing the first part of the '*Instauration*,' and which was published in 1605, is placed in the third volume; while the expanded translation of it, the Latin work '*De Augmentis Scientiarum*,' published in 1623, is introduced in the first volume, after the '*Novum Organon*.' We conceive that an arrangement more satisfactory and convenient is that of M. Bouillet, who, in his '*Cœuvres Philosophiques de Bacon*,' gives first the '*De Augmentis*,' then the '*Novum Organon*,' and then the '*opuscules*' which are more or less connected with these works.

With regard, however, to the manner in which we may trace the growth of Bacon's philosophy, the series of its appearances in his extant writings, and the transformations which it underwent as he returned again and again to his task, we conceive that the present editors are better guides than M. Bouillet, and we shall proceed to notice one or two of the points thus brought into view.

We have mentioned Bacon's declaration to Father Fulgentio, that at the age of a scanty twenty-four he composed a small work on the same subject on which he afterwards so perseveringly laboured, and called it '*Temporis Partus Maximus*.' M. Bouillet, in his edition of the *Philosophical Works* (see vol. ii. p. xlvi.), has put together three fragments, which had been collected in previous editions:—1. '*Aphorismi et Consilia de Auxiliis Mentis et de Accensione Luminis Naturalis*;' 2. '*De Interpretatione Naturæ, sententiæ xii.*;' and 3. '*Temporis Partus Masculus sive De Interpretatione Naturæ, libri tres*;' and he conceives these to be probably remains of that early essay, or at any rate to belong to the same epoch, and to have been composed between the years 1585 and 1590. But this opinion appears to us, as it does to the present editors, to be quite improbable. Both the former two of these three fragments begin with the well-known first axiom of the '*Novum Organon*:'—'*Homo, naturæ minister et interpres, tantum facit et intelligit quantum de ordine naturæ opere (or re) vel mente observavit.*' The former adds '*nec amplius novit aut potest*;' the latter has, instead, '*ipse interim naturæ legibus obsessus.*' The former has, after a few intermediate aphorisms, one which approaches very near to the first of the Second Book of the '*Organon*,'—'*Who knows the cause of any nature, as of whiteness or heat, in certain subjects only, his science is imperfect. And who can induce an effect upon a certain matter only among those which are susceptible of it, his power is likewise imperfect.*' These sentences are so close an approximation to the expressions and doctrines of the '*Novum Organon*' in its ultimate form, that we must suppose them to be drafts when it had nearly reached that form. We find nothing like them in the writings known to be of an earlier date. We think, with Mr. Ellis (vol. iii. p. 202.), that the earliest type of the '*Instauration*' is the English tract having the strange title*

* Why did Bacon adopt this title? Was he thinking of Valerius Flaccus, the author of the '*Argonautics*'? This would give additional point to Mr. Ellis's conjecture (vol. iii. p. 201.) that he intended to intimate by the name *Terminus*, that the new philosophy would put an end to the wandering of mankind in search of truth.

'Valerius Terminus. Of the Interpretation of Nature, with the Annotations of Hermes Stella.' The draft of the contents of this tract, written in and corrected in Bacon's own hand, has at the bottom a date,—1603,—along with some astronomical signs. Of course this draft cannot be later than that date; and Mr. Spedding, with the characteristic accuracy of his biographical notes, remarks (vol. iii. p. 208.) that Bacon was then, so far as we know, little occupied by other business.

The 'Valerius Terminus' professes to be a series of fragments or drafts of various chapters belonging to a considerable work. The most important of these, as bearing upon the progress and formation of Bacon's views in his own mind, is a part of the 11th chapter. In this he describes his object as something quite new; namely (vol. iii. p. 235.), 'the revealing or discovering of new inventions or operations. This, to be done without the errors and conjectures of art, or the length and difficulties of experience.' This he proposes to do by what he calls 'perfecting the direction;' namely, the direction in which men's thoughts must travel from the facts to the principle. As Mr. Ellis says (vol. iii. p. 202.), 'What Bacon afterwards called the investigation of the form, he here calls the freeing of a direction.' And Bacon takes here an example:—'Let the effect to be produced be whiteness;' and he considers how facts may direct us to this object, in a manner very like the germ of the tables of presence, of absence, of degrees, of exclusion, which he afterwards recommended in the 'Organon.'

We have other drafts still further tending to bring the 'Instauratio' into its final form; namely, the 'Delineatio,' which the editors refer to 1606 or 1607, and which contains the earliest intimation of the entire scheme of the 'Instauratio Magna;' the 'Cogitata et Visa,' which we may refer to 1607, and which was imparted 'with choice,' as he says, to friends—for instance, to Sir Thomas Bodley, from whom it elicited a reply in a somewhat controversial, though very respectful tone. The English work 'On the Advancement of Learning' had already been published in 1605.

The editors have noted with care and acuteness the modifications which some of Bacon's preconceived thoughts underwent as he thus made draft after draft of his great work. But Mr. Spedding has also pointed out—which is perhaps still more curious—the varieties of tone and manner which are assumed in these successive attempts. In the 'Temporis Partus Masculus' he adopts a strain of contemptuous invective which is contrary to the gentleness and modesty which are said to have distinguished his demeanour and conversation, and which in general appear in

his writings. 'How is this,' asks Mr. Spedding (vol. iii. p. 525.), 'to be accounted for? I cannot help thinking,' he replies, 'that it was one of his experiments in the art of commanding audiences and winning disciples.' Mr. S. conceives further, that he has got a confession from Bacon, under his own hand, that this was the truth of the matter. He has found a memorandum-book of his author, containing, among other things, suggestions as to the treatment of his work then on hand, and in this book he reads (vol. iii. p. 526.) the following memorandum, as if intended for his future guidance:—'*Discoursing scornfully of the philosophy of the Grecians, and with some better respect to the Ægyptians, Persians, Caldees, and the utmost antiquity, and the mysteries of the poets;*' and again, a little further on,—'*Taking a greater confidence and authority in discourses of this nature, tanquam sui certus et de alto despiciens.*' And accordingly his masculine offspring assumes the gruff tone and disdainful demeanour which he had then imagined might be impressive.

Mr. Spedding conceives that he sees in many circumstances hesitation, uncertainty, and anxiety as to the form in which he should cast his great venture, so as to have the best chance of a favourable reception (vol. iii. p. 171.). 'At one time he seems to have thought of bringing his work out under a fanciful name, probably with some fanciful story to explain it, as we see in the mysterious title "*Valerius Terminus*," &c. At another he presents the same argument in a dramatic form, as in the "*Redargutio Philosophiarum*," where great part of what became afterwards the first book of the "*Novum Organon*" is given as a report of a speech addressed to an assembly of philosophers at Paris.' At another, he tries to disguise himself under a style of assumed superiority, as in the '*Temporis Partus Masculus*.' Another thought which he had was to publish it in a distant place. In July 1608, remembering that a prophet is not without honour except in his own country, he was considering the expediency of beginning to print in France, as appears from the memorandum-book already mentioned. And about the same time the idea of shadowing himself under the darkness of antiquity seems to have occurred to him. 'For I am much inclined,' adds Mr. Spedding, 'to think that it was some such consideration which induced him, in 1609, to bring out his little book "*De Sapientiâ Veterum*;" when, fancying that some of the cardinal principles of his own philosophy lay hid in the oldest Greek fables, he took advantage of the circumstance to bring them forward under the sanction of that ancient prescription; and so made those fables serve partly as

‘pioneers to prepare his way, and partly as auxiliaries to enforce his authority.’

This is interesting and plausible enough. But we can hardly assent to Mr. Spedding when he says (vol. iii. p. 173.) that a style of assumed superiority, or at least of conscious superiority, was quite unlike Bacon’s natural manner. The weighty dignity of Bacon’s style always seems to assert (without offence or ostentation) the superiority of its author. What other writer would have ventured to begin his work in his manner,—‘Francis Bacon so thought, and deemed that for posterity to know his thoughts, was of concern to them?’ And this form is adhered to in all those which we regard as the later drafts of the great work. The ‘*Temporis Partus Masculus*’ is addressed in every few sentences to a supposed son or sons, by the word ‘fili’ in a parenthesis, conforming to an entry in the memorandum-book: ‘Qu. of an oration *ad filios*: delightful, sublime, and mixed with elegance, affection, novelty of conceit and yet sensible, and superstition.’ The ‘*Redargutio Philosophiarum*’ is in like manner thickly interspersed with the address ‘fili.’ But the ‘*Cogitata et Visa*’ begins ‘Franciscus Bacon sic cogitavit;’ and every succeeding paragraph commences in the same way,—‘*Cogitavit et illud.*’ And the ‘*Filum Labyrinthi*,’ which is, as far as it goes, nearly a translation of the ‘*Cogitata et Visa*,’ has the same formula,—‘Francis Bacon thought in this manner.’

One of the artifices of which Bacon made trial, in order to give effect to his doctrines, has been interpreted in a manner so curious that it deserves notice. Count Joseph De Maistre, author of the ‘*Soirées de Saint-Petersbourg*,’ a favourite writer of the ultramontane school, had a profound aversion for Bacon and his philosophy. Perhaps this was occasioned in some degree by the favour which Bacon’s views had found in the eyes of the Encyclopedists—a race whom the great champion of the Papal Power looked upon as atheists and anarchists. M. de Maistre (who died in 1821) left behind him an ‘*Examen de la Philosophie de Bacon*,’ which has since been published, and which is a remarkable example of the persevering acrimony of hostile criticism; for there is hardly a maxim or an experiment which he does not present as puerile, stupid, and absurd. But further: he believes (*Examen*, p. 98.) that he finds in one passage of Bacon’s writings evidence that he had been initiated at Paris into some secret society of persons of whom ‘our modern illuminati’ may be the direct successors. This passage is the description, in the ‘*Redargutio Philosophiarum*,’ of the assembly to whom the defence of knowledge was ad-

dressed. They were about fifty persons, all of ripe age, and of countenances marked with dignity and probity. They sat in order, as expecting the arrival of some one. They were, as M. de Maistre translates, 'Brethren,' felicitating each other on having 'seen the light,' waiting for the 'Grand Master,' and, when he arrives, listening to his speech at a 'cérémonie de réception.' M. de Maistre sees further confirmation of this French influence thus exercised upon Bacon in his Latin style, which is, he says, free from English terms, but bristles all over with Gallicisms. Of these he gives some examples:—*Ictu mallei rebuscere* (*se reboucher sous le marteau*). *Fieri fecimus globum* (*je fis faire un globe*). *In opus ponere* (*mettre en œuvre*). *Se reunire* (*se réunir*). *Bene essere civitatis* (*le bien-être de la cité*). *Consistentia*; *cadentia*; *incompetentia*; *comparentia* (*comparution*, a term of the Palais de Justice); *espinetta*; and many more. The whole criticism is a curious example of self-complacency; and the author concludes with the assurance that he has put the New Organ completely out of gear ('le Nouvel Instrument est enfin complètement démonté'), and shown it to be a piece of pompous and worthless quackery ('jaunais l'histoire philosophique ne présenta à la superficielle crédulité rien à la fois de si fastueux et si nul').

This is extravagant enough. That the 'Novum Organon' did good work, we shall, we trust, show; though it could not, nor can, be made to manufacture the essences of things out of the raw facts, as its author appears to have aspired to do. That many of the facts which Bacon adduces are of small value, and that he was ignorant or mistaken with regard to many scientific matters which had been brought to light at his time, his editors, with a wise candour, allow. Mr. Spedding has collected a formidable list of such instances of ignorance, which Mr. Ellis has, in different places, noted.

Though he paid great attention to astronomy, discussed carefully the methods in which it ought to be studied, constructed for the satisfaction of his own mind an elaborate theory of the heavens, and listened eagerly for the news from the stars brought by Galileo's telescope, he appears to have been utterly ignorant of the discoveries which had just been made by Kepler's calculations. Though he complained in 1623 of the want of compendious methods for facilitating arithmetical computations, especially with regard to the doctrine of series, and fully recognised the importance of them as an aid to physical inquiries, he does not say a word about Napier's Logarithms, which had been published only nine years before and reprinted more than once in the interval. He complained that no considerable advance had been made in geometry beyond Euclid, without taking any notice of what had been done by Archimedes

and Apollonius. He saw the importance of determining accurately the specific gravities of different substances, and himself attempted to form a table of them by a rude process of his own, without knowing of the more scientific though still imperfect methods previously employed by Archimedes, Ghetaldus, and Porta. He speaks of the *εὑρηκα* of Archimedes in a manner which implies that he did not clearly apprehend either the nature of the problem to be solved or the principles upon which the solution depended. In reviewing the progress of Mechanics, he makes no mention of Archimedes himself, or of Stevinus, Galileo, Guldinus, or Ghetaldus. He makes no allusion to the theory of Equilibrium. He observes that a ball of one pound weight will fall nearly as fast through the air as a ball of two, without alluding to the theory of the acceleration of falling bodies, which had been made known by Galileo more than thirty years before. He proposes an inquiry with regard to the lever,—namely, whether in a balance with arms of different length but equal weight the distance from the fulcrum has any effect upon the inclination—though the theory of the lever was as well understood in his own time as it is now. In making an experiment of his own to ascertain the cause of the motion of a windmill, he overlooks an obvious circumstance which makes the experiment inconclusive, and an equally obvious variation of the same experiment which would have shown him that his theory was false. He speaks of the poles of the earth as fixed, in a manner which seems to imply that he was not acquainted with the precession of the equinoxes; and in another place of the north pole being above, and the south pole below, as a reason why in our hemisphere the north winds predominate over the south.' (Vol. iii. p. 511–12.)

Nor do the careful and philosophical students of Bacon venture to say that, though he was ignorant of some of the details of the existing science of his time, he still saw, with a sure and prophetic glance, the manner in which science was thenceforward to be promoted. On the contrary, the wisest of those who claim high praise for Bacon, on the ground of his philosophy of the progress of human knowledge, are far from wishing to keep out of sight the breadth and gravity of his mistakes respecting points of that philosophy. But still, when all deductions have been made, there remains in his teaching and exhortations, not only a dignified and animating spirit, but a sagacity and a truth which place him among the foremost of those who have spoken to the world on such subjects; and in the effects which his utterance has had upon mankind, make him perhaps the first. Let us try to point out some main elements in the truths which he thus delivered.

We must, for this purpose, keep our attention fixed upon the whole history of science since Bacon's time—not upon one or two portions of it only, assumed as examples,—a course

which has too often been taken by men who speculate concerning methods and progress in matters of science; we must look at the whole, or at least so large a breadth of the great field of human knowledge, that we may not overlook any of the general features of the progress. It is for the interest of Bacon's fame that we should take this course; for it is in catching the general features of this subject that his sagacity was most shown.

Moreover, in order to estimate Bacon's merit as regards this philosophy, we must not regard as most important and essential in his method that which he so regarded. Nothing can be more fallacious than the estimates which a great writer, who produces, or has a share in producing, a mighty impression in the world of thought, forms of the comparative value of different portions of his labours. We know that Galileo was confident that the most important part of his contributions to the knowledge of the solar system was his theory of the tides — a theory which all succeeding astronomers have rejected as utterly baseless and untenable. Descartes probably placed far above his beautiful explanation of the rainbow, his *à priori* proof of the existence of the vortices which caused the motion of the planets and satellites. Newton perhaps considered as one of the best part of his optical researches, his explanation of the natural colours of bodies, which succeeding optical philosophers have had to reject; and he certainly held very strongly the necessity of a material cause for gravity, which his disciples have disregarded. Davy looked for his greatest triumph in the application of his discoveries to prevent the copper bottoms of ships from being corroded. And so in other matters. Plato regarded the pre-existence of the human soul as a cardinal truth; but who of Plato's warmest admirers now holds this doctrine? Milton is said to have preferred his 'Paradise Regained' to his 'Paradise Lost.' Wellington did not allow Waterloo to be his greatest battle. And so, if Bacon believed that there could be a method of discovery which should supersede genius in the discoverer; or a collection of facts which might be made so as to promote science without the direction of scientific insight; or a discovery of the form and nature of a thing by which we might convert one thing into another, — and if these opinions are erroneous, we are not to insist tenaciously upon these errors as the prominent points of his philosophy, and thus to place it in an attitude of opposition to the experience of more recent science. As an acute spirit of our own times said, There is a party which is wiser than any man, namely, mankind, — so we may say, there is a legislation of

scientific discovery which is wiser than any legislator, even than Bacon; namely, men of science themselves, employed in making discoveries, according to their own intellectual impulse and insight. If many of Bacon's anticipations of the nature and progress of knowledge from his time have turned out shortsighted or false, let us frankly acknowledge this, and let us rather dwell upon the remarks which he makes that involve a sagacity which time and science have confirmed. If some of the grounds of his most confident and eloquent exhortations to his contemporaries and to posterity have proved to be mistaken, while others have been wonderfully illustrated in succeeding times, let us pass by the former, and fix our attention on the latter; the more so as we know that his advice to men to cultivate knowledge by new methods, and to hope for new successes, not only have been shown to be reasonable by the event, but were of great efficacy in urging men onwards. From about his time a vast change took place in the mode of pursuing science; and the course taken was in many respects such as he described, and such as had never been described before. To hold that his predictions, precepts, and exhortations had nothing to do with this new career of science, is something like the proceeding of certain astronomers of our own day, who have maintained, that though Messrs. Leverrier and Adams predicted the discovery of a new planet in the heavens, and though it was forthwith found in the place which they had thus pointed out for it, yet still, that the planet which was predicted was not that which was discovered.

In order, then, that we may appreciate justly both the sagacity of Bacon, and the effect of his works on succeeding times, let us consider some of the points in which he has divined in a remarkable manner the characters of the true progress of science.

In the first of these points which we shall mention, we are plainly not giving him the benefit of any happy casual utterance; for it is one of the precepts on which he most emphatically and repeatedly dwells, which he constantly asserts as a cardinal tenet of his doctrine, and a most important distinction, which he marks by express terms invented by him for the purpose,—his distinction of the *Anticipation of Nature* and the *Interpretation of Nature*. Others before him had taught that knowledge was to be sought from experience,—to be acquired by observation of nature. About his time others as well as he had loudly proclaimed that the time was come when from such a source new intellectual treasures were to be derived. But Bacon alone saw that knowledge so furnished must be gained by a

slow and gradual course, — that the first impulses of the human mind, even when it makes experience its starting point, are fallacious and delusive. He alone raised his warning voice, and raised it again and again, against this tempting and universal fallacy and delusion. There are, he says*, two ways, and can be only two, of seeking and finding truth. One springs at once from the sense, and from particulars, to the most general axioms; and from principles thus obtained, and their truth assumed as a fixed point, judges and invents intermediate axioms. This is the way now in use. The other obtains its axioms (that is, its truths) also from the sense and from particulars, by a connected and gradual progress, so as to arrive, in the last place, at the most general truths. This is the true way, as yet untried. The former set of doctrines we call, he says†, for the sake of clearness, ‘Anticipation of Nature,’ the latter the ‘Interpretation of Nature.’

It is easier for us now, than it would have been for Bacon, to give examples of such ‘anticipations;’ for in every province of human knowledge, where we now possess a careful and coherent interpretation of nature, men began by attempting, in some such bold flight as he describes, to leap from obvious facts to the highest point of generality — to some wide and simple principle which after ages had to reject. Thus from the facts that all bodies are hot or cold, moist or dry, they leapt at once to the doctrine that the world is constituted of four elements — earth, air, fire, water; from the fact that the heavenly bodies circle the sky in courses which occur again and again, they at once asserted that they move in exact circles, with an exactly uniform motion; from the fact that heavy bodies fall through the air somewhat faster than light ones, it was assumed that all bodies fall quickly or slowly exactly in proportion to their weight; from the fact that the magnet attracts iron, and that this force of attraction is capable of increase, it was inferred that a perfect magnet would have an irresistible force of attraction, and that the magnetic pole of the earth would draw the nails out of a ship’s bottom which came near it; from the fact that some of the finest quartz crystals are found among the snows of the Alps, it was inferred that the crystallisation of gems is the result of intense and long-continued cold: and so on, in innumerable instances. Such anticipations as these constituted the basis of almost all the science of the ancient world; for, such principles being so assumed, consequences were drawn from them with great

* Nov. Org. i., aph. xix.

† Aph. xxvi.

ingenuity, and systems of such deductions stood in the place of science.

In opposition to this practice, fatal to real knowledge, Bacon urges the other course as the only source of hope. 'Then 'only,' says he*, 'may we have hope of the sciences, when we 'ascend by a true ladder, by continuous steps, not detached 'and disjointed, from particulars to minor truths, then to middle 'truths, one line above another; and last of all to the most 'general.' In another place†, he uses an image which puts this view in a strikingly distinct form. 'The sciences,' he says, 'are 'like pyramids, experiment and history being their indispensable 'base. Natural philosophy must have for its base the history of 'nature. The first floor (*tabulaeum*) from the base is physics, 'the highest, metaphysics; as to the summit and vertex ("the ' "work which God worketh from the beginning even to the ' "end,"† the highest law of Nature), I doubt whether human 'inquiry can reach thereto.' And he applies to those who would raise these stories (*contabulationes*) by single efforts of human strength, the poet's description:—

'Ter sunt conati imponere Pelio Ossam

Scilicet, atque Ossæ frondosum involvere Olymum.'

We may point out in the history of every science which has made great progress, these successive floors of knowledge, these orders of truths more and more general and simple, and each resting upon the preceding.

Thus in planetary astronomy, the basis of facts is the appearances of the planets in the sky, for example, as morning and evening stars, and the cycles by which these appearances succeed each other. On this basis of facts the Greeks erected, for each planet, a scaffolding of eccentrics and epicycles, of which the main props were solid and substantial, however it might be cumbered with superfluous spars and timbers; for it embraced and explained the facts as exactly as the Greek astronomers could observe them. On this scaffolding, again, a loftier stage was elevated by Copernicus, in which all these separate structures converge to a common point. And when Kepler had freed this Copernican stage from the vestiges of the Grecian scaffoldings, Newton was able to raise thereon a still higher turret, to which the celestial motions of planets, satellites, and comets were a common foundation, along with the terrestrial motions of bodies which we can hold or fling with our hands.

* Aph. civ.

† De Augmentis, lib. iii. c. iv. p. 567.

‡ Eccles. iii. 11.

It would detain us too long to exemplify this pyramidal and many-floored structure of science in the other cases to which we have referred. But we may briefly notice the case of Magnetism. On the facts of the attraction and repulsion of magnets, our countryman Gilbert, and others, erected the first scientific framework: to the effect that in permanent magnets, like poles repel and opposite poles attract each other; and that soft iron assumes poles by the influence of a neighbouring magnet. Side by side with this framework of obvious theory, stood a like theory for electricity and galvanism; including the distinction of conducting and non-conducting materials, and the notion of a current of an electric fluid passing along conductors. These two separate structures became combined as supports of a higher chamber of truth, when Ersted, in 1820, discovered that the voltaic current turns the magnetic needle into a position transverse to its own. And this tendency of the magnetic lines and voltaic currents to place themselves at right angles to each other, had its point of view elevated and enlarged, when Ampere taught us to regard a magnet as an assemblage of transverse closed voltaic circuits. While this has been going on, the basis of facts has been every year extended by the discovery of other forms of this *electro-magnetic* action; the other mutual effects of magnetic lines and voltaic currents; as, their starting into motion and their stopping, their motion one way or another; also a property the opposite of magnetism, which Dr. Faraday, its discoverer, has called *diamagnetism*; again, another of his discoveries, a magnetism of crystals, which has reference to their *crystalline* axes;—all these facts require, it seems to be felt by the philosophers who are now dealing with the subject, some additional framework for some of the facts;—a framework such that on it, along with the firmest portion of existing theories, some higher and wider theory of electro-magnetic action may be erected.

It is surely no small glory for Bacon that he, and, up to the present time, he alone, has put forward, as a cardinal and essential point of the philosophy of science, the need of such a gradually-built frame work; a doctrine exemplified in dozens of sciences, which, when he wrote, and long afterwards, did not exist.

But science necessarily involves ideas as well as facts: the framework of all sound theory must rest on a basis of facts, and, as Bacon says, the ideas are the very nails by which this framework is held together. Without these the facts have no coherence. Has Bacon seen this condition of the existence of science? Has he given any directions for the use of ideas as well as for the use of facts? Here also his sagacity did not

fail him. He enjoins upon his disciples that if the ideas which they employ — *notiones* is his word — are confused and rashly abstracted from things*, there is no hope of real knowledge. He says that even the most limited notions, as *man* or *dog*; the most immediate impressions of the senses, *hot* and *cold*, *white* and *black*; have some taint of confusion, and that all the more large and general notions are utterly fantastical and ill defined: as *matter* and *form*, *attraction* and *repulsion*, *generation* and *conception*, *dense* and *rare*, *heavy* and *light*. Any one who has traced with any attention the history of science will recollect what an important share in that history has been held by discussions concerning the necessary meaning and definition of words of this class: for example, force, gravity, momentum, inertia, element, matter, polarity, organisation, life. And he will be aware of the truth of Bacon's assertion, that so long as these notions, the essential parts of the respective sciences to which they belong, are thus loose and wavering, the superstructure which is erected by means of them can have no strength or stability. Nor do we know of any other teacher of the philosophy of science who has added his exhortations respecting the elucidation and definition of notions to those other more common exhortations concerning the necessity of beginning from facts.

Another point in which Bacon divined the character of the scientific age which was to succeed him will be more readily granted us, as having been of late repeatedly dwelt upon. He hoped and urged that knowledge should be so acquired and so used as to be turned to practical purposes—to the benefit and comfort of man. Experiments were to be *fructifera* as well as *lucifera*. Knowledge was to be power. It is easily shown how largely this hope and this counsel have been justified by the history of science in modern times. Yet it required no small confidence in his prophetic view of that history to predict and to demand such results. The great discoveries of the preceding centuries, on which Bacon repeatedly dwells as felicitous examples of the augmentation of the power and wealth of the human race,—gunpowder, glass, printing, silk, the magnetic needle,—had not been the consequences of any especial steps in theoretical knowledge. They were casual discoveries, or mere results of persevering trial. They sprung into being as arts, not as sciences. Even the discovery of a new continent, from which, as he said, so sweet a gale of hope might at that time be felt, so far as it was occasioned by science at all, was the off-

* Apl. xiv, xv, xvi.

spring of very ancient, not of recent theoretical views. Yet he was incessant and urgent in his teaching that new knowledge would lead to new arts and new benefits. This was the promise of his plan. He was to proceed *ascendendo ad axiomata, descendendo ad opera*. The uses of life were to crown man's success, as well as the gratifications of the intellect. And wonderful indeed have been the exemplifications of the fruitfulness of science in such products. What are the great wonders, the great sources of man's material strength, wealth, and comfort in modern times? The railway, with its mile-long trains of men and merchandise, moving with the velocity of the wind, and darting over chasms a thousand feet wide; the electric telegraph, along which man's thoughts travel with the velocity of light, and girdle the earth more quickly than Ariel's promise to his master; the contrivance by which the magnet, in the very middle of a ship of iron, is still true to the distant pole, and remains a faithful guide to the mariner; the electrotype process, by which a metallic model of any given object, unerringly exact, grows into being like a flower. Now all these wonders are the results of recent and profound discoveries in theoretical science. The locomotive steam-engine, and the steam-engine in all its other wonderful and invaluable applications, derives its efficacy from the discoveries, by Watt and others, of the laws of steam. The railroad bridge is not made strong by mere accumulation of materials, but by the most exact and careful scientific examination of the means of giving the requisite strength to every part, as in the great example of Mr. Stephenson's Britannia Bridge over the Menai Strait. The correction of the magnetic needle in iron ships it would have been impossible for Mr. Airy to secure, without a complete theoretical knowledge of the laws of magnetism. The electric telegraph and the electrotype process include in their principles and mechanism the most complete and subtle results of electrical and magnetical theory. Of the great and striking inventions of modern times, perhaps photography is the only one which does not depend upon a large and well-established theory; and yet nothing less than a consummate acquaintance with delicate chemical processes, involving each the *media axiomata* of the science, could have enabled Daguerre and Niepce, and our own Mr. Talbot, to advance as they have done, step by step, towards perfection in that beautiful and marvellous art. Certainly in whatever points Bacon may have shown an imperfect conception of the progress of science, he did not do so in believing that knowledge gives power; that by obeying Nature we may make her do our will; that the search for truth which he ex-

horted men to undertake with new vigour was also the way to vast material blessings.

And this expectation of his, that knowledge was to have its fruits; that science was to augment man's power over nature, and add immeasurably to his material comforts;—was saved from all that was sordid and sensual, by the temper in which he spoke of these results; by his valuing them for their dignity, rather than their pleasure—by his looking upon them as evidences of the elevation of man's condition, as well as mere additions to his comfort—by his regarding them as blessings as well as benefits; the gifts which the human family from time to time receives from its bountiful Father. The prevalence of this tone of thought is so constant in Bacon's works, and so cordially earnest and sincere, that it tinges the whole of his teaching; and gives a solemnity and largeness to his exhortations and anticipations of the future which every rational reader of him must feel.

In speaking of the points in which Bacon showed his sagacity by foreseeing the course which in succeeding times scientific research would have to make, we ought not to forget several of the experiments which he recommends for the purpose of settling questions then undecided; for instance, his proposal that in order to determine whether the gravity of the earth arises from the gravity of its parts, a clock pendulum should be swung in a mine, as has recently been done at Harton Colliery by the Astronomer Royal; and his suggestion that men should examine whether the protuberance of the ocean which causes the tides and high water extend across the Atlantic, so as to make high water on the opposite sides of the ocean at the same time. These and several others of the experiments suggested among the *Instantiæ* of the 'Novum Organon' show, that whatever might be the defects of Bacon's own method of constructing science, his comprehensive and diligent exploration of the limits of the known and the unknown did not fail to lead him to the gates of new provinces of knowledge.

The value and the truth of Bacon's picture of the real type of the progress of knowledge will be strikingly seen, if we compare his view with that of a recent writer, whose speculations have found some favour among our contemporaries. M. Auguste Comte has published a '*Cours de Philosophie Positive*,' in which he also professes to give a general canon of the history of science. According to him, human knowledge passes universally through three successive stages: it is first theological, next metaphysical, finally positive; and it is only then real and valuable when it has thrown off the theological and metaphy-

sical elements. Now, this representation is entirely different from that of Bacon, and it is also different from that which the history of science itself presents to us. The most important and real discoveries, the largest and profoundest results, have been obtained, not by rejecting metaphysical views, but by substituting good metaphysics for bad; that is (for this is really the meaning of good metaphysics) by showing how truth can be consistent with itself. And the greatest discoverers have always been largely employed, and are so still, in studying and explaining this metaphysics. Such metaphysics is as necessary a part of their discoveries as the study of physical facts; and is indeed forced upon all comprehensive and profound intellects by the study of physical facts. In the progress of astronomy, the century from Kepler to Newton was employed in bringing up the metaphysics of the subject to the level of the physics: no cardinal fact was added to Kepler's discoveries; but the notions of force and of laws of motion were made metaphysically clear, and then Newton made *his* discoveries. The great discovery of this century, the atomic theory, is still incomplete; and one thing which is requisite to complete it is, that the conception of an atom should be made consistent with itself. The general laws of voltaic phenomena were not, and could not be clearly seen till Mr. Faraday had made the notion of polarity tolerably clear, as it bears upon these phenomena. In the extension of those laws to electro-magnetic, diamagnetic, magneto-optic, and magneto-crystalline phenomena, he and others are still struggling with the metaphysical difficulties which embarrass the necessary extension of the idea of polarity. Even in the case of gravitation, the most solid and substantial part of our 'positive' science, Mr. Faraday (the most careful of our philosophers to guide himself by facts, and the most diligent in collecting them,) is at present struggling with a metaphysical contradiction, which, he conceives, exists between the common conception of gravitation and the conservation of forces. So little truth is there in M. Comte's doctrine that we must get rid of metaphysics to obtain real science; so much truth in Bacon's notion that we rise from floor to floor of general truths which we seek to reduce to the character of 'axioms,' or at least of metaphysical possibilities. Mr. Ellis, in the present edition of Bacon, says wisely (vol. i. p. 245.), 'Nothing is more remarkable than the way in which ontology forces itself into physics.'

M. Comte's doctrine that theological considerations have their place only in the earlier periods of the history of science, may appear to have some agreement with those expressions of Bacon in which he dissuades philosophers from the habitual use

of the notion of 'final causes,' as explanations of the phenomena of nature. And Bacon's censure, to the extent to which he carried it, may be justified by the lax and fantastical manner in which final causes had been asserted by the writers who preceded him. But yet nothing is more certain than that some of the greatest discoveries in physiology — that of the circulation of the blood by Harvey, that of the extinct population of the tertiary period of the globe by Cuvier — were made by the application of the principle that every part of the animal structure must have a purpose. Of these and the like great discoveries, M. Comte, though he professes to produce a history of physiology as well as of other sciences, says not a word. Bacon's comparison of Final Causes to Vestal Virgins, devoted to God and barren of offspring, is one of those pointed phrases, common in him, which fix themselves on the mind. But the history of physiology compels us to add to his expression, that if they are not Mothers, they are admirable Nurses; skilful and sagacious in perceiving the signs of pregnancy, and helpful in bringing the infant truth into the light of day.*

We trust we have shown that we may claim for Bacon the praise of profound, comprehensive, and animating views, without wishing to keep out of sight the number and extent of his mistakes and deficiencies. And we conceive that the present editors have taken a far more dignified and philosophical attitude, by pointing out the errors and defects of their author in this respect, than if, after the manner of some editors and commentators, they had either degraded the level of the philosophy of the subject to his teaching, or squeezed and distorted his declarations so as to make them mean what they think he ought to have meant.

* On this subject we may remark an expression of Mr. Ellis in the present edition. He says (vol. i. p. 167.), 'It can only be from inadvertence that Professor Owen has set the doctrine of final causes 'in antithesis to the doctrine of unity of type.' No doubt these two doctrines are both true; but it is also true that in the recent history of science the admirers of this doctrine and of that have been strongly opposed to each other. And certainly no one can be supposed to be less likely to overlook either the truth of both or their mutual relation than Professor Owen, who has done so much to promote each of the two. It is a ground of delight and admiration to every well-constituted mind to see in every successive publication of that eminent physiologist, how Homology and Teleology, — the doctrine of type and the doctrine of final causes, — are each put in the most striking form, and balanced, with an impartiality both reverent and philosophical, against each other; or rather exhibited as two great bodies of truth which interpenetrate each other in the whole texture of the organic world.

The errors and defects of Bacon's philosophy are indeed manifest enough to a common reader; but there has been new light thrown upon both the sound and the unsound parts of his doctrines by Mr. Ellis's careful and philosophical analyses of them, in the prefatory discourses which he has prefixed to the various separate portions of the Philosophical works.

We may notice especially Mr. Ellis's account of the leading features of Bacon's proposed method, as delivered in the 'Novum Organon,' and the Preface to the Philosophical works in general. He justly takes (p. 26.) as the key-note of Bacon's plan, the aphorism at the beginning of the second book of the 'Novum Organon;' in which Bacon proposes 'to generate or superinduce a new nature (an abstract quality) upon a given body;' whence follows the importance, the necessity indeed, of making such abstract qualities or 'natures,' the principal object of our inquiries. Thus gold 'has these natures: greatness of weight, closeness of parts, fixation (in fire), plianthness or softness, immunity from rust, colour or tincture of yellow. Therefore,' says Bacon, 'the sure way, though most about, to make gold, is to know the causes of the several natures before rehearsed, and the axioms concerning the same. For if a man can make a metal that hath all these properties, let men dispute whether it be gold or no.' And Mr. Ellis further conceives that the 'forms' which play so important a part in Bacon's scheme are the primary qualities—the shape, size, and motion, of the particles—from which the apparent qualities of the bodies proceed.

Now it is best to allow at once that this whole business of the search after the 'natures' and 'forms' of bodies has never led to any scientific truth. And further, we may say that successful researches in science have always begun in a quite different way, which Bacon overlooked; and very rarely have gone beyond such beginning. Our knowledge of nature has been acquired, not by trying to penetrate the 'natures' and 'forms' of things from which their phenomena flow; but in all cases has begun, and often has ended, by determining *the Laws of the Phenomena*: and this humbler and more superficial view of the object has not prevented the truths so discovered from being sources of power. The steam-engine was improved, not by learning how to superinduce the nature of heat and the nature of cold alternately on a given body, but by knowing the laws of expansion and condensation as we heat and cool water alternately. Our power of using the polar forces of electricity and magnetism was not obtained by inquiring into and discovering the essence of polarity; perhaps we do not

know it yet; but by detecting the laws which determine electrical currents and magnetic forces when they influence each other. In order to build an arch of greater span than ever was constructed before, we do not explore the nature of tenacity, and superinduce a greater tenacity on iron than it had before; but we determine exactly the laws by which iron resists crushing and rending, and make its portions, dimensions, and shapes such that the compressed portion shall not be crushed, nor the tense parts torn. It may be that the Form of Light, or the Form of Heat, or both, consist in Vibrations; but whether this be true or not, we have acquired since Bacon's time a vast body of thermotical and of optical science which will remain equally true, however these questions concerning Forms be decided.

This recommendation of the search into the Forms of Nature, and this neglect of the more simple and obvious inquiry into the Laws of Phenomena, is one of the capital mistakes of Bacon's scientific procedure. Another is one to which we have already adverted,—a belief that discoveries in science can be made without any special inventive aptitude; that the facts may be collected, and then treated in some regular way, so that the scientific truth shall emerge in virtue of the method alone; all men being alike, or nearly alike, able to perform the operation when the right method is followed: just as, to use his own illustration, all men can draw an exact circle with a pair of compasses, few without. And as a consequence of this doctrine, it is held that the business of observing phenomena may be separated from the business of extracting out of phenomena the knowledge which they contain; it is assumed that the observers of nature, and the interpreters of nature, may be two distinct classes. And we observe that one of the editors has been so far struck with the prominence of this doctrine in Bacon's works, that finding it has never been fully acted upon, he holds that Bacon's method has never yet been really tried. He conceives that Meteorological Registers kept by unscientific persons in all quarters of the world, and combined by a distant philosopher so as to supply general meteorological laws, afford a sort of example of this mode of augmenting science; and is of opinion that the system of Observations with respect to Terrestrial Magnetism instituted all over the globe (a measure due mainly to the exertions of the illustrious Humboldt), exhibits such an undertaking on a scale of Baconian magnitude. But we conceive that a little examination of the nature and operation of such schemes, will show how special and limited are the cases in which they can have any scientific value. *Where the general features of a great terrestrial*

or cosmical phenomenon are known, and good progress has been made in the theory, subordinate observers, without possessing much science, may collect and supply materials for determining the constants of the theory, and correcting its laws. Distributed to various points through space and time, they may help to complete the theory, so far as it depends on space and time. Such has been the case in astronomy for ages. Such is the case in geology, so far as it is concerned with successions of strata easily identified. Such is the case of tide observations, *because* there we have had an approximate theory. Such is the case of weather observations, *so far as* we have any approximate theory — and therefore hitherto very partially. Such is the case with magnetic observations, *since* we have had an approximate theory; for it was the theoretical investigations of Gauss, and others, which not only gave value to the observations, but determined at every step the manner in which the observations should be made. Much may be done in this way, in such cases, when the laws of nature have been caught sight of,—when the general theory has been framed. But when this is not the case there can be no separation of the task of the observer and the theorist. Then the questioning temper, the busy suggestive mind, is needed at every step, to direct the operating hand or the open gaze. What possible accumulation of facts of mixture and heat, collected without any guiding principle or animating purpose, could ever have led to the discoveries of chemistry—to the oxygen theory, the atomic theory, the electro-chemical theory? Or, in optics, to the combinations by which the effects of crystals on light have been discovered? Or, in magnetism itself, to the identification of a magnet with a collection of electric circuits? In these cases, and in the cases of scientific discovery in general, each experiment is necessarily suggested in its most minute circumstances, by the preceding. Arrangements are made which are so complex and peculiar, quantities and changes so minute are observed and measured, that no ingenuity could have suggested them, no habitual exactness could have detected them, till the time was come which pointed them out as cardinal conditions—till the question had forced itself on the mind to which they gave the answer. The theories which make the epochs of science do not even grow gradually and regularly out of the accumulation of facts. There are moments when a spring forwards is made—when a multitude of known facts acquire a new meaning; and then instantly a vast number of new experiments, new observations, suggest themselves, and require to be tried. Previous to such epochs, the blind heaping up of observed facts can do little or

nothing for science. When such epochs arrive, they determine in rapid succession a series of new facts to be collected,—in a succession often so rapid, that the discoverer alone can rightly follow out the suggestions of his own discovery. When the discovery has taken its shape, when the nature of the facts which are to be observed has thus been determined, then, indeed, others may aid in the observation of them, and the two offices of collecting facts, and of deriving consequences from them, may be separated. But this is not the way in which man *makes* discoveries; it is only the way in which he confirms, applies, completes, and extends them.

Mr. Ellis has, more wisely, said of Bacon's general design of making a complete collection of facts, out of which science was afterwards to be extracted:—‘It is a design which cannot be completed, there being no limit to the number of the “phenomena universi,” which are potentially, if not actually, cognizable; and it is to be observed that even if all the facts known at any instant could be collected and systematized (and even this is plainly impossible), yet still Bacon's aim would not be attained. . . . Every day brings new facts to light not less entitled than those previously known, to find a place in a complete description of the phenomena of the universe.’*

Indeed, Mr. Spedding himself, who thinks that Bacon's method has not yet had justice done it, employs an illustration which, we should have supposed, might have suggested to him that the mode of advancing human knowledge which he finds to be that recommended by Bacon is not the most hopeful course. He supposes† two men, James and John, to be employed in deciphering a manuscript in an unknown character. James, a clever practical man, proceeds in the obvious way, by guessing one word after another so as to make sense, and so arrives at a series of discoveries each of which confirms the other. John, who is a technical Baconian, says, ‘You are not going the right way to work. You will never be able to decipher the manuscript in this way.’ He advises him to note the recurrences of characters; to make lists of them. ‘In the meantime,’ he says, ‘I will undertake, upon a consideration of the general laws of language, to tell you, by the comparative frequency of their occurrence, what parts of speech most of them are.’ And so he premises that they will be able to decipher and read the whole book. Now James, who represents the scientific discoverers who have *not* followed the

* Vol. i. p. 76.

† Vol. i. p. 377.

Baconian plan, would, we believe, reply: 'But, my good John, I *have* interpreted a great part of the book. Read it with my interpretation, and you will see that it proves itself. As for your plan, it will not do at any rate to *begin* with; for you do not know the language of our book, nor whether it declines its substantives by terminations or by particles, and consequently you know nothing of the frequency of its particles. You cannot apply any laws of language to it yet. When I have made out the general structure of the language and the leading purport of the writing, your method may serve to determine the meaning of a few outstanding terms, or the rules of its grammar and etymology in detail; but in the meantime I shall try to divine the meaning of the rest of the book in the way which has succeeded so well hitherto.'

In truth, as we have already said, Bacon and all who, like him, try to devise technical methods of extracting sciences from facts, make the mistake of overlooking the great truth, that the process of discovery necessarily involves invention—mind—genius. Bacon is not the only philosopher who has made this mistake. Hooke, soon after him, had dreams of 'a philosophical algebra,' by which unknown laws may be extricated from the phenomena, as the unknown quantities are from the known in ordinary algebra. And when the *form* of the laws is known, this may be done; but in this case, the mode of putting the quantities into an equation involves a fundamental assumption, without which no algebra, no method, can do its work.

The inefficiency of Bacon's method is indeed fully conceded by his philosophical editor, Mr. Ellis. We need not therefore make any remarks upon the details of this method: upon his Muster of Instances, his Exclusions, his Permission of the Intellect, his Vindemiations, and the like. They are all pervaded by the error of supposing that to be done by method which must be done by mind; that to be done by rule which must be done by a flight beyond rule; that to be mainly negative which is eminently positive; that to depend on other men which must depend on the discoverer himself; that to be mere prose which must have a dash of poetry; that to be a work of mere labour which must be also a work of genius.

This remark would tend also to deprive of much of their value several other parts of the '*Novum Organon*;' for example, the celebrated classes of *Instantiæ Prerogativæ*, the instances or facts which, for various reasons, have an especial bearing upon the progress of knowledge. Sir John Herschel has remarked respecting these, in a work which is perhaps the best

commentary on the ‘*Novum Organon*,’* that they are of little service in the task of induction, since we do not know to what class any instance belongs till we know how it has affected the progress of science. Yet these classes of instances were made by Bacon the occasion of bringing together a vast and varied series of proposals of new experiments, many of which promised to promote our knowledge; a promise which in some instances, as we have already said, has been performed.

The Doctrine of Idols, in the first Book of the ‘*Novum Organon*,’ is perhaps a still more celebrated portion of Bacon’s writings. The Idols of the Tribe, of the Den, of the Forum, and of the Theatre, offer a group of lively images, around which men are very ready to arrange the opinions and arguments of their opponents. Bacon himself claims for them a higher and more demonstrative authority. He says †, ‘The Doctrine of Idols bears the same relation to the Interpretation of Nature which the Doctrine of Sophistical Fallacies bears to Common Logic.’ But this is certainly said far too peremptorily. These four idols, or false and delusive influences,—the operation of the Common Sympathy of mankind, of the Individual Character of each man, of Social Intercourse, and of Intellectual Ostentation,—are no doubt often very great. But they are powerful in their effect rather upon men’s opinions in matters of politics, morals, and social interests, than in matters of physical science. They do not disturb our interpretation of nature much, though they may bias our judgment of men and of institutions. However we understand or strive to construct the logic of Induction, these idols do not vitiate it, as fallacies vitiate common logic. The logical errors which are most likely to mar our inferences of laws of nature or phenomena are, as Bacon himself teaches, the confused and vague characters of the notions in terms of which such inferences are drawn. And what is the remedy for these intellectual faults? Plainly not any watchfulness against human sympathy or our own caprice, so much as those studies which clear the mind and fortify the reasoning power; mathematics for instance, and those branches of human knowledge which have already attained to something of the clearness and certainty of mathematics, as astronomy, mechanics, optics. An exact knowledge of such subjects as these is probably the best security against any fallacies which may lurk in our way in the inductive

* On the Study of Natural Philosophy, art. 192.

† Aphorism xl.

ascent from facts to principles in other parts of the knowledge of nature.

We have here spoken as if the main or only field of the application of the inductive method recommended by Bacon was the material sciences; and to a great extent we may very properly so speak of his object.

The arrangement of the works of Bacon in this edition is different from that adopted by previous editors; and the difference arises from the care with which the present editors have avoided adding anything of their own in connexion with that which Bacon wrote. M. Bouillet has found among Bacon's works portions which appertain, as he conceives, to each of the six parts of which the '*Instauratio*' was to consist; and he prints them in this connexion:—the '*De Augmentis*' being the first part; the '*Novum Organon*' the second; the '*Historia Naturalis*,' and other works, the third; and even of the sixth, which Bacon despaired of arriving at by his own labours, he finds some vestiges. Mr. Spedding, on the contrary, prints first all the parts of the '*Instauratio*' in the order in which they originally appeared, and then places the '*De Augmentis*' after the '*Novum Organon*,' and finds no traces of the last portions of the '*Instauratio*.' It cannot be denied that the French editor's procedure has in it something precarious and possibly delusive; yet it gives us a clearer view of the connexion of Bacon's labours, and the structure of his works, than we obtain from the more scrupulous method of the edition now before us.

The care bestowed upon the illustrations of Bacon's writings by the editors is in the highest degree commendable. Mr. Ellis's comments show an extent of reading, an acuteness of criticism, and a philosophical spirit, which probably no other living person could have brought to bear upon the task. We lament to hear that severe and long-continued sickness has prevented his continuing his labours of late. He is, we grieve to know, now made by Providence an example, not only how comprehensively and acutely man may philosophise, but how brightly he may think, and how kindly he may feel, during a long course of suffering on a sick-bed. His task, however, was in a great degree executed when this infliction overtook him. We have evidence how completely he has entered into the spirit of his author, not only in his commentaries, but in some cases (a few only) in his emendations of the text. Of these we may give one example. In the '*Thema Cœli*' (vol. iii. p. 750.), after stating the conclusions which he thinks most probable with regard to the motions and revolutions of the heavenly bodies, Bacon adds: 'But we protest that we are not bound to these opinions. We

'are sure of our way; we are not sure of our place. . . Itaque 'tenebimus quemadmodum coelestia solent (quando de iis sermo sit) constantiam'—'nobilem,' say the editions; and so says the English translation 'a noble constancy.' But it is plain that Bacon is professing that his constancy implies a liability to change. He is in a definite path,—but this is not to prevent his moving; and in this he is like the heavenly bodies of which he is speaking. Read, then, says Mr. Ellis, 'constantiam 'mouilem;' a constancy which includes motion; and we have an antithesis entirely in Bacon's manner. We conceive there can be no doubt of the reality and the truth of this elegant and sagacious emendation.

We have already said that Mr. Spedding shows in his remarks an accurate attention to the history of his author. He has not, in the volumes now before us, given us a biography, though he has reprinted that written by Bacon's Secretary Rawley, and has added some notes to it. But he holds out to us the promise of a full and careful account of Bacon's life to be given hereafter; when, in the later part of the edition, he comes to give every authentic writing and every intelligibly reported speech of his (Pref. p. viii.), each in its due chronological place. 'This will be,' as he says, 'a complete biography of the man; a biography the most copious, the most minute, and by the very necessity of the case the fairest, that I can produce.' We collect from what Mr. Spedding lets fall—indeed it is otherwise known to many—that he does not share in the view of Bacon's character and conduct which has been current of late; when Pope's 'Greatest, wisest, meanest of mankind' has been taken as a subject for expansion by several brilliant writers, as if in rivalry one of another. With regard to many parts of Bacon's conduct, Mr. Spedding will probably establish, what he states to be his opinion with regard to his connexion with Essex; 'His conduct was much misunderstood at the time by persons who had no means of knowing the truth, and has been much misrepresented since by writers who cannot plead that excuse.' We look forwards with great interest to the part of the edition to which we are thus directed.

While we are penning these lines, we receive an additional evidence of the European interest which this subject excites in M. Charles de Remusat's new work, 'Bacon, sa Vie, son Temps, sa Philosophie et son Influence jusqu'à nos jours.' In this work M. de Remusat has, with great diligence, acuteness, and impartiality, discussed the questions which his plan, as described in his title, brings before him. His view of Bacon's public life does not differ materially from the general strain of

the representations on that subject which have recently been made, and the examination of the accuracy of them we shall, as we have said, reserve for another occasion. The account of Bacon's life and times is followed by a careful analysis and criticism of his philosophical works. M. de Remusat, acknowledging the sagacity shown in many parts of these writings, and the effect produced by their weighty thought and lofty eloquence, questions, as it is easy to do, the correctness of the opinion which makes Bacon the teacher of the method by which most of the subsequent discoveries in science have been made. He questions even whether there is any properly and peculiarly Baconian method of Induction, different from the Induction of Aristotle and other preceding writers on logic. But if we allow ourselves, as we have in some measure done, to interpret Bacon's prophecies concerning the progress of science by the event, we may venture to say that the Induction which has been in use since his time, and to which the discovery of all scientific truth has been due, differs from the Induction of all the logical systems in this,—that it includes the invention or discovery of a new Term in the propositions which are put forward. It may be that when Kepler had said that Mars describes an ellipse, Venus describes an ellipse, Jupiter describes an ellipse, and the like, the old fashion of induction might have led him to the general proposition,—‘All planets describe ‘ellipses;’ but how did he get at the *ellipse*, which nobody ever thought of before, nor he himself till he had tried nineteen other different ways of describing Mars's motion? It was this new idea, the ellipse as the type to which the motions are to be referred, which, proving to be true as well as new, gave the induction its scientific value. And the same is the case in all other scientific discoveries. And hence, all attempts to illustrate *this* process of induction by the old logical examples—Adam was mortal, Seth was mortal, and thus all men are mortal, and the like,—do not touch the peculiarity of the case. The idea of *mortality* needed no sagacity to discover it.

After his criticism on the method, M. de Remusat examines the influence which it has had on succeeding writers, and in doing this, manifests a wide and steady grasp of the literature of the subject. With reference to the point just mentioned, he remarks that M. Apelt has, in his recent work on the Theory of Induction, pointed out, as Dr. Whewell had done before, the place which the sagacity and power of divination of the discoverer hold in the progress of science, and the authority of the supreme and regulative principles of human thought, which have a prominent office in the philosophy of Germany. He assents to

the remark, which appears to us very important, that one of the most fatal mistakes of Bacon was his not seeing clearly that we must make out from observation and experience the laws of the phenomena in the first place, and their causes, if at all, afterwards. But perhaps the most striking and eloquent portion of this part of M. de Remusat's book is the conclusion; in which he speaks of the worthlessness and emptiness of a merely empirical, mechanical, and utilitarian system of science; that being the system of which in France, and in some degree in Germany, Bacon has been made the representative. In opposition to this, he argues from the nature of the case, as we have done from the history of science, that we cannot get rid of the metaphysical element of human knowledge.

'Whatever concessions we might make in this way, with whatever facility we abandon, as a land of chimeras, the domain, which ever since the time of Pythagoras has been disputed by the kings of intelligence, the human mind would remain, like the Medea of Corneille, — "Que vous reste-t-il? Moi;" and this short dialogue would be the basis of a great question, — Man is, himself and for himself, Nature, Observation, Experience. There must be a science of himself, which exists by the same right as every other science. Philosophy, if it were nothing more, must be preserved by those who would reduce everything to the sciences; for it is one of them.' . . . 'But as soon as we yield one inch to this reflection of self, the natural antecedent of all science, forthwith there unfolds itself, as a matter of course, as a set of facts, all that series of ideas and of questions — all those conceptions of the reason of things, which are the substance-matter of philosophies, and the basis of religion. And here we already fall in with Bacon. Baconianism, no less than Cartesianism, though it does not proclaim *thought* as its sole object, nevertheless studies thoughts, explains thoughts, describes thoughts, ~~when~~ it seeks for the method of the sciences.'

And after many remarks of the same kind, M. de Remusat observes, that to extricate Bacon from all share in the imputations which are due to the extreme partisans of empirical methods and utilitarian systems, we need only attend to what he himself says (Nov. Org. lib. i. aph. 129.): — 'If the utility of any single special invention so impresses men that they think him greater than man who could bind men to him by the obligation of such a benefit; how much higher a merit must it seem to find an invention by which the invention of all other things may be expedited! And yet, that we may honestly confess the truth, as we prize Light very highly, because by it we can find our way, do our work, read what is written, know each other's faces, and yet the sight of Light is itself a thing more

‘excellent and fair than all its uses; so assuredly the contemplation of things as they are, without superstition or imposture, error or confusion, is in itself a more worthy thing than the whole mass of the fruits of inventions put together.’

ART. II.—*The Life and Opinions of General Sir Charles James Napier, G. C. B.* By Lieut.-Gen. Sir W. NAPIER, K. C. B., &c. &c. 4 vols. London: 1857.

ALL his life long was Sir Charles James Napier complaining of injury and injustice. But the greatest injury—the greatest injustice, ever committed against him, has been perpetrated since his death. It was reserved for his brother, Sir William Napier, to do him the irreparable wrong of blackening his memory in the eyes of succeeding generations by one of the most indiscreet publications which ever came from the press. The character of Sir Charles Napier might have gone down to posterity, as that of a good soldier and a brave man; hasty and impetuous, but not ungenerous; easily roused to anger, but not implacable; a man of a frank, open, demonstrative nature; truthful to the core, and free from all sordid vices. But Sir William Napier in these volumes has done all he can to prove that his brother was a man of resentments as lasting as his passions were quick; with a heart as venomous as his tongue; reckless, egotistical, and grasping. That such *was* the character of Sir Charles Napier we do not affirm—we do not believe; but these volumes bear undeniable evidence that such is the character Sir William Napier has unconsciously portrayed.

We certainly acquit Sir William Napier of such fratricidal intentions. That he loved and admired his brother, and desired to do honour to his memory, we do not for a moment doubt. Indeed, it is to his admiration not only of Sir Charles Napier, but of himself and of everything Napierian, that this result must be attributed. In his eyes *Napier* is not a man but an institution—an institution with super-monarchical privileges to do and to think no wrong. The vilest words are not abuse when they flow from the tongue or the pen of a Napier. The most enduring bitterness against every one, whom he has not been able to subdue to his own purposes, and the most persevering efforts to injure all who have thwarted him, is not malice or vindictiveness, but generous indignation, in a Napier. Blasphemy is religion; a greed of money that cannot suppress the boastful

avowal of itself, is purity and disinterestedness; and a recklessness of assertion, almost sublime in its audacity, is the essence of manly truthfulness, in a Napier. Let him do what he may, and say what he will, a Napier cannot violate one of the commandments of the Decalogue. He can break no law, for he is a law unto himself. The Napiers were not made for the world; the world was made for them; and each bestrides it, in his own conceit, like a Colossus.

Open the volumes where we may, we are sure to find abundant instances of this Napierian peculiarity. The following is not one of the least diverting specimens, and it is especially to be selected, inasmuch as it exhibits Sir Charles Napier in collision with another great master of vituperative rhetoric—the late Mr. O'Connell:—

‘At a later period O'Connell, with great inconsistency, supported an Irish Poor Law, and Charles Napier again assailed him in a letter so damaging that the agitator's mortification was evinced in such unguarded abuse as to lay himself open to the most biting taunts: “You, Mr. O'Connell,” said Charles Napier in reply, “call me a “ridiculous blockhead,” and accuse me of heaping “filthy vituperation” on you. Possibly a blockhead I may be; and as I am forced “by conviction to go along with you on the subject of a Poor Law for Ireland, I confess alarm, knowing the danger which attends a blockhead *when he travels with a consummate knave*; but as to *vituperation*, I have not used it, nor would it be wise to do so against so perfect a master of the art. I once asked a dirty fellow black as a chimney-sweep, if a coal-pit could be descended without “spoiling my clothes. “Lord bless you, I goes down ten times a day “and never minds my clothes,” was his answer. Do you, Mr. O'Connell, make the application.”’ (Vol. i. p. 465.)

On these flowers of epistolary literature Sir William Napier observes,—‘The thrust went home, and O'Connell, flying to *the vulgar refuge of imbecility—personal abuse*, vented his mortification at a subsequent meeting thus,—“That Napier “was a short time ago a colonel: he is now a general; that is “what I call a *doldrum general*.” Doldrum is an Irish expletive for a lazy, incapable, do-nothing fellow, which certainly “was not very applicable to Charles Napier; and in sarcasm “ranked with the *stunted corporal* and the *one-armed miscreant*, —expletives launched from the same grunter against the “Duke of Wellington and Lord Hardinge.” We suspect, however, that O'Connell would have given a different interpretation of the ‘expletive’ applied to Charles Napier, who appears from the volumes before us to have been continually in the *doldrums*; that is, continually condoling with himself on the injustice of the world. The most astounding part of the matter, however,

is, that Charles Napier, having just called a man a 'consummate knave,' should declare that he never resorted to vituperation; and that William Napier, having written a book, apparently with the object of exhibiting his brother's and his own powers of personal abusiveness, should be sufficiently candid to characterise personal abuse as 'the vulgar refuge of imbecility.' Heaven help Charles and William Napier! If personal abuse be a test of imbecility, what is their rank in the scale of intellect? 'No man of common understanding,' says Sir Charles Napier in another place, 'is ignorant of his own failings.' These volumes are from the first page to the last a tissue of gross misrepresentations and abuse of every one who chanced to cross Sir Charles Napier's path; and this malignant strain is only interrupted by the fulsome praise lavished by the biographer on any member of his own family.

One of the first persons on whom Sir William Napier falls is Mr. Canning. The biographer goes out of his way to tell what he calls 'a fact of historical interest,'—given 'on the direct authority of Lady Castlereagh.'

'Lord Castlereagh's duel with Mr. Canning was not, she said, in revenge for the intrigue which ousted the former from office. He was content to leave that for public judgment; but Mr. Canning offered to reinstate him if he would consent to sacrifice the reputation of Sir John Moore; an insult well answered with a shot.' (Vol. i. p. 40.)

If the cause of the duel between Lord Castlereagh and Mr. Canning had been an obscure, or even a disputed, point in history, this might have been 'a fact of historical interest;' but as all the circumstances of that celebrated political combat have been for nearly half a century before the world, we can only pronounce it to be a fact of some interest in that peculiar history which the elder D'Israeli has described as the 'history of events which never happened.' If Lady Castlereagh really told the story imputed to her by Sir William Napier, she must have had little regard for the reputation of her husband. The story could only be credited on the supposition that Lord Castlereagh, in 1809, when he published an account of the circumstances which led to the duel, told a gross and deliberate falsehood. Mr. Canning must also have lied; Lord Camden must also have lied. It is hardly credible that Lady Castlereagh, who must have been thoroughly acquainted with every word written at the time by these personages, and published by all the journals of the day, should have proclaimed the 'fact of historical interest' stated in the above passage, and implied that

the circumstances which preceded that rencontre were a mere pretence to screen an attack on the reputation of Sir John Moore.

But, letting these public statements of Lord Castlereagh, Mr. Canning, and Lord Camden, pass as matters of no historical value, what semblance of truth would there be in the story? Sir John Moore fell in January, 1809. The duel between Lord Castlereagh and Mr. Canning was fought in September, 1809. The reputation of Sir John Moore had become by that time the property of the nation and of history. It was not in the power either of Mr. Canning or Lord Castlereagh to sacrifice it. In the course of January the character and conduct of the fallen hero had been fully discussed in Parliament; and we are not aware that Lord Castlereagh then made any great effort to exalt Moore's reputation. But it is on record that Lord Henry Petty (the present Lord Lansdowne) distinctly charged Lord Castlereagh with having sacrificed Sir John Moore. There is a passage in that nobleman's speech, thus recorded in the Historical Summary of the Annual Register for 1809, which has a curious aspect when viewed in connexion with the assertion that Lord Castlereagh risked his life in defence of Moore's reputation:—‘When it was resolved to deprive Sir A. Wellesley of the chief command, and to send to Portugal the force under Sir John Moore, the unprofitable employment of which in another quarter was universally allowed even by Ministers themselves not to have been chargeable upon him, it might have been supposed that this gallant and most able officer was the most likely person to be Sir A. Wellesley's successor. But no; such a successor was not thought of by the noble Lord (Castlereagh). On the contrary, it seemed to have been studiously provided that, in all the various changes, Sir John Moore should not even have a temporary command. He who throughout his life had displayed so much skill and valour—so much zeal and patriotism; who had conducted his army with such distinguished judgment, as well as intrepidity, through a long, a fatiguing, and perilous march; who would have saved that army from all disasters, had his views been duly seconded, was not considered by Lord Castlereagh as deserving of any attention.’ And we may add that at the last interview which took place between Lord Castlereagh and Sir John Moore, before he left England, the General vehemently protested to the Minister against the inferior command which his gallantry and patriotism alone induced him to accept.

But whatever may have happened before Moore's death, or whatever may have been said immediately afterwards, whether

Castlereagh or Canning, both or neither, sacrificed Moore or his reputation, the question had ceased to be one affecting the position of Ministers, when in September Lord Castlereagh resigned, and when, according to Sir William Napier, Mr. Canning offered to restore him, if he would consent to sacrifice the reputation of Sir John Moore. What Canning was to gain by the sacrifice, or why Castlereagh, who had really sacrificed not Moore's reputation but Moore himself, should have responded to the proposal, if it had been made, 'by a shot,' are mysteries which we suspect that even the biographer himself would find it difficult to solve. But the reader who will take the trouble to turn to vol. i. p. 341, *et seq.* of these memoirs, will find no difficulty in accounting for the appearance of this 'fact of historical interest' in an early part of the work.

The name of Lord Camden has been incidentally mentioned in connexion with this 'fact.' He was another object of the Napiers' inveterate antipathy. •

'Lord Camden is once more to tyrannise over poor unfortunate Ireland (wrote Charles Napier in 1813), and drive a brave and loyal people into rebellion to their king, because they refuse to forsake their God, and prefer the Pope to the Archbishop of Canterbury. If their knowledge of Camden does not tempt them to be traitors, they will bear more from their sovereign than the English would; but my belief is that they will not bear Camden's stupid despotism, and it will not benefit England to add a war in Ireland to those with France and America. As to Lord Wellington, a hero, a defender of two countries, and the greatest living ornament of Great Britain and the Emerald Isle, being made anything with Camden! it is past writing about. It is an insult to England, and Lord Wellington is thus in no way rewarded for his services — it is disgusting.' (Vol. i. pp. 196, 197.)

Here, too, it is admitted that there was a 'private cause of exaggeration.' It may, indeed, be taken as a general rule that the 'fiery indignation at wrong-doers,' of which we read so much in these volumes, means fiery indignation against those who are supposed to have done wrong to the Napiers. We do not know which in the above passage is more ludicrous,—the idea of Lord Camden driving the Irish people to rebellion, because they refused 'to forsake their God,'* or that of England being insulted and Wellington not rewarded because Lord Camden got a step in the Peerage.

* For 'God' we should probably read 'priests.' What Sir Charles Napier thought of them may be gathered from a passage at pp. 283, 284. vol. i., in which he says that he 'thinks priests capable of any enormities.'

Amenities of this kind come thickly upon us as we make our way through these extraordinary volumes. Of Sir Thomas Maitland, High Commissioner of the Ionian Islands, Charles Napier writes:—

‘Sir T. Maitland was only fitted to govern under peculiar conditions; he had talent but not of the first order. Narrow-minded, he saw many things under false lights, was constantly drunk, and surrounded by sycophants who imagined him a God.’ (Vol. i. p. 285.)

Sir William Napier acknowledges that at a later period his brother bore testimony to the sagacity of Maitland’s peculiar policy, ‘and the commendation was the latest.’ But the temptation to publish an ill-natured thing about any man was not to be resisted by the biographer; so Maitland was branded as a drunkard.

It was not, however, with Sir Thomas Maitland, but with Sir Frederick Adam, that Charles Napier warred in the Ionian Isles. Against Adam he entertained a strong and enduring hatred. The biographer asserts that his brother excited the ill-feelings of his superior, by making better roads at a smaller cost. ‘Thus nettled,’ he writes, ‘Sir Frederick commenced that species of underhand official warfare which men of small minds and great power always cunningly adopt against superior spirits with success.’ And again—we quote the words of the biographer:—

‘Sir Thomas Maitland died this year, and Adam succeeded as Lord High-Commissioner. Having only known the latter in a secondary state of power, where his true qualities were held in abeyance, Charles Napier, always prone to give credit for goodness where absolute badness was not apparent, had accepted outward profession from Adam as inward worth. Now he (Sir C. Napier) was to know him in supreme authority, and to find him false and foolish; inert in all but ostentation, contemptible in all but treachery, which was, however, deep enough to render him dangerous. Sir F. Adam is dead, but so is Sir Charles Napier; and while both were living, he, in a public work called “Colonisation,” told Adam what he was and what his actions were. The only answer was an attempt to suppress the work. Wherefore a just indignation shall not be suppressed now.’ (Vol. i. p. 343.)

There is much besides in this style of ‘fiery indignation,’ for the most part somewhat vague and unintelligible; and leaving at last no very clear impression in the reader’s mind as to what Sir Frederick Adam actually did to offend Sir Charles Napier, except that he was ‘set in authority over him.’ That on one occasion at least he used this authority, in the most generous manner, taking upon himself the responsibility of one

of Napier's acts, and endeavouring to draw off from his subordinate the anger of the Horseguards, we have proof in the volumes before us. The story starts with an assertion that 'the Duke of York's ill-will towards Charles Napier was always apparent. It had been evinced by tardiness of promotion, rough rejection of well-founded claims, and the withholding of honours.' Like everybody else who did not estimate the Napiers at their own price, his Royal Highness was moved by some petty personal ill-feeling against them, and bent all the energies of his mind, and all the influence of his high place, to the disgraceful work of thwarting and impeding them in their career of honourable ambition. An opportunity presented itself to the Commander-in-chief, when Charles Napier was Military Resident at Cephalonia, which of course was not lost. Napier revived an order of his predecessor,* by which captains were put on the roster for field-officers' duty. The 51st Regiment was under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Rice, 'an officer,' says Sir William Napier, 'who in a long course of service had failed to convince any person but himself that he was a soldier.' Colonel Rice reported Napier's proceedings to the Duke of York, and the Duke directed the Lord High Commissioner (Sir Frederick Adam) to 'convey his serious animadversions and censure upon Colonel Napier for having taken upon himself to introduce innovations into the British army, confounding ranks and degrading authority, on which discipline depended.' Of course Sir Frederick Adam, whose petty jealousy of Charles Napier was so conspicuous in all things, delighted in this opportunity of humiliating the lofty spirit of his subordinate, and turned it to good account. If the Napierian account of Adam's character be a truthful one, he must have given all possible unction to the reprimand. Not at all. 'Sir Frederick Adam, astounded at such a grandiloquent confusion of ideas and facts, answered, *that if blame was merited, he was responsible, having approved of the act*, which was in accord with the practice of all garrisons, and was in fact an elevation of the captains, not a degradation of the field-officers.' In return for this, which was not assuredly the act of a low-minded man, Sir Charles Napier did his worst throughout life to blacken the character and obstruct the career of Sir Frederick Adam. He wrote a defamatory book about him; which, if all the world, from men of the highest authority downwards, had been in league against Napier, must have effectually prevented his further advancement; and he took other steps to injure his old opponent, when it was believed that Sir Frederick Adam would be, as he subsequently was, appointed Governor of

Madras. In his last days, Sir Charles Napier appears to have had some misgivings regarding the persevering malignancy with which he pursued Sir Frederick Adam. He said not long before his death that his book against Adam was the worst thing he had ever done. We are very much of this opinion. But, seeing that Sir Charles regretted in his better moments the course he had pursued, what are we to think of the fraternal biographer who revels in the opportunity of exhibiting to the world the bitter hatred and active malignity which his brother would, doubtless, have fain buried in oblivion? It is true that Sir F. Adam is dead and so is Sir C. Napier: but the memory of the one is endeared to us by a thousand kind and generous actions, that of the other is charged with as many actions of intemperance and folly, which even his superior genius does not suffer us to forget.

Among others who have had the misfortune to incur the displeasure of the Napiers, either by doing their duty or expressing their opinions in a manner adverse to the interest or the sentiments of the brothers, are Lord Macaulay, Sir James Outram, Lord Howick (the present Lord Grey), Lord Ripon, and Lord Dalhousie. Lord Macaulay was Secretary at War, when Sir Charles Napier commanded the Northern District. Sir Charles did his duty well on this occasion, and deserved well of the Government he served. Every military man knows how galling and irritating it is, in the midst of hard work, to have what he considers his just allowances retrenched or disallowed, by auditors or secretaries, sitting quietly at their bureaux. Every military man in his day has had a growl at the department from which the obnoxious retrenchments have proceeded, and, in all probability, has attributed, under the passing influence of disappointment and vexation, the injustice complained of to the ignorance or the animosity of a particular individual. But few, we suspect, would like to have these natural and excusable growls recorded and perpetuated by an enthusiastic biographer. Sir Charles Napier, when commanding the northern division of the army, thought that he was entitled to have his hotel charges and travelling expenses when on military duty defrayed by Government. But in conformity with existing regulations, the War Office took a different view of the matter. Hence the following passage, which, it must be observed, is not an emanation of the natural disappointment of the moment from Sir Charles Napier, but a deliberate effusion of bitterness from Sir William Napier, sixteen years after the event:—

‘ Notwithstanding the palpable injustice of this affair, enhanced by

the fact that the barrack-journeys were not part of the general's regular duty, Mr. Macaulay not only refused reimbursement, but took pains to prove that the general's allowances amply covered all such expenditure — making the small mistake, however, of setting down 300*l.* more than the reality — in short, giving one of those official refusals which combine the utmost injustice with complete ignorance even of the official facts of his department. Mr. Macaulay, who thus unjustly deprived a hard-working officer of honestly-earned pay, had just come from India, where he had been for years complacently *enjoying 10,000*l.* yearly for doing nothing*, his appointment having been a gross Whig job.' (Vol. ii. p. 134.)

Sir Charles Napier himself felt strongly upon the subject, as the entries in his diary sufficiently indicate; — but these were the effusions of the moment, pardonable in themselves, but not pardonable in their reproduction:—

' *September 1st.* — Untoward day for partridges. Were Mr. Secretary Macaulay one, I would turn sportsman. Is it not too bad that men like me, who have been working hard all their lives for the country, should be exposed to this man, who returns from a lucrative post in India to be made Secretary at War without any knowledge of his work?' (Vol. ii. pp. 138, 139.)

' *January 6th.* — Took my quarterly oath that I am Charles Napier and no other man. Oh! wise Secretary Macaulay! You are almost as wise as if a board were tacked to your tail; however, Nature has done her work to make you neglect yours as much as if you were a board of ordnance.' (Vol. ii. p. 145.)

' *January 14th.* — The Secretary at War still refuses my expenses; this is just; the more my duty the worse my pay. Lord Hill says he will take it in hand.'

On this Sir William Napier pleasantly observes, — 'He did so, but could not move Macaulay to justice — his Indian profits had dulled his perception of the virtue.'

The facts of the case are briefly these. Sir Charles Napier, in his accounts with the War Office, entered a charge for hotel expenses at the rate of 2*l.* a day, and of 2*s.* a mile for travelling expenses. The former were never allowed in such a case, the pay and allowances of the General (1500*l.* a year) being intended to cover such expenses. The regulations, therefore, which Lord Macaulay did not make, but found in the War Office, prohibited the admission of the charge. With regard to the travelling expenses the case was somewhat different. The charge was not disallowed; but, in accordance with general rule and practice, Sir Charles Napier was required to state in detail the nature of his claim. It was incumbent on all officers to avail themselves of railway communication wherever it existed; and, moreover, in the present case, as the General's horses were

kept at the public expense, it was expected that they would be employed on all journeys not exceeding fifty miles out and home. For longer journeys, when there was no available railway, the actual posting expenses were allowed, the officer being required to state them in detail. Ultimately, however, the charge made by Sir Charles Napier, at the general rate of 2*s.* a mile, was allowed by the War Office, without any detailed statement; whilst, in spite of Lord Hill's kindly interference, the hotel charges were not reimbursed to the General, because they had never been allowed to any one else. No other district general had ever complained of the operation of the rule, which Lord Macaulay was as much bound to obey as Sir Charles Napier.

Soon after this Sir Charles Napier paid his first visit to India, as a general-officer on the Staff of the Bombay army. And here begins the most disagreeable part of the narrative of the soldier's life. His was, under the most favourable circumstances, an irritable, excitable temperament; and to such a temperament the climate of India is *not* favourable. Before he had been long in the country he began to fill his letters with virulent abuse of Colonel (now Sir James) Outram, Mr. Willoughby (now member for Leominster), and the whole Civil Service of India; the Indian press; the President of the Board of Control (Lord Ripon), the Court of Directors of the East India Company; and Lord Howick (now Lord Grey). Of Outram he seems at first to have formed, like the rest of the world, a high opinion; he spoke of him in public as 'the Bayard of the Indian Army.' — 'A letter from Lord Ellenborough,' he wrote on the 18th of October, 'very kind and flattering to me, but very unjust to Major Outram. Lord E. seems an unjust man. Every one speaks highly of Outram, yet Lord E. makes war on him; and why? because he defended Lieutenant Hammersley.' It is admitted that Sir Charles Napier's first impressions with regard to Outram were of the most favourable character. Sir William, as on other similar occasions, anticipates the ordinary progress of his narrative, and informs his reader, before the proper time, that his brother had occasion to change his opinions. The first notes of vituperation are always sounded by the biographer. It was not until Sir Charles found in the Bayard of the Indian army an earnest and consistent opponent of the policy which resulted in the annexation of Scinde, that his heart was turned against his some-time friend. Sir William, however, is in a hurry to uncork his vials; so as soon as he comes upon the story of the battle of Meeanee,

he informs the reader that Outram was a coward and ran away:—

‘Outram is here found voluntarily going away from a battle, which he declared would be desperate, and his first demand was for Europeans, of which not more than four hundred were in the whole army! he was forced to content himself with sepoy. The ground of his proposal to delay a day was still that the Ameers were pacifically inclined. Bedlam not the Residency should have been his destination.’ (Vol. ii. p. 321.)

Again:—

‘By earnest entreaty he obtained a command which led him from the battle; he returned after it to assure the general that he had largely contributed to the victory by raising a smoke which alarmed the enemy? Smoke ten miles off to alarm desperate men!’ (Vol. ii. p. 331.)

And again in the next page:—

‘Outram departed to Bombay. . . . As a political commissioner he had with curious pertinacity passed on the general the most incorrect information, and the most dangerous advice; both tending directly to the absolute destruction of general and army. *As a military man he had claimed credit for the defence of the Residency*, where he had remained within the house while Captain Conway repelled the enemy outside. He had carried off 200 men in the night before Meeanee, knowing that a battle must be fought next morning, and having now prevented another fight by his letter to the lion, terminated his mission and quitted the army when a second battle was inevitable.’ (Vol. ii. pp. 332, 333.)

If the story contained in these passages be true, then is Sir Charles Napier guilty of deliberate falsehood in an official despatch, for on the 18th of February, 1843, reporting the circumstances attending the battle of Meeanee, the General wrote: ‘I had, the night before the action, detached Major Outram in the steamers with 200 sepoy, to set fire to the wood in which we understood the enemy’s left flank was posted. This was an operation of great difficulty and danger, but would have been most important to the result of the battle.’ So, instead of Outram carrying off 200 men, it is on record under Sir Charles Napier’s handwriting, that the General despatched him with that body of men ‘on a service of great difficulty and danger,’ ‘important to the result of the battle.’ It is also on record in the volumes before us that Sir Charles Napier, so far from thinking that it was Outram’s desire to shirk the coming battle, accused him of a wish to fight the battle himself with the little detachment Napier had given him for the burning of the wood. ‘He asked me,’ wrote Sir Charles to his brother Richard, ‘for a fourth part of the European troops, and 200 sepoy, to go

‘and attack a wood on the morning of the 17th February, and begged of me to halt till the 18th. He believed that they (the Beloches) were not good fighters, and that he should defeat them, and show the world, that having tried for peace, when Napier’s blundering failed, he had taken the lead in war, and at once did the work. I am now convinced of this.’ (Vol. iii. p. 17.)

As to the alleged result of the movement, Sir William Napier, by ridiculing the idea of its having had any effect upon the enemy, either stultifies or gives the lie to his brother’s statement, for Sir Charles officially reported that from the field was ‘observed the smoke of the burning wood.’ And, he added, ‘I am strongly inclined to think that the circumstance had some effect on the enemy.’ If Sir William Napier does not contradict himself, Sir Charles is sure to do it for him.

In the same despatch, Sir Charles Napier speaks of the ‘distinguished and fearless Major Outram,’ whose admirable defence of the Residency was ‘a brilliant example of defending a military post.’ But so far from Outram’s desire was it to claim credit for the defence of the Residency, that (urging that he himself was present only in a civil or diplomatic capacity) he desired Captain Conway to report it officially, as the commanding officer of the little force at the Residency. This, however, Sir Charles Napier would not allow. Conway’s report was returned; and Outram was told that as his diplomatic functions ceased when the enemy commenced the attack, he necessarily commanded as the senior officer present. Assured, then, that he would render greater service to Captain Conway by consenting, than by refusing to report the circumstances of the defence, as commanding officer, he did write the required despatch, and claimed credit not for himself, but for Captain Conway and his heroic band, speaking of the ‘four hours’ most gallant defence by my honorary escort, the light company of Her Majesty’s 22nd, commanded by Captain Conway.* It would be difficult to conceive a more modest despatch than this, or one in which the writer makes so little mention of himself. With this despatch before him, it is impossible for Sir William Napier to believe that Outram claimed credit for the defence of the Residency.

It is true that Outram went to England, and there unreservedly declared the opinions which he honestly entertained. Sir William Napier says, ‘he secretly strove to ruin him (Sir Charles Napier) with the Government and the public, by

* *Major Outram to Sir Charles Napier.* Feb. 15. 1843. Published papers.

‘whispered charges of wrong.’ But he was not one to ‘whisper’ charges of any kind. He went to England, his soul heavy with the thought of the wrong that had been done to the despoiled Ameers; and he freely, openly declared his opinions. He urged that the Ameers had not brought upon themselves by their own misconduct the punishment with which they had been visited; and as no man knew so well the circumstances which had preceded the battle of Meeanee, he spoke with irresistible authority. In proof of some of his assertions, he alluded to certain ‘notes of conferences’ held by him with the Ameers — an important official paper which contained the Beloochee version of these circumstances. This paper Outram had sent to Napier, on the 11th of February, and Sir Charles had promised, in fairness to the Ameers, to transmit it at once to the Governor-General. But it never had been transmitted; and Outram, to his extreme astonishment, discovered in England that the authorities at home knew nothing of the document — had never even heard of such a paper. As Lord Ellenborough was a Tory Governor-general, and his party were still in power, Outram was not likely to do himself much good by urging on the Government the necessity of publishing this paper, and producing a copy of it for the purpose; but he did produce it, and it was published, and a letter was sent to the Government of India, calling for an explanation of the circumstances of its suppression. It then appeared that Sir Charles Napier had kept back the paper, and that the Governor-General had never seen it until some four months after the battle of Meeanee, when the Ameers had been dispossessed of their territory, and had been sent captives to Calcutta.

After this, no one will be surprised to learn that the bitterness of the Napier family has been poured forth for years upon Sir James Outram’s head. The stream commences before the close of the second volume, and rushes on, in a heady current, to the end of the fourth. We can only afford space for a few specimens of the style in which one of the most chivalrous soldiers and disinterested men, who have thrown a lustre in modern times on the Indian service, is here assailed by the Napiers. The samples above given are from the pen of Sir William. The following are principally written by Sir Charles; but they were written under the influence of strong vexation, and we feel assured would not, after a lapse of years, have been reproduced by him in his calmer moments. One of the charges continually brought against Outram is that he was a poor man — poor and in debt:—

‘I know that Outram is in debt especially to the powerful house

of Rivington [Remington?], which house is known to be in union with the "Bombay Times," and it is said to cry up Outram with a view to their claim on him; I know, for he told me so, that they lent him 10,000 rupees to go to England. Truth will finally come out, and to wait for it is best, because it would be impossible for me to keep you well informed even if I had time.' (Vol. ii. p. 433.)

And, again, the same story is repeated:—

'Outram's puffing of himself into notice through the "Bombay Times," is shown up. He is in debt to a house in close connexion with the Government, and the latter are puffing him up to excuse its own misconduct in giving him, a captain—for he is only brevet lieutenant-colonel, which I got for him—a place of three thousand a-year as Resident of Sattara! Oh! the tricks, the jobbing, the devilment of India match Ireland in former days: worse even.' (Vol. iii. p. 358.)

In the next paragraph, Sir Charles Napier, who thinks it monstrous that Outram should enjoy a place worth 3000*l.* a year, states that he himself is in the receipt of 7000*l.* A few years later he had 17,000*l.* a year, and did not think that he was overpaid. It is quite true that Outram was poor; it is highly probable that at this time he was in debt; but what are we to think of the honour of those who publish, a few years afterwards, the private communications made in moments of misplaced confidence by former friends, relating to such delicate matters as the state of their pecuniary affairs? If Sir William Napier found among his brother's papers a statement to the effect that Outram had told him that he had borrowed 10,000 rupees from a house of agency, surely it was his duty, as an officer and a gentleman, to respect the sacred character of the revelation. It is not, however, wholly, or mainly, to express the indignation with which we regard such breaches of confidence, that we have cited these passages, but to state what, although not appearing in these volumes, added, we doubt not, greatly to the bitterness with which Sir Charles Napier pursued Outram during the remainder of his life. Outram, as the Napiers have shown, was poor and in debt. He was entitled, as his share of the Scinde prize-money, to 2700*l.* He believed that the spoliation of the Ameers was an unrighteous act, and he would not constructively sanction the wrong by touching a share of the spoil. He therefore made over the whole of it to different charitable institutions at Bombay. Colonel—then Captain—French, Town-Major of Bombay, and afterwards Resident at Baroda, was the agent who received and applied the money to the charitable purposes to which it was assigned. And he is now in England to testify to the truth or untruth of

this statement. Knowing its truth, we are not surprised that Sir Charles Napier, who knew better what to do with his prize-money—the lion's share—spoke of Outram in such passages as the following, as 'a fool,' and an 'ignorant little body':—

'I came to India at the age of sixty to provide for my children, and I was immediately to expose myself to be broke by a court-martial with disgrace, after fifty years' service, because a fool like Major Outram, and an abusive fellow like Dr. Buist, settled that barbarian robbers were to be allowed leisure to prepare a massacre of the British army.' (Vol. iii. p. 194.)

'Lord Ellenborough turned Outram, a little man, out of office. The little man is the dear friend of Willoughby, Secretary to the Government of Bombay, a fat, oily, cunning man, leader of the Bombay clique against Lord Ellenborough. Outram was cried up by this clique as a ninth wonder; and I, having been put in his place, was run down as an idiot. Lord Ellenborough had, therefore, turned out the greatest man in India for war politics, to put a noodle in his place. I was obliged, in self-defence, after the battles, to show what a vain, ignorant little body their idol was.' (Vol. iii. p. 306.)

Sir William Napier wrote a book called the 'Conquest of Scinde—a History.' In this book Outram was defamed. Outram defended himself; and Sir Charles Napier, who, if to attack a superior officer in print be a grave military offence, ought not then to have been in the army, endeavoured to bring his opponent before a court-martial.

'I have just (wrote Sir Charles Napier) got Outram's printed letter, which shall be answered by applying for a court-martial upon him. . . . Outram ought to be broke, but probably will be protected.—I am sick of myself; but remember in your answer to Outram, if you write any, that I have sent in charges against him. I have told Hardinge that if a general in command is to be libelled with impunity by a captain, we must command with duelling pistols in our girdle; nevertheless he will, no doubt, be supported, and every discontentedascal will be encouraged to libel his commanders.' (Vol. iii. pp. 321. 323.)

And again, on the 3rd of August, 1845, Sir Charles Napier wrote to the Governor-General (Lord Hardinge):—

'I have not, either by word or deed, publicly or privately, given to this officer any cause for hostility. This libel professes to be an answer to a work published by my brother, Major-General Napier. Now, I, in Asia, am assuredly not answerable for what another man publishes in Europe. . . . Not only was General Napier's book written at such a distance as to be beyond the reach of consultation, but it has only been read by me within forty-eight hours, and the work altogether contains a mass of matter on which I was previously but imperfectly informed.' (Vol. iii. p. 325.)

We have no doubt that Sir William Napier's book did con-

tain much matter regarding which not only Sir Charles Napier, but every officer in the army under him, was previously very 'imperfectly informed.' We have heard, indeed, that some of the officers, who fought at Meeanee and Dubba, were astonished, and we may add grieved beyond measure, as modest and truthful men, to find their exploits recorded in a strain of preposterous exaggeration by the historian of the Peninsular War. They were, indeed, very 'imperfectly informed' upon the subject of their own achievements until Sir William Napier told them what they had done, and they have naturally been troubled in their minds ever since, lest the exaggeration of the historian should be supposed to have had its source in their own boastfulness.

But whether Sir Charles Napier did or did not know the contents of his brother's book (and it has been stated, on what appears to be undeniable evidence, that the proof-sheets were sent to him for revision), it is very certain that Sir Charles Napier's letters must have tended greatly to give form and colour to the statements it contains; and that there was sufficient proof of Sir Charles's complicity, intentional or unintentional, in the obnoxious work, to give abundant cause for hostility. It is impossible to conceive anything more disingenuous or more unmanly than this effort to exonerate himself from all complicity in the offensive publication, and then having, under the fraternal ægis, assailed Outram in print, to take also an official revenge upon him by endeavouring to bring him before a court-martial. In such a case a man may fairly take a choice of weapons—or rather of tribunals. He may appeal to the public, or he may appeal to superior authority; he may treat the case as a private or as a public dispute: but having resorted to one tribunal, he has no right to betake himself to the other. As soon as one officer enters into a personal altercation with another, he waives his rank, and places himself on a level with his opponent. He cannot plead his superior official position when once he has descended from it. But Sir Charles Napier, whilst appealing to the public through his brother, seems to have donned the epaulettes of the Major-General, and even to have grasped the sceptre of the Governor, when anyone alluded to a controversy between him and Major Outram. Thus, he wrote to Sir George Arthur, the Governor of Bombay, who in his innocence of nice Napierian distinctions, really believed that there was a 'Napier and Outram controversy':—

'*Strife!*—*Controversy!*—I know not what you mean. What strife between Major-General Sir C. Napier, Governor of Scinde, and

Captain Outram, of the 23rd N.I. ! No strife. You seem not to estimate the dignity of a Governor as high as I do. I have no idea of strife. The captain has been insubordinate, behaved ill, and the Major-General has reported him to higher authority, whose decision will appear in form of a fiat. No strife!' (Vol. iii. p. 349.)

And yet a few months before, he had written, 'My worst sin is the wish to shoot Outram, as he deserves.'—'No strife,' indeed!

All this is very bad, but the worst has not yet been stated. Although some of Sir James Outram's nearest and dearest friends may, on the first perusal of these volumes, be pained to see him denounced as a rogue, a fool, and a coward, the pain thus created will probably be but short-lived. For when they remember that in the most decided and unmistakable manner, the Governments, which he has served so well, have recently testified their sense both of his gallantry in war and his wisdom in council, by selecting him to command our armies in Persia, and to sit as a member of the Supreme Government of India, and that the public have ratified the choice with acclamation, the temporary vexation must pass away, and they are sure to ask 'What can it matter, that these libels have appeared?' No thanks, however, are due to Sir William Napier for this. His object was to inflict pain, and he has inflicted it. We indicate—we will not quote—a passage, concerning Outram's brother, the shameless brutality of which surpasses anything we have ever read. Outram was to be attacked and befouled—and not only he, but all his family, if possible, to be brought to shame. Else, why those painful allusions, betokening a total disregard, on the part of the writer, of the cruel injury he may inflict upon innocent and unoffending people? Sir William Napier spares neither sex nor age. If by a cruel revelation, he brings the grey hairs of a venerable parent with sorrow to the grave—what matter?—the Napierian tomahawk has had its swing—the blow has descended. It may reach Outram—through his mother.

We are glad to pass on to a less painful subject. It is known that Lord Howick (the present Lord Grey) opposed in the House of Commons the vote of thanks to Sir Charles Napier, upon the ground that the war in Scinde was unjust, and that the Ameers had been unrighteously stripped of their dominions. Lord Howick may have been right, or he may have been wrong; but there are few who will not give him credit both for the sincerity of his opinions and the fearlessness with which he expressed them. But the Napiers could see only personal malignity in the act, so they forthwith began to

vituperate not only him, but his ancestors. Sir William, *more suo*, leads the way.

‘Lord Howick led the choir, opposing the vote on the ground that the General had forced on the war for the sake of prize-money. He had, doubtless, been studying his own family annals, and, finding his patrimony had been largely increased by the notoriously disgraceful rapacity of his grandfather at the siege of Havannah, thought such conduct a natural concomitant of command; his error was in thinking Sir Charles Napier’s blood as base as his own.’ (Vol. iii. p. 88.)

Then follows Sir Charles — desiring ‘to shoot’ Lord Howick, as he had before desired to shoot Colonel Outram and Lord Macaulay : —

‘Whatever Lord Howick may choose to invent, from base and malignant feelings, I had no thought of prize-money or glory, or any personal advantage.’ (Vol. iii. p. 99.)

‘As to Fonblanque, or *Fun-blank*, as Tom Moore has it, and Howick, why, I only feel anger at such chaps for a moment. I know I have done no wrong, and feel no anger, only I would shoot one of them with pleasure when I read their falsehoods.’ (Vol. iii. p. 125.)

‘I know I am right, though the grandson of that marauder of the West Indies, Sir Charles Grey, and son of that great monster in nepotism, Lord Grey, does say I fought the battle and shed the blood of my own comrades, as well as that of others, for prize-money. . . . Pope’s epigram would apply to him were he worth the application; but if he were a top, and I a whip, Jupiter! how I would make him spin.’ (Vol. iii. pp. 132, 133.)

‘Time will clear my name from the aspersions of unprincipled men like Lord Howick, who fancied he could gain applause by attacking me, however unjustly.’ (Vol. iii. p. 183.)

‘Lord Howick called me a robber, adding murderer. Base-minded fellow, he did so to pretend he was with the oppressed, and never asked if it were true. Had he said it over a bottle, it might pass, but a deliberate charge in Parliament, sitting as a legislator. Oh! it was worthy of the grandson of the old plunderer and refuser of quarter.’ (Vol. iii. p. 193.)

Quite as rancorous as this was the hostility with which the Napiers pursued Lord Ripon — not for openly denouncing Sir Charles Napier’s greater victories, but for not fully appreciating his smaller ones. Lord Ripon had, years before, fallen under the Napierian ban, for not, when at the Colonial Office, supporting Sir Charles Napier in his contest with Sir Frederick Adam. But, wishing to forget all this, he had taken advantage of the circumstance that, as President of the Board of Control, he was the official channel, through which the honours and rewards conferred on Napier, by the Crown, were to be com-

communicated to him, to write him a friendly letter. This incident is thus related by Sir William Napier:—

‘Now happened in England an event which gave Sir Charles Napier’s enemies all the countenance and support which they needed for their flagitious hostility; Lord Ripon became chief of the Board of Control. The Cephalonian leaven was still working strongly within him, but he wrote a letter to the Governor of Scinde, asserting a frankness and sincerity quite foreign to his real feelings.

Having thus disarmed a noble forgiving nature, Lord Ripon commenced a course of unmitigated hostility, still pretending friendship.’ (Vol. ii. pp. 438, 439.)

Lord Ripon could not bring himself to believe that Sir Charles Napier’s ‘Hill campaign’ was a great military achievement, the official records of which it was his duty to lay before the country. This was not to be forgiven or forgotten. Sir William Napier denounces the conduct of the President of the India Board, and is ready, of course, with an imputation of motives:—

‘The folly of this requires no comment; but the motive does. It was a miserable attempt to aid the Board of Directors in a foul policy which it was Lord Ripon’s duty to control and suppress; and coming from a man who had so recently practised on Sir Charles Napier’s generous temper by a simulated frankness to confide in him and forget the past, it was treacherous.’

Sir Charles Napier smarting under the *spreta injuria victoriae* is quite as bitter as his brother—but here again it is to be remembered that he wrote under the influence of fresh disappointment and vexation.

‘Ripon is an imbecile, and I put my foot in it when I accepted his offered reconciliation. I have no faith in Graham; thinking him weak and silly, although with plausibility enough to humbug the herd for awhile.’ (Vol. iii. p. 324.)

‘I do admire his (Lord Ellenborough’s) genius, his high honour, and his projects to serve the people of India, instead of robbing them, which is the great object, I believe, of the Court of Directors, and of plenty of civil servants, so far as history speaks. As to that egregious Lord Ripon, God defend me! . . . He wrote to me a letter very civil and private, to say he hoped I would excuse his offering his remarks, but he thought I made too much of the little robber affair on the frontier, and he feared too much would be made of my orders at home. In fact, he was afraid of the Court of Directors and the newspapers. My scorn I swallowed! . . . The poor creature is afraid of the Court of Directors, that is the secret. Oh! England, Oh! England! art thou to be thus ruled, thus ridden!’ (Vol. iii. p. 354.)

‘I have just got such a vile letter from Lord Ripon as leads me to

think him brutish as well as foolish; and I am in doubt whether to answer him savagely or in good humour. If India is left to his misrule, it is lost.'

Upon this passage Sir William Napier offers the following commentary:—

'This letter of Lord Ripon laid down as a rule that it was right for a subordinate officer to insult a general, and with gross malignant falsehoods to excite soldiers in the field to discontent—telling them that their commander was utterly ignorant, and was their murderer: It was also right that this insubordinate officer should be ostentatiously rewarded for his libels, and that an incapable person like Lord Ripon should add this miserable insult, and exhort Sir Charles Napier to more zeal, with a view to avoid the insolence of Major Outram.' (Vol. iii. p. 375.)

That Lord Ripon 'laid down as a rule' anything resembling this, we need not take the trouble to deny. But the President of the Board of Control, like everyone else who did not give Sir Charles Napier the fullest and most unqualified support, was of course a rogue and a fool, a liar, a coward, and a traitor!

The Court of Directors of the East India Company recalled Lord Ellenborough from India; and Sir Henry Hardinge was appointed in his place. As a connexion by marriage of Lord Ellenborough, and as an old and distinguished soldier, Sir Charles Napier was not disinclined to regard the new Governor-general, at the outset, with some favour. Hardinge knew his man—no one better—and treated the impetuosity of the Governor of Scinde with a quiet smile. He judged it best to have little confidential intercourse with a man who in spite of his many fine qualities he believed to be dangerous and impracticable. If he gave any offence to Napier, it was by his reticence. But the war with the Sikhs broke out. Napier expected to be summoned to take a larger share in it than Hardinge wished or required. A little professional jealousy seems then to have aroused the old spirit of detraction; and accordingly we find his letters to his brother, written in the winter of 1845-46, full of such passages as the following:—

'Hardinge would not believe that the Sikhs would war, because his dear friends the Civil servants and old Indians, and such rubbish told him so. He, therefore, never gathered troops, nor formed magazines on the frontier to enable him to assemble a powerful army. But the Sikhs did war. They crossed the Sutlej,' &c. (Vol. ii. p. 382.)

'What Hardinge proposes I know not, but am curious to hear. Gough wants to attack, and I am of his opinion in that. It is puzzling, and if they make a mistake they will lose India. This is a terrible

crisis, brought about by the Court of Directors: I have not curses deep enough to bestow upon them. This would not have happened if Lord Ellenborough had not been recalled.' (Vol. iii. p. 386.)

'Hardinge was evidently surprised at the Sikhs crossing the river; and it is said Gough was surprised at Moodkhee; how true this last I know not, but letters from the army say so. If reports are true, there has been some sad work. Hardinge on the field seems to have shown the same decision which saved the day at Albuera; this is very fine, and gives him great glory as a brave man, but is not enough to repair the error of the Governor-general in letting 60,000 men and 100 guns of great calibre pass the river unmolested. . . . He ought to have known where the Sikh army was assembled,' &c. (Vol. iii. p. 370.)

Many more passages of a similar character might be quoted, but these will suffice. In one of them Sir Charles Napier candidly acknowledges that he writes in ignorance of facts. Ignorance under such circumstances was excusable; but why should Sir William Napier parade his brother's ignorance twelve years after he had outgrown it? If it had been Hardinge's policy to subdue the Punjab, as it was Ellenborough's and Napier's to subdue Scinde; and if the Sikhs had been guided by any definite policy, and had deliberately determined to attack the British provinces at a given time, there might have been some truth in the assertion that the Governor-general played his game badly, and that he ought to have anticipated the passage of the river by the Sikhs. But the voice of the Governor-general was all for peace. He did not believe that the conquest of the Punjab would be either a righteous or a sagacious act until forced upon us by the last necessity; and so he determined to do nothing to provoke a war. But he knew that out of the internal disorder which was convulsing the Punjab some act of external aggression might arise, and that he might be compelled to draw the sword from the scabbard. So he quietly and unostentatiously strengthened the military defences of the frontier, moving up regiment after regiment to the northern stations, until the frontier force, which in July, 1844, had numbered (between Meerut and Ferozepore) 24,000 men and 66 field-pieces, grew into an army of 45,000 men with 98 field-pieces; and when the crisis appeared to be approaching, he was himself on the spot to direct the movements of the force he had collected. To have done more than he did would have been to precipitate the collision which he desired to avoid. The Sikhs were in a state of extreme excitement; there was distraction in their councils, contention between their leaders; they had no settled policy from one day to another. Sir Henry Hardinge did not know their intentions, because they did not

know their own intentions. Napier, under these circumstances, would have taken the initiative, crossed the river and attacked the Sikhs. He repeatedly says so in his letters and journals. But without these declarations we should have known the course which he would have pursued. He would have done towards the Sikhs what he did towards the Beloochees—brought on the crisis by advancing. In other words, he would have been the aggressor, which Lord Hardinge, we doubt not, to the latest day of his life, rejoiced in his inmost heart that he was not.

Sir Charles Napier returned to England in 1847. He had then some sharp passages with the East India Company in general and with Sir James Hogg, its Chairman, in particular. He charged the East India Company with endeavouring to deprive him of his fair share of the Scinde prize-money. He had made a similar complaint many years before (1813) against the Crown authorities, accusing Sir George Cockburn and Sir Sydney Beckwith of endeavouring to defraud him, and taking legal advice as to the best means of proceeding against the Crown; and now his bitterness against the Company was excessive. It is hardly necessary to dwell upon this matter, or to indicate what is so well known to the public as that the question at issue was really not between Sir Charles Napier and the Company, but between Sir Charles Napier and the Army, for whose benefit alone it was ever contemplated to diminish the share claimed by the General. The least said upon the subject the better for Sir Charles Napier's reputation. It is pleasanter to see him again buckling on his sword for action than fumbling in the blue bag of the lawyer. The dubious victory of Chillianwallah occasioned an alarm and an outcry in this country, which resulted in a call for the services of the conqueror of Scinde. It was a fine tribute to the military genius of Charles Napier. He obeyed the call and went to India. But the war was over before he arrived, and he found himself in India with little to do but to draw a salary of 17,000*l.* a year and to quarrel with Lord Dalhousie. Against that able and indefatigable statesman, who had succeeded Lord Hardinge as Governor-general of India, and was wearing his life out in the service of his country, 'scorning delight and living laborious days,' Napier conceived a prejudice as soon as he was placed in authority under him. His first idea was that the Governor-general was a well-meaning but small-minded man, incapable of appreciating *his* enlarged views. Thus he wrote soon after his arrival:—

'Lord Dalhousie tries to do right, but cannot; it is not always that he catches my views, and his own are not great ones; he is

quick and catches up small things, but has no great general views, and his mind cannot grasp them. Hardinge was more able, more experienced. Yet Lord Dalhousie will do best in the long run.' (Vol. iv. p. 184.)

'I will not quarrel if possible with this Governor-general; but he is sickly, and they have mistaken their man; he is not equal to the ruling of this mighty empire.' (Vol. iv. p. 184.)

Sir Charles Napier thought that all the capacity for governing India lay in himself, and was continually saying what he would do if he were Governor-general. He was dissatisfied with his position as a military commander, in time of peace, without any political power, and wrote home that he intended to resign. He had no serious intention of doing this; and as there was no particular reason why he should, he received the usual complimentary replies, to the effect that his coming home would be a public misfortune. Sir William Napier's comment on this is highly characteristic:—

'If his (Sir Charles') coming away was a misfortune for the public, why was he not made Governor-general? No! Sir Charles Napier was to be the drudge of a Lord, placed by aristocratic influence in power without knowledge.' (Vol. iv. p. 195.)

We do not suppose that any man out of Bedlam except Sir William Napier ever conceived such an idea as that of displacing Lord Dalhousie to make room for Sir Charles Napier at the head of the Government of India. But as Lord Dalhousie continued to be Governor-general in spite of Sir Charles Napier, and would not submit to have his authority usurped, he was the object of incessant vituperation. Here are a few samples of the amenities of the Commander-in-chief:—

'Dalhousie is bent on following Hardinge's plan of reducing them (the body-guard) instead of Lord Ellenborough's plan, of making them a superb corps. How invariably mediocres fall into each other's plans, and eschew those of great men. Yet Hardinge was far above par.' (Vol. iv. p. 200.)

'Lord Dalhousie has, I think, shown a total want of ability as an administrator.' (Vol. iv. p. 230.)

'I had then (in Scinde) 2000 men only, with full power. I have now 400,000 men, but no power. This is the just proportion between Lord Ellenborough's brains and Lord Dalhousie's. *Poor little pig!*' (Vol. iv. p. 235.)

'He (Lord Dalhousie) is a great warrior, and the members of the Board of Administration are all great generals! They will get me into some military scrape by their imbecility, which will be difficult and dangerous to get out of.' (Vol. iv. pp. 235, 236.)

'It is not good old Littler that does this; it is Halliday and Pecksniff (Dalhousie). However, if the Supreme Council expect me to be passive, they are in the wrong box.' (Vol. iv. p. 239.)

It turned out, however, that it was not the Supreme Council or the Governor-general, but Sir Charles Napier, who was 'in the wrong box.' Into the history of the difference between the Governor-general and the Commander-in-chief, which had its origin in an unconstitutional exercise of power by the latter, there is no occasion that we should enter. The published minutes of Lord Dalhousie and the recorded judgment of the Duke of Wellington have long since settled the question. Sir Charles Napier's resignation was unexpectedly accepted by the Duke; and he exclaimed in bitterness of spirit, 'There is '17,000/ a year gone through that ——— little viper Dalhousie!'

We should be content to pause here; but, perhaps, of all the charges brought against living men in this veracious chronicle, there is not one more pernicious than the following, which, alike for public and for personal reasons, it is important to examine and to refute. Sir William Napier is the speaker: —

'His (Sir Charles Napier's) next letter touched on a remarkable proceeding. Lord Dalhousie, when going down the Indus, on his health-seeking voyage, accepted the hospitality of Ali Morad, and, the Ameer says, accepted presents to the value of eleven thousand pounds without making any present in return! Pursuing his journey, then, he asked of the captain of the steamer, in a casual way, what Ali Morad's revenue might be? So much. Oh! indeed, that will just cover our deficiency here. Some time afterwards Ali Morad, an independent prince by treaty, was summoned to answer a charge of forgery before a British Commission.' (Vol. iv. p. 346.)

It is not actually stated in the above, — but, designedly or undesignedly, the impression made on the reader's mind, is, that Lord Dalhousie received a lakh of rupees from Ali Morad, whilst his guest in Scinde; and that instead of repaying the hospitality of the Ameer, in the usual manner, by equivalent presents from the British Government, he appropriated the gifts he had received to his own uses, and soon afterwards, having ascertained from the skipper of a steam-tug the amount of Ali Morad's revenues, got up certain charges against him, brought him like a common felon before an English tribunal, and confiscated a large part of his territory. The amount of truth in all this is so small that it would scarcely be an exaggeration to say that the whole is preposterously false.

The Governor-general was, in no sense, the guest of Ali Morad. When, in January, 1850, he reached Sukkur, he found the Ameer encamped at Koree on the opposite bank of the river. On the following day Ali Morad paid a visit of ceremony to the English Viceroy, which Lord Dalhousie, a few

hours afterwards, returned. On this occasion a *nuzzur* was presented in the usual manner; so much money, so many elephants, so many horses, so many trays of jewels, shawls, arms, &c., were formally offered by the Ameer. It must be borne in mind by the uninitiated reader that these presents made by Eastern potentates to the representative of the British Government have long ceased to be regarded as personal gifts. They are purely affairs of state. The smallest article received from a native prince is accounted for as scrupulously as the revenue of a *pergunnah*. The larger part of the property is sold, and the proceeds paid into the public treasury; some few articles being reserved, and stowed away in the *Tosha-Khana*, or presents-store. If the Governor-general covets a particular horse or a particular sword—a carved chair or a jewelled bridle—he purchases it, at auction, in all probability at a price beyond its real value. Such being the rule, it need scarcely be said that neither Lord Dalhousie, nor any member of his suite, received from Ali Morad a present of the value of one farthing.

But the presents were made to the State—and it is true that they were not returned. Let us next inquire how this happened. When Ali Morad first sought permission from the Governor-general to pay him a visit of ceremony, Lord Dalhousie caused it to be explained to the Ameer that he was travelling without his usual retinue, and that he had not the means of observing the ceremonials of state-visits—above all that the *tosha-khana* was not with him, and that, therefore, he could not then make the usual presents to the Ameer. In spite of these representations the Ameer pressed upon the Governor-general the desired interchange of visits, alleging that if they did not take place his face would be blackened in the eyes of the people. On this Lord Dalhousie reluctantly consented to receive the Ameer. No presents were then made, on the part of the British Government, only because the necessary articles were not within the reach of the Governor-general.

In the ordinary course of events, however, they would have been sent, as they had before been, on similar occasions, from Calcutta. But shortly after this interchange of visits, circumstances occurred, which interrupted the friendly relations between the British Government and Ali Morad, and rendered it impossible that the former should despatch presents to the Ameer. At the time of the interchange of visits Ali Morad was under suspicion of having forged certain articles in a treaty. The circumstances of this case are before the public in a Blue-book; and need not, therefore, be here detailed. This was suffi-

cient to render the Governor-general unwilling to interchange courtesies with him, but not sufficient to induce him peremptorily to refuse to receive the Ameer. Had he refused, it would have been said that the Governor-general had prejudged the case; and therefore, treating him as an innocent man until he had been proved to be guilty, Lord Dalhousie did not refuse to receive either him or his presents. But after the judicial investigation had taken place, and it appeared to the Government of India to be clearly established that the Ameer had been guilty of the treacherous and felonious proceedings alleged against him, it was wholly impossible that the Government should despatch to him the marks of friendship and respect to which otherwise he would have been entitled. Any such demonstration would have been declared to be a proof that the Government regarded him in the light of an innocent man. And to have refunded the value of the presents—the only alternative then left to the Government—would have inflicted upon the Ameer a greater injury than the mere negative slight of not returning them. It would, in that case, have been said, and not without reason, that gratuitous insults had been added to the wrongs which he alleged had been heaped upon him.

It is hardly necessary to notice the ludicrous incident in which the Governor-general of India, attended as he was by the Foreign Secretary and the Chief Commissioner of Scinde, is described as endeavouring to extract from the captain of a steam-tug information relative to the revenues of Khypore. If Sir William Napier had written a burlesque in the manner of the 'Critic,' he could not have invented anything more exquisitely ridiculous than this. It is quite sufficient to tell the story. It needs no serious denial. But it may be worth our while to notice briefly the more plausible assertion that the proceedings instituted against Ali Morad were the result of the Governor-general's visit to Scinde. Those proceedings were begun in 1848, the charges having been brought forward in the preceding year; and no one knew better than Ali Morad himself that an inquiry into his conduct was going on at the time when, in January, 1850, Lord Dalhousie reluctantly consented to receive him at Sukkur. The Commission, which was appointed formally to investigate the case, was the result of this preliminary inquiry. And so far from fact is it that the Ameer was summoned like a felon before an English tribunal, that he was not summoned at all; but permitted, if he desired, to attend the sittings of the Commission, either in person or by deputy, to watch its proceedings. He did attend, of his own free will; but attendance in such a case was a privilege rather

than a penalty ; and none but a Napier could speak of it as an outrage upon the person whom it was intended to serve.

We have by no means exhausted the list of those upon whom the Napiers have poured out the vials of their wrath. Mr. Willoughby, formerly Chief Secretary at Bombay, and now member for Leominster, and one of the Crown nominees in the Court of Directors, has so successfully rebutted the accusations brought against him, that no other writer need enter the lists on his behalf. Dr. Buist, too, upon whom the vilest epithets have been most unbecomingly heaped, may well be left to defend himself. Of the elegant allusions to the names of Sir James Hogg and Sir Frederick Currie—the ‘sus hortidus,’ and the gentleman who ‘ought to drop the last syllable of his name’—and of the reiterated abuse of the Court of Directors as a body, it is sufficient to say that these manifestations are in keeping with the rest of the book. There are not many consecutive pages in the whole of the four volumes, which do not contain some vituperative passage, levelled against honourable and distinguished men, who have chanced, in the course of their official lives, to inflict the slightest wound on the intense self-appreciation of the Napiers.

It is not merely difficult to derive from these volumes, any clear conception of the real character of Sir Charles Napier, but to make out from them any character at all. To assert that in that character there was some leaven of inconsistency would be no more than to say that he was mortal. But the startling inconsistencies and contradictions which obtrude themselves from this story of Sir Charles Napier’s life are without a precedent in biography. In some cases, Sir William Napier makes a statement on his own account and then brings his brother forward to contradict it. In some he contradicts himself, in others he leaves the business of self-contradiction to Sir Charles. Sometimes the contradiction comes out in the very next page. Thus at page 18. vol. ii., Sir William Napier states that his brother was ‘proud to his last days that he had never fought a duel.’ In the next page we see Sir Charles writing, ‘I am just out of a very foolish quarrel, having been obliged to send a challenge, which was accepted; but the King being at Weymouth prevented an immediate meeting.’ At page 146. of the same volume, Sir Charles Napier relates that when he was at Lisbon, the Portuguese Prime Minister contradicted some statement that he had made; upon which—we quote his own words—‘I went straight to the palace of government and saw the minister. I told him he must choose one of three things: 1st, making an ample apology; 2nd, fighting me;

'3rd, horsewhipping.' In volume ii. page 181., writing of an anonymous letter in a Bombay newspaper, Napier says, 'Were I related to Lady Macnaghten, I would lose no time in finding out the writer and sending him an ounce of lead among his brains, unless he was quick enough to forestall the compliment in my favour.' In vol. iii. page 126., he writes still more emphatically: 'I am not going to fight Howick or Fonblanque; though I shall not say so, or every scoundrel will be upon me, until they compel me to shoot one of them, which I do not want to do, having blood enough on my hands, to say nothing of what may be *in petto* for me before a year passes. But I can tell those bucks I do not belong to the anti-duelling society, and am a devilish good shot; so, if they goad too far, they may repent it too late.' At page 323. of the same volume he says: 'I feel contempt for myself that I do not give up my post and shoot one of these scoundrels, retiring from all public employment with only one regret, namely, that I had not shot a dozen of them.' Here is a fire-eater, indeed, to feel 'proud to his last days that he had never fought a duel.' If he had never *wished* to fight a man, there might be something to be proud of; but if we are to believe his own words, he was continually wanting to shoot some one, and was not much better, therefore, than if he had actually accomplished his desire.

At page 148. vol. i., Sir William Napier says that his brother 'delighted to find himself and others in ludicrous situations, but generally described them with *too much of Rabelais' richness for record.*' Three pages later the biographer says that his brother, 'with Swift's humour, had nothing of his disgusting malignity of application to debase human nature; *he provoked laughter only, not blushes.*' We should have thought that the 'too much of Rabelais' richness for record' was somewhat calculated to 'promote blushes.' From a passage at page 355. vol. i., it would appear that the 'Rabelais' vein' sometimes broke out in Sir Charles Napier's letters *to his mother.*

Even with respect to Lady Sarah Napier, of whose history Sir William ought to know something, the biographer cannot write without some strange inaccuracies. For example, in the second page of the book, we come upon the following:—

'Her (the Duchess of Richmond's) daughter, also named Sarah, born in 1746, was likewise beautiful, and when scarcely eighteen, George III. offered her his hand; she refused, he persisted, and was finally accepted, partly because of his apparently sincere passion, partly from the influence of her brother-in-law, the first Lord Holland; but then politicians worked on royal pride, hurt by the first refusal, and the monarch fell back.'

Now this is not only incorrect—but it can, by no possibility, be true. George III. was married in 1761. He was then twenty-three, and Lady Sarah Lennox, according to the above statement, was fifteen. If the passage, which is ambiguously worded, means, that Lady Sarah was eighteen at the time of the offer, the monarch made it three years after he was married. If it means that George III. was only eighteen, then Lady Sarah was a child of ten years.* She was herself married to Sir Charles Bunbury, in June 1762, and we forbear to comment on the circumstances which preceded her second marriage, in 1776, to the Honble. George Napier, when she became the mother of the heroes of these volumes.

Among the obvious contradictions chargeable to Sir Charles Napier himself, we find the following in these volumes. In the month of May, 1843, speaking of the probable results of his victories in Scinde, he says:—

‘I care not for the Grand Cross, which I daresay they will give me; but I do want a medal in common with the private soldiers; our danger was alike, and so be our reward. *As to riches, which they say are to come*, I am equally indifferent, so far as regards myself; for my habits require not riches. Not so as regards others. *My victories will enable me to provide for my family and my relations*, and to give something to John Kennedy’s children; however, I have no faith in riches.’ (Vol. ii. p. 377.)

There is nothing that is not commendable in this; but the feeling here expressed is anything but a rare one. Very few of those who toil and strive all their lives long for money, desire to spend it on their own immediate gratification. They toil for others, not for themselves. Sir Charles Napier was a man of simple, almost penurious habits; and, in spite of some awkward passages in these volumes, we willingly acquit him of any lust of money for the vile pleasure of possessing it. But that, in this month of May, he had thought of the Scinde prize-money, and derived pleasure from the thought, is apparent from the above passage. We were rather surprised, therefore, to find him writing, under date July 18. of the same year:—

‘July 18.—Lord E. writes that he has proposed to give all the prize-

* Since this passage was originally written, we have seen in Vol. iii. of the work under review, published some months after its predecessors, the following erratum, relative to the passage noticed in the text:—‘Page 2, line 15, for 1746, read 1745; and instead of ‘scarcely eighteen, read not seventeen.’ From this it would appear that the age mentioned was that of Lady Sarah, who, if born in the early part of 1745, would have been sixteen at the time of the King’s marriage, which took place in September.

booty to the army, which will give me little short of 50,000*l*. I opened my eyes wide when told of this, *having, in fact, never thought of prize-money, or anything but my work.*' (Vol. ii. p. 404.)

There are several curiously inconsistent passages in this part of the work illustrative (if such a word can properly be used) of this particular trait of Sir Charles Napier's character. Take, for example, the following:—

'Sir Robert Peel's speech has made people here believe that I am to be made a Peer. I do not believe this to be the case, and I do not wish that honour to be conferred, because I will on no account take a pension with it, to end my career by robbing my starving countrymen; and without an income of considerable amount it could not be well sustained; for you know how shopkeepers tax a title. If the fat fellows of the honourable Court of Directors chose to give me a pension for adding a million sterling to their revenue (!) it would alter the case; it would not come out of starving labourers' toil.' (Vol. ii. p. 455.)

It is not easy to understand the meaning of this. Sir Charles Napier will not take a pension from the Crown because, he says, it comes out of the pockets of his poor countrymen; but he will take a pension from the East India Company, which would come out of the pockets, or the *cumber-bunds*, of the natives of India, who, according to the Napiers, are the poorest and most miserable creatures in the world. He surely cannot have supposed that the 'fat directors' pay the pensions, which they grant, out of their *own* pockets. But, perhaps, the following passage, taken from an earlier part of the work, will throw some light upon this dubious matter:—

'My ambition (he writes in 1807) is not for Nabobism—anywhere better than the East Indies. Yet my conscience is very pliable; and if it were nearer to England, I would flay the natives like others do;—mind, however, only in hopes of giving the Devil a better hold of the Directors, for all will fall on their souls of course.' (Vol. i. p. 71)

From a passage in another letter, it would seem that he desired 'to give the Devil a better hold' of himself; for he wrote in 1813:—

'My desire is to have command of the marines that are coming, and of the 102nd, and to land and sack towns, and commit all possible enormities on the coast. How delightful to deserve Hell by command! By Jove, I am most amiably disposed to maraud *and make money* of the Yankees.' (Vol. i. p. 203.)

It is painful to quote such expressions as these; although they are mild in comparison with others which defile these extraordinary volumes. It is painful to think that a brother's hand, by thus dragging into the light of day what ought ever to have

been left in the deepest privacy, should so have fouled the memory of a brave and distinguished man. Sir William Napier writes of his brother's strong sense of religion, and quotes passages from his letters, which cannot be read without a shudder. But we are still disposed to think better of Sir Charles Napier than his brother would willingly allow us. The tongue is an unruly member. The pen is an unruly weapon. Sir Charles Napier was wont to say and to write many things, which he did not seriously mean, and which afterwards he would gladly have recalled or cancelled. He indulged freely in irony and sarcasm. To judge him strictly by such utterances as these, which are literally often no more than words 'said by a maniac, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing,' would be to do him cruel injustice. There are many things in these volumes, which, we are convinced, were uttered by him when he was not master of himself.

Indeed, the real clue to many of the extraordinary inconsistencies to be found in the letters and journals of Sir Charles Napier, resides in the fact that he was subject to occasional aberrations of mind not far removed from absolute mania. We have the less hesitation in saying this, inasmuch as that Sir Charles Napier is, in these volumes, more than once allowed to say that he felt himself going mad. The blessing of the *mens sana in corpore sano* was never vouchsafed to him. He was unfortunate almost from the hour of his birth. His wrongs, indeed, commenced in the cradle. He was 'sickly as a child' from the misconduct of a barbarous nurse. From that time he seems to have been the 'sport of accident.' He would not have risen under Napoleon, who avoided unlucky men, for he was the most unlucky man in the empire. He was continually hurting himself; knocking himself about, or being knocked about, until the wonder is that there was a sound part left in his body. In battle he was severely wounded. At Corunna, the small bone of one of his legs was broken; he had a bayonet wound in his back, and his skull was cleft by a sabre. At Busaco he got a bullet into his head: 'it entered on the right of his nose, and lodged in the left jaw, near the ear, shattering the bone to pieces.' That these terrible accidents increased the excitability of his naturally irritable temperament is not to be doubted. The wonder is, that in that maimed body and shattered skull there dwelt so clear an intellect, and so steadfast a will — not that he was subject to occasional aberrations. 'Are we cats,' he asked, 'that we live, and bear such wounds?'

A rooted belief that all the world are conspiring against us is a common form of monomania; and it would be difficult to

read these volumes without arriving at the conclusion that, with respect to this one subject of his grievances, Charles Napier was not master of himself. This delusion seems to have beset him at a very early period of his career. Whilst yet little more than a boy, we find him writing, 'Last night I sate up till two o'clock writing on the old subject of grievances, and lashing myself into a fury with everything. Abusing the army, pulling off my breeches, cursing creditors, and putting out the candle all in a minute, I jumped into bed and lay there, blaspheming, praying, and perspiring for two hours.' Soon afterwards, he exclaims with emphatic candour, 'What a curse to have a turn of mind similar to mine!' He was cursed, indeed, with an unfortunate temper, which was perpetually tormenting its owner—inflicting greater injury on Napier himself than on the objects of his anger, and rendering his life far from a happy one. He was, oftentimes, it is clear from many indications in these volumes, very much in the condition of the demoniacs of old, and, if master of his own actions, assuredly not of his words.

But is this the way in which biography is to be written? The one argument likely to be adduced in its favour is that it is truthful; and that in all history, whether of men or of nations, truth is the one thing needful. But, is it truthful? Admitted that biography is for the most part too eulogistic; that modern biographers use only bright colours and sunny tints, and that their pictures want shadow; that the vices and even the weaknesses of great men are ignored, whilst their virtues are exaggerated in the recital: admitted that, in such cases, there is a *suppressio veri*, is the Napierian style of biography more truthful? It appears to me that less injury is done to the cause of truth by glossing over the question of a man's failings than by extolling those failings as perfections. If Sir William Napier wrote apologetically of his brother's errors, instead of exulting in them, we might applaud his candour and truthfulness. But he makes no admissions, and therefore there is no candour. He does not write, 'Sir Charles Napier, though in the main a kind-hearted man, and more given to render service to others than to inflict injuries upon them, was sometimes so roused to anger by a sense of injury, as to give way to un-Christian bitterness of language, and even, though more rarely, to commit acts of retaliation, which afterwards he doubtless deplored. He may not always have been right in his estimate of the conduct of other men towards himself, and may sometimes have imputed base motives to his adversaries, which it is to be hoped never

'actuated them; but he always believed himself to be right, and as he was in the habit of giving free expression to the transient feelings of the moment in his letters to his brother and other confidential friends, it would be unjust, in estimating the character of Sir Charles Napier, to dwell upon these temporary ebullitions of a naturally quick temper.' There might be truth in such a defence; but there is no untruth so pernicious as that which confounds right and wrong and transmutes a man's vices into virtues. A book of this kind, indeed, may be quite as much a lie, as one that deals to excess in compliments and panegyric. And it need not be said which is the more venial error of the two. We are convinced that Sir William Napier, by giving undue prominence to the more forbidding features of his brother's character, has misrepresented it before the public, and caused Sir Charles Napier to appear in these fraternal pages a more bitter, a more malignant, and a more unscrupulous man, than he was in naked reality. We have here, indeed, all the gall and bitterness of one brother, superadded to those of the other. All Sir Charles Napier's adversaries are Sir William Napier's also; and Sir William, luxuriating in the vile things said of them by his brother, has overlaid his book with utterances of envy, hatred and all uncharitableness, and thus gratified his own vindictive spirit at the expense of his brother's reputation. We can conceive no blacker treachery than that the near kinsman and the familiar friend, to whom these outpourings of temper and disappointment were familiarly and confidentially addressed, and who might be regarded as the natural guardian of his brother's reputation, should have exhibited his character to the world in all the deformity of uncontrolled passion.

But our regret at the form which Sir William Napier has given to this biography is considerably increased by the conviction we entertain that his brother's character and career admitted of a very different treatment. We have felt ourselves so strongly called upon to notice in some detail the calumnies with which these pages abound, that we are unable to present as we should wish to do, the counterpart of this repulsive picture, taken from the same papers and from the annals of the same life. But let it not be supposed for an instant that we dispute the genius, the valour, or the energy of Sir Charles Napier. He had qualities of the very highest order, which drove him with irresistible impetuosity into action, and achieved results from which men of a feebler mould would have shrunk in consternation. His sagacity and powers of observation were so keen that he flings off the most consummate

'maxims of statesmanship and war*—mixed, it is true, with puerilities and contradictions which would disgrace a school girl. His wit, though sometimes coarse, blazes with the vivacity of his imagination. In government he was just and kind to those below him, provided he found in them no obstacles to his will and no rivals of his fame. In battle he was brave, cool, resolute, heroical; and some of his strategical conceptions in the campaign of Scinde stamp him a master in the art of war. His devotion to the work he had in hand was dauntless and unsparing; neither wounds, nor illness, nor bodily weakness, nor climate, nor the approach of death could induce him to spare an instant of repose to his shattered frame and to his sleepless intellect. He deserves to be handed down to posterity as an unequalled example of grand and masculine powers, impaired by violent defects. No man ever combined in his own nature so much of what a great commander ought to possess with so much of what he ought not to possess. Above all he wanted self-control; and though he walked by the fiery light of genius, the obstacles over which he perpetually stumbled would have been avoided by a little more temper and common sense. These were the adverse influences which alone retarded his progress in life, and which alone prevent him from taking his place among the most illustrious names of England. Sir William Napier has entirely failed to point out this, the most valuable lesson of his brother's life: probably he has altogether failed to perceive it; for the very same causes have unhappily led him, though he is indisputably one of the first writers of the age, to publish a book which is discreditable to himself and to the literature of his country.

* Recent events in India have given a strong additional interest to the remarks which may be found interspersed in Sir Charles Napier's correspondence on the precarious condition of the Bengal army, and an attempt has been made to show that he foresaw with prophetic sagacity the perils which have now convulsed the Indian Empire. But it would be not less easy to point out numerous passages in which he lauded the fidelity and bravery of the Bengal Sepoys above their deserts. During the period that he filled the high office of Commander-in-Chief in India he did nothing to avert the danger, if indeed he did not augment it by concession; nor did he put on record in an official form an opinion, which he must have known, if he entertained it, to be of vital importance to the safety of India. The minute which has been annexed to his posthumous volume on the Defects of the Civil and Military Government of India relates chiefly to the defence of the country from external invasion and to the distribution of the forces; and though many of his observations are just and instructive, we cannot discover that he foresaw the real nature and extent of the danger.

ART. III.—*The Mediterranean. A Memoir Physical, Historical, and Nautical.* By Rear-Admiral WILLIAM HENRY SMYTH, K.S.F., D.C.L., F.R.S., &c. London: 1854.

COPIOUS, even to excess, as is the literary labour of our age, and ever seeking new topics, or new methods of vivifying old ones, there are yet subjects to be found, either not touched upon at all, or scantily and incidentally treated without due regard to their proper value. Void places of this kind still occur in the history of men and nations; gaps which it will belong to future genius and research to fill up, by aid of the fresh materials ever accumulating around us. The laborious activity of German literature has gone further than that of any other country, in finding such new fields, and fertilising them by its industry. But others yet remain to be opened and explored, even in the records of human events; still more in the great domain of natural history and the physical sciences. Here especially the rapid growth of knowledge, and its subjection to new laws and generalisations, have created the need of fresh divisions in every part; of altered nomenclature; and particular treatises on topics, the increasing importance of which compels this separation. Thus in the physical sciences, while we see at the present time a continual aggregation of facts and phenomena around those more general laws which give centre and connexion to the whole, we find simultaneously a constant compulsion to divide, for the purposes of further research, the many branches of knowledge which are so brought into closer relations with one another.

In a recent article of this Review, we referred to the 'Physical Geography of the Sea,' as one of the many instances in which science has required and adopted a more specific record of a particular class of natural phenomena; and in discussing this subject we carried the limitation yet further, by taking the Atlantic as the special exponent of those mighty features which belong to the ocean domain of the globe. We have now before us a volume on the Mediterranean Sea; the first English work, as we believe, expressly devoted to this subject. Its coasts and islands have been separately noted and described by travellers, geographers, and historians of all countries and ages. But no one had treated singly and especially of the Sea washing round and amidst these lands, and reflecting their wonderful history of thirty centuries on its waters. We possessed no work delineating its peculiar physical features—its outline, dimensions, depth, currents, winds, and other hydrographical and nautical conditions—the configuration of its coasts, its islands, volcanoes, and the rivers which pour themselves into its basin.

This, then, was one of the voids of which we have spoken; and it continued such, until the progress of all scientific knowledge, and the rapid spread of human intercourse by sea and land, made it needful that a physical history of the Mediterranean should be written—an object well and ably fulfilled by Admiral Smyth in the work before us. Some time has now elapsed since its publication; but intervening events have enhanced the interest of the subject; and though the volume is in large part occupied with what appertains to the profession, in which its author holds a distinguished place, we willingly receive it as the suggestion and foundation of some more complete history, political and social, as well as physical and nautical, of the Mediterranean Sea.

In a mere technical sense, the Mediterranean may be described as a gulf, or inland branch of the Atlantic; but in itself this Sea has a more wonderful individuality than any other on the globe. This is true as to its physical features, singly considered;—still more eminently true as respects those relations to human history which render it an interpreter of the records of past ages, and of the ancient empires which have flourished on its shores. On no equal area of the earth's surface have so many and such mighty events been crowded together as within this extraordinary basin. Every keel which now cleaves its waters traverses the scene of some maritime struggle or adventure of old times and earlier races of men; or skirts shores hallowed to the scholar or historian by the memory of genius or grandeur which have passed away. Empires, kingdoms, and republics, born to sway the destinies of the world, have risen and declined upon its coasts. Schools of philosophy and eloquence, to which we still recur for instruction and example,—laws and languages, which are embodied in the literature and social institutions of every later age,—had their earliest seats around this inland sea. It is difficult to touch upon the subject thus generally without becoming too rhetorical; but we hope, in dwelling upon some of its details, to show how copious and full of interest it is, and how well meriting the special attention of some writer who may make it, as a single picture, more complete and familiar to our knowledge. The events of history are best bound together by such local associations; and none more so than those of which the Mediterranean has been the scene and centre during a long succession of ages.

It may further be alleged, as an argument for such a work, that the interests of England are deeply concerned in all that regards this sea. Of late years certain foreign writers and authors, rather political than geographical in their style and spirit, have used the term of *lake* in describing it. The Mediterranean is

certainly not *our lake*; nor can it, nor ought it, ever to pass under the supremacy of any one Power. But we have large insular possessions within its circuit; we hold the mighty rock-fortress, the Calpe of antiquity, which commands its entrance from the ocean; and we crowd its waters to their very extremity with our ships and commerce. That single line of Mediterranean navigation, which ministers to the rapid intercourse with our Indian Empire, through Egypt and the Red Sea, is in itself an interest of primary importance to us, and never more so than at the present moment; and this line of communication has already attained a speed and regularity of service which place it among the highest efforts of human prowess on the seas. If other and better routes be eventually obtained through the Persian Gulf, which is still a matter of doubt, equally must we depend on the Mediterranean for a line of passage to that part of the Asiatic coast giving easiest access to the valley of the Euphrates. More recently undertaken is the mail route through this sea, as the first stage to our Australian colonies—the shortest line, following the earth's curvature, between England and the great Island-Continent on the opposite side of the globe. It is a wonderful route to a wonderful country; each attesting that national energy and power which has brought a new people into birth, and made oceans and seas tributary to the communication with the parent land. The discovery of the Australian gold-fields has doubtless quickened these results, but time would have evolved them even without this great auxiliary.

All these things are now become familiar to us; but we nevertheless specify them, because their very familiarity is apt to abate our wonder, and to dis sever them from those memorials of older times and things, to which they stand in such singular relation and contrast. Nor must we forget, while speaking of English interests in the Mediterranean, those vast naval and military armaments so recently borne on its waters to the mighty struggle before Sebastopol—an effort of concentrated power, rising with the need, and greatest at the very moment when peace happily suspended its further action. These armaments in their course passed along shores and through straits, every bay and promontory of which has its place in ancient poetry or history; and within sight of one especial spot on which the genius of a single man (for such we believe him to have been) has bestowed an imperishable fame. It might seem ungracious towards those officers who carried so much spirit and bravery to the battles and privations of the Crimea, to inquire too sceptically what proportion of their number were fully conscious of the objects their voyage brought before them?—how many

of them saw with the eyes of history the mountains of Lacedæmon, Scio's rocky isle, and the plains of Ilium; or gazed with enthusiasm surpassing the ever-living grandeur of the scenery, upon the snow-capped crest of Ida, or the watch-tower of Neptune on the rock of Samothrace.

We put this question designedly; but more in regret than as a reproach. For we are compelled to admit that no adequate provision has hitherto been made for the special instruction of those numerous Englishmen who are called by military, naval, or colonial duties to every part of the habitable globe. The greatness of our empire, and the rapid progress of knowledge and invention in all that regards the social condition of man, make at this time a cogent necessity of what was heretofore only a matter of expediency. In proportion to our power is the magnitude of the duties we are called upon, as a nation, to fulfil; and one of those duties is that of sending out to the defence and administration of our distant possessions, men well fitted by temper and education to discharge their functions with integrity and intelligence — the latter, in most cases, the best guarantee for the former. It is our sincere belief, that no one is so well calculated to fulfil these conditions as the English gentleman, in the highest intellectual and moral sense of the word. But care is needful that the standard be not lowered, either in comparison with our former selves, or with the people of other countries, at a time when all things are in a state of transition; and when much exists, in the rapid intercourse of the world, and the various and desultory objects before men's minds, tending to lessen the force of individual character, and to disperse the energies of thought and action over a surface too wide for their highest efficiency. True genius will rise above these and other hindrances; but we are bound to provide also for those minds of a lower grade, by whom, in effect, nine-tenths of the world's business is carried on. We gladly perceive in all that is in progress around us, a growing attention to these objects, in which England has deeper interest and concern than any other State on the face of the globe. She has not only to sustain 'her precedence of teaching nations how to live,' but to maintain unimpaired her own great life — her liberties, laws, and language — and to enlarge and perpetuate their influence on ages yet to come.

We have been led somewhat away from our subject by this question as to the sufficiency of English education, in its ordinary form, for travel in lands of classical antiquity — a question we are compelled reluctantly to answer in the negative. Notwithstanding the time given to Greek and Latin studies in the

schools and colleges of England, our youth go forth, learned, it may be, in hexameters and iambs, but wanting generally in those higher classical associations which localise the history, poetry, eloquence, and philosophy of past ages, and illustrate the revolutions of men and nations by the more lasting memorials of nature. We must not be understood here as invoking any maudlin sentiment on these matters, such as too often finds its way into books and narratives of travel—the produce rather of after-concoction at home, than of honest enthusiasm on the spot. But we wish for more true knowledge and feeling to be brought to places thus illustrious in the world's history—such previous knowledge as may enable the traveller, if not to investigate and discover, at least fully to understand and enjoy. Much, we conceive, might be done towards this end, by combining with common classical instruction a more copious and vivid illustration of the lands which have given birth and subject to this part of learning; and by admitting even the physical sciences to contribute their share to such illustration. It may be urged that this would require a higher competence and more various knowledge in those to whom the act of teaching is committed. We fully admit the inference, but do not on this account withdraw or abate the demand to which it applies. If what we have pointed out be desirable, and recognised as such, the means and methods of attainment are sure in these days to be found.*

The volume of Admiral Smyth on the Mediterranean has various merits, which we fully appreciate. As a writer, he is chargeable, perhaps, with some little eccentricities of style; but he brings to his subject great nautical and scientific knowledge, much earnestness of purpose, and the results of an active personal survey of many coasts of this Sea; and of some, especially

* The institution of the Geographical Society of London, and the zeal with which its objects are pursued, is well calculated to forward the object of teaching travellers *where* and *how* to travel, and what objects still remain to be fulfilled. We gladly see attached to it the names of some members of the 'Yacht Club;'—itself a national institution, peculiar to England, and admirably fitted to sustain that national vigour and enterprise on the seas, upon which our greatness as a State so essentially depends. A remarkable example of this spirit of enterprise was given last year by Lord Dufferin, who ventured with his little yacht of 80 tons into the Arctic seas, visiting Iceland, Jan Mayen, and even the icy coasts of Spitzbergen in lat. 78° 44'. This exploit, for such it was, is pleasingly recorded in a volume entitled 'Letters from High Latitudes,' which relates the cruise with as much grace and vivacity as were shown in the expedition.

on the African side, before imperfectly known. His work is fitly dedicated to the veteran Admiral Beaufort, whose long labours as Hydrographer to the Admiralty have well and worthily sustained the reputation he acquired from his admirable researches on the coasts of Asia Minor. Admiral Smyth's own labours are honourably attested by a catalogue of more than one hundred charts presented to the Admiralty; and by numerous facts in relation to currents, tides, soundings, winds, and other aqueous and atmospheric phenomena which make up and define the physical history of this great sea. We must nevertheless repeat that the volume before us does not fulfil all we might fitly claim for a work on the Mediterranean. We have no right to complain that it is devoted chiefly to professional objects, since these are numerous and of eminent value. But the subject admits of a wider delineation, and more ample details physical, historical, and picturesque; and a work comprising these, and at the same time preserving entire the unity of the picture, is still wanting to our literature.

The very familiarity of the Mediterranean in these days has begotten a certain indifference to its peculiarities and grandeur. Looking to physical features only, it is by far the most wonderful ocean-inlet or midland sea in the world; penetrating* further into the heart of the continent than any other, and more strangely broken and diversified in its outline by gulfs, straits, islands, and inner seas. Mere verbal description does little towards illustration in a case of this kind. A map or globe must be before the eye, and the Mediterranean be looked at simply and singly in its boundaries and dimensions; putting aside all local associations which may disturb such general view.* It will be seen at once how singular and curious is the configuration of this vast basin; how deeply its gulfs run into the lands which surround it; and how closely they approach at its eastern end those other deep inlets of the Red Sea and Persian Gulf, which have their connexion with the oceans of another hemisphere. The eye, cast over other parts of the globe, will see nothing equal or comparable to it in these

* This direction will not seem superfluous to those who have watched the curious mechanical results of habit, even in the simple matter of relative position of objects before the eye. Any one may satisfy himself of it in this instance by merely inverting a map, or turning a globe into some unwonted position, when he will create, or seemingly have before his sight, a totally new configuration of land and sea, which it requires some time and efforts to bring back to the reality of his former recollections. The experiment is worth making as a special illustration of a large class of mental phenomena, which cannot be too carefully studied as a part of psychology.

physical peculiarities. Dante, whose descriptions of nature are often as exact as they are always sublime, speaks of it as—

‘La maggior valle in che l’acqua si spanda,
Fuor di quel mar che la terra inghirlanda.’ *

Those, moreover, even least tutored in modern geology and the great phenomena with which it deals, will see that mighty movements and changes must have occurred in this region, in ages far anterior to human record or human existence on earth. We shall hereafter refer to some present proofs of these remote events (whether slow or paroxysmal in kind) in the volcanoes and earthquakes which still so singularly affect the basin of the Mediterranean. Meanwhile, a superficial view will show us this Sea exchanging its waters with those of the Atlantic at one extremity; at the other, nearly 2000 miles distant, dis-severed but by a low and narrow isthmus from those which belong to the Indian Ocean. Throughout the whole of this distance it divides Europe from Africa, physically and socially the two most dissimilar portions of the globe,—the ‘*discordanti liti*,’ as Dante calls them, in the very passage from which we have just quoted. The continent of Asia closes its eastern extremity; and the Asiatic line of coast, including that of the Black Sea, which may be regarded as its inner basin, is not less than 2500 miles in length. The total circumference of the Mediterranean, following the line of its great gulfs, is estimated at upwards of 13,000 miles; its area, including the Black Sea, and the Seas of Azof and Marmora, is stated at 1,149,287 square statute miles, by Admiral Smyth.† These are magnificent dimensions; and rendered more striking by its profound depth, of which we shall presently speak, and by the lofty mountain-chains which form its coasts, or rise as islands from amidst its waters.

The name of Mediterranean does not belong to the ancient history of this sea, and is not found in the earlier geographers, either of Greece or Rome. To the people of Palestine it was emphatically ‘The Sea,’ or the ‘Great Sea.’ To the Greeks and Romans it was the Sea within the Columns, the *Mare internum*; *Nostrum mare*; or still more frequently described in history and

* Paradiso, canto ix. 82.

† In some other works a much lower statement is given of the superficial extent of the Mediterranean; but this we presume to depend on the omission of the Black Sea and its subordinate basins, and on the use of the geographical instead of the square statute mile—possibly, also, on a deduction made for the surface occupied by islands.

poetry under the various local names derived from adjoining people or coasts. The word Mediterranean is not found, we believe, before the third or fourth century, appropriate though it be in the way of a general description. Other names of common currency may still be found among the motley traders in this sea—but they are not recognised in our maps—and it is not needful to enumerate them. Those, on the other hand, connected with its great natural divisions, as the Adriatic, the Archipelago, &c., are necessary in themselves, and sanctioned by long and familiar historical use.

These divisions are of considerable interest in the physical history of the Mediterranean. As many as seven have been suggested and defined; but we may content ourselves with denoting one, which is instantly obvious to the eye, as breaking the sea into two great, though unequal, basins; and not less strikingly marked by certain natural features, which coincide with, and illustrate, the simple geographical fact. This is the partition made by the long peninsula of Italy, the island of Sicily, and the projection of the African continent at Cape Bon; leaving a passage barely eighty miles in width between the western and eastern basins of the Mediterranean. The fact thus obvious to the eye is physically expressed by the lofty ridge of the Apennines stretching along Italy to its very extremity, and re-appearing in the Neptunian Mountains of Sicily; and yet further by a bar or line of shallow sea, occupying the strait between Sicily and Africa, and separating the profound depths which lie on each side of this submarine ridge. Though a part of the line be thus submerged here, as well as in the narrower breach forming the Strait of Messina, the physical fact is even rendered more striking by this submergence; and brought more closely into relation with those geological changes which have moulded the earth's surface into its present shape and aspects. And that great subterranean forces have been at work in this barrier-line, we have further evidence, equally curious and instructive, in the volcanic phenomena, living as well as extinct, which are notable throughout its whole extent;—not uninterruptedly, indeed, but so connected in course and direction as to give them an evident relation to a common physical cause. At the northern end of this line we find the volcanic rocks of the Euganean Hills; amidst which, in the village of Arquà, stands the secluded tomb of Petrarch. Coming southwards a long tract of extinct volcanic formations stretches through the Roman States; and yet further south, the region of Vesuvius and the Campi Flegrei, wonderful in its present phenomena, not less so in those aspects which belong to ages before any known history. Following

our line further, we come to Stromboli and the Lipari Isles, still emitting flames and volcanic vapours, as they are recorded to have done more than 2000 years ago. Yet further south, but within sight of these isles, rises the mighty cone of Etna, circled round by a vast girdle of lavas and other volcanic rocks — the theme of magnificent poetry to Homer and Pindar; and in the series and succession of these rocks giving record of ages far anterior to any poetry on earth. The line of subterranean fire we are tracing has still another attestation in an event of our own days. In 1831 a volcano suddenly burst forth in the mid-sea between Sicily and Africa; burning for several weeks, and throwing up an isle or crater-cone of scorïæ and ashes, which had scarcely been named before it was again lost by subsidence beneath the sea, leaving only a shoal bank to attest this strange submarine breach in the earth's crust, which thus mingled fire and water in one common action.

These details illustrate that new science of Physical Geography which has already added so largely to our knowledge of the earth we inhabit, and which gives such certain and ample promise to future research. The same principle of illustration may still be kept in view, for the physical history of the Mediterranean is in every part singularly blended with the history of the nations which have successively had dominion on its shores, and with the arts, literature, and social usages which have ever rendered remarkable this portion of the globe. It has been remarked by an eminent philosopher, that human culture and civilisation have generally clung to countries brought into proximity and facility of intercourse by inland seas and deeply-indented coasts. Admitting the reality of this view, the Mediterranean may be cited as the happiest illustration of it; and in the same sense its strangely irregular northern coasts present a striking contrast with the unbroken and riverless line of the African shores from Morocco to the mouth of the Nile. Egypt and Carthage, indeed, grew into grandeur on this less favoured coast. But Egypt rested on the Nile and the Red Sea; while Carthage, of Phœnician origin, held its dominion less in Africa than as a naval power, frequenting or subduing the European coasts and islands on the opposite side of the Mediterranean.

It would be a matter of mere technical geography to enumerate the several chains or groups of mountains which encircle and define this inland sea—the Sierra Nevada—the long African chain of Atlas—the Maritime Alps and the Apennines—the mountain ranges on the eastern side of the Adriatic—the great group of Greece—the vast chains of Caucasus, Taurus, and of Libanus, all closely pertaining to its physical

geography. We might name Parnassus, Pindus, Olympus, Pelion and Ossa, Hymettus, Cæta, Athos, Etna, and a hundred other mountains familiar to classical memory, which either rise from the waters of the Mediterranean or are more distantly seen in coasting its shores. But, without pausing upon these, or illustrating them by the endless quotations which will crowd on the recollection of the scholar, we may remark that no sea exhibits so wonderful a continuity of lofty and precipitous coast as the Mediterranean. With the exception of the northern shore of Africa, from near Tunis to the borders of Syria, and a few more limited portions of coasts in other parts, we find generally around this vast circuit a bold mountain-frontage to the waters; magnificently exemplified in the Corniche and whole line from the Rhone to the Arno; in the African coast from Algiers to Bona; in the shores of Greece, Asia Minor, and Syria; and yet more in the grand range of mountains traversing the ancient monarchy of Mithridates, and forming for many hundred miles the precipitous southern boundary of the Black Sea. Many portions of these Mediterranean coasts make their first swell from the sea to the height of 3000 or 4000 feet, with mountains behind them more than doubling this elevation.

The islands of the Mediterranean, with few exceptions, offer the same bold elevation to the eye. In none of its physical features, indeed, is this Sea more remarkable than in the isles, great and small, which rise so numerously out of its profound depths. They almost all attest in their height, abruptness, and other features those great subterranean movements in past ages, to which we have alluded, as having variously altered the relations of land and sea throughout this region. Sicily, the first and fairest of these isles, offers equal and endless interest to the naturalist and historian, the artist and the poet, despite those centuries of misgovernment which have passed over it. We may affirm with safety that no equal surface on the globe concentrates so many objects fitted to delight the eye and the imagination. Sardinia, Corsica, Candia, and Cyprus abound in magnificent, though less accessible scenery. Corsica, indeed, may now be traversed (and well merits to be so), without other fear than of bad lodgings and scanty food. The traveller of this day, forgetting the petulant epigrams of Seneca, may as little heed the savage stories of the *vendetta*, which still linger in its mountains, forests, and wild villages. Sardinia, with equal natural attractions, and once counted among the granaries of Rome, offers far less facility and safety to the modern tourist; but its political connexion with the freest and most flourishing of the Italian States, gives happier augury for the future. Candia

and Cyprus, scantily known to us, notwithstanding their ancient fame, are awaiting the changes now at work in every part of the Turkish Empire; and which will alike affect the fine islands crowding the Archipelago, and rendering it one of the most remarkable gulphs in the world. Amidst this labyrinth of mountain isles and lofty coasts, rich in historical recollections of every age, lies the passage towards those inner seas, where early history and fable are blended together in that vague mystery which has its charm even for those who are labouring after truth and reality. In this great gulph of the Archipelago, moreover, Grecian poetry found the material for some of its finest descriptions. No one can have made a winter voyage through its isles, without recalling those passages—among the grandest of Homer's similes, and apparently the most familiar to his imagination—where the rude rock and promontory (the *ακτὴ ὑψηλὴ*, at every moment present to the eye) are pictured as beaten upon by the winds which rush through these narrow island channels, and by the waves of the seas surrounding them. In witnessing such a spectacle,—magnificent wherever it be,—the voyager in this sea may fairly assume it as possible that the poet himself had gazed on the very objects before him; and drawn from them that noble imagery, which has become the inheritance and poetic wealth of every succeeding age.

Among the other islands of the Mediterranean, we are bound to notice the Ionian Isles and Malta, as parts of that vast and complex sovereignty which Englishmen have spread over the face of the globe. We count them among our dependencies, though they cannot justly or expediently be considered as colonies. The Ionian Isles, indeed, we should be willing to regard as a possession held in trust for some future Greek sovereignty in the Levant, better constituted than the feeble little kingdom which now bears this name, though it embraces but an inconsiderable portion of the Greek race and the Greek soil. If ever detached from our rule, these islands will carry with them the memorial of much we have effected, and sought to effect for their good—an acknowledgment grudgingly made by the present generation of islanders, but which will more frankly come from their posterity.

Among the great physical features of the Mediterranean, the most peculiar is that remarkable Strait or portal which forms its entrance from the Ocean; and those inner channels scarcely less remarkable, which connect it with the inner seas, washing the very foot of the Caucasian Chain, and even penetrating far into the Russian Steppes. The Strait of Gibraltar, the passage between Sea and Ocean, is well worthy of its ancient fame; and illustrates even to the eye those fables and feelings of earlier times, by which the known and unknown are ever linked together in

the human imagination. The history of Hercules—that curious, fertile, and still unexplained source of so many Grecian and Oriental myths—was not unnaturally extended to this narrow egress from the known sea; and the mountain columns, Calpe and Abyla, became the *laborum Herculis meta*, the stern barrier of human progress towards the west. The awe inspired by this mixture of myth and reality may have been purposely augmented by the tales of the Phœnician and other traders, seeking to maintain a monopoly of that Ocean traffic by which they were enriched. The early voyages of discovery, to which the names of Pharaoh-Necho, Scylax and Hanno are severally attached, did but little to correct the misconceptions of ancient geography in this region; and the Atlantis and Hesperides, if not wholly within the domain of fable, are probably only vague traces of some early discovery of the Isles on the African Coast.* Even as late as Juvenal, the intense thirst for gold is exemplified by the mariners rushing into the mysterious ocean beyond Calpe, to obtain it.

‘ Calpe relicta.

Audit Herculeo stridentem gurgite Solem.’

That a barrier once existed between the Mediterranean and Atlantic, the violent disruption of which opened the present passage, was a tradition of antiquity, more natural and reasonable than most of the physical speculations of the time. A strait, contracted in one point to little more than nine miles (not half the width of the Straits of Dover), might well suggest such a conception. And though the depth of the mid-channel at the narrowest point is fully 900 feet, this must nevertheless be regarded as a sort of bar, or submarine ridge, between the ocean and sea; since the waters deepen rapidly on each side—so suddenly even in the strait itself, that between Gibraltar and Cádiz, where the width is twelve miles, nearly 6000 feet of sounding line have been run out; while somewhat further to the eastward no soundings have been obtained. Let any one look on a map, and mark the general trending of the European and African coasts, and their peculiar *apposition* and *opposition* in

* The wonderful scenery of the Canary Isles, if reached thus early, might readily have suggested some of these legends, as Tasso has indicated in the finest parts of his poem, when placing the gardens of Armida and the ‘Dolce prigione’ which held Rinaldo captive, in one of these isles. The description of the Canaries by Pliny (founded on the expedition of discovery sent thither by that remarkable man Juba, Prince of Numidia), is well worthy of notice, from its exact accordance with some of the most notable of their physical features at this day.

the Strait itself, and he will at once surmise that this place must have been the scene of great movements and changes, involving both sea and land; and due to those subterranean forces, which have everywhere been active, in one form or another, in altering the configuration of the earth's surface.

We must speak more cursorily of those inner Straits, the Dardanelles and Bosphorus, which give access to the vast interior basin of the Black Sea—a name once obscure and even fearful in report, but now become familiar to us as the Baltic or German Ocean. These two Straits are among the marvels of the Mediterranean:—rivers they might not inaptly be called, since they afford egress by the rapid and profound current flowing through them to the waters from nearly one-third of the surface of Europe. The Danube, the Don, and the Dnieper all empty themselves through this channel into the greater basin below. Their waters, in passing the Straits, flow between shores every point of which has the history or poetry of former ages inscribed upon it. No passages between seas elsewhere on the globe can compare with these, either in living scenery or past recollections. Classical legends of the most remote antiquity are here blended with the record of those more real events of conquest, migration, sovereignty, and revolution, of which the Bosphorus and Dardanelles have been the scene at all periods;—often defining their course and progress, often suddenly arresting it. Europe and Asia, with promontories and palaces reflected from the same great stream, may be said to divide its history between them. For the last four centuries Asia and Asiatics have had dominion here, and in name and outward recognition this may continue yet longer. But virtually a change has begun, the progress of which cannot now be arrested; and which in its ultimate effect will inevitably restore to Europe its sovereignty in these straits and seas, so important in their position to the commerce and civilisation of the world. In this respect (as perchance in many others not yet fully surmised) the recent war will bear fruits to be gathered by succeeding generations.

The depth of the Mediterranean is another of its great physical characteristics. We have spoken of the deep soundings close to the bar in the Straits of Gibraltar, and of those which occur on each side of the submarine ridge extending from Sicily to the African coast. These soundings, indeed, have not yet been made in the Mediterranean by the improved methods lately adopted in the Atlantic, and conducted so systematically by Lieut. Maury, in some parts of that ocean. But they suffice to indicate depths equal to the average height of the mountains girding round this great basin; and, if one particular experi-

inent may be credited, reaching even to 15,000 feet; an equivalent to the elevation of the highest Alps. This sounding was made about ninety miles east of Malta. Between Cyprus and Egypt 6000 feet of line have been let down without reaching the bottom. Other deep soundings have been made in other places with similar results. We have not yet obtained any official account of the soundings very recently effected by the 'Tartarus' in the lines of sea between Egypt and the Archipelago; but it is stated on apparently good authority, that one sounding between Alexandria and Rhodes reached bottom at the depth of 9900 feet; another, between Alexandria and Candia, gave a depth of 300 feet beyond this. These single soundings, indeed, whether of ocean or sea, are always open to the certainty that greater, as well as lesser depths must exist, to which no line has ever been sunk—a case coming under that general law of *Probabilities* so largely applicable in every part of physics. In the Mediterranean especially, which has so many aspects of a *sunken basin*, there may be abysses of depth here and there which no plummet is ever destined to reach.

This mere outline of the Mediterranean, in its prominent features, establishes its pre-eminence over any other inland sea on the globe. The Baltic is another singular inlet, spreading its long and narrow gulfs into the centre of Northern Europe, but as different in its physical characters as in its relation to the history of the world. Far inferior in extent, accessible only through shallow straits, and with a depth nowhere exceeding 1100 feet, its waters are brackish and tideless, its coasts and isles flat and monotonous throughout. No historical monuments, save a few of mediæval age, are found within its circuit. Ancient history, indeed, gathers none but the most vague and scanty records from its shores, notwithstanding that we know them to have been traversed by some of those great races whose migration from the East has so mightily affected the destinies of Western Europe. Though for a time animated by the mercantile activity of the Hanseatic League, yet until the epoch and creations of Peter the Great, when the Empire of Muscovy reached the mouth of the Neva, the Baltic had a very small share in the political or commercial interests of the European world. The revolutions of the Swedish monarchy, and the campaigns of Gustavus Adolphus and Charles XII. form the only conspicuous exceptions to this remark.

Perhaps the nearest physical parallel to the Mediterranean might be found in the Gulf of Mexico,—detached from the Atlantic by the continuous chain of the Leeward Islands and Bahamas, and similarly divided into two great basins by the

projection of Cuba between the Florida and Honduras coasts. The volcanic isles of this gulf afford a further analogy; and yet more, the extraordinary isthmus which divides the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans,—the only comparable instance on the globe to that of Suez, and singularly alike, too, in the length and direction of the vast circuit of at least 15,000 miles, by which alone navigable communication can now be made between the waters pressing on each side this narrow neck of land. Human enterprise, rioting at this moment in a triumphant struggle with all natural obstacles, is seeking simultaneously to cut a passage for ships across each isthmus. We have recently examined in detail the obstacles which appear to us to oppose the successful execution of the isthmus of Suez canal; and in spite of the energy with which M. de Lesseps continues to advocate that scheme we see no reason to change our opinion, which has lately been corroborated by the high authority of Mr. Stephenson.

But we have not yet done with the physical wonders of the Mediterranean. Its Volcanoes, active or extinct, and the Earthquakes which are so frequent and violent within its area, merit more especial notice; expressing, as they do, those local subterranean forces which have been combined in forming and shaping this extraordinary ocean gulf. We have already traced that singular line of volcanic action which may be said to divide the Mediterranean into two great basins, manifestly defined by the continuity of these great natural phenomena. It is needless to quote Homer, or Pindar, or Thucydides in proof of the antiquity of the fires of *Ætna* and the *Æolian* Isles, since the series of volcanic rocks around them attest ages of prior eruption, of which no human record exists. *Monte Somma*, that strange and solitary remnant of the older cone of *Vesuvius*, tells the same tale of a time inapproachable by date, and of which there is no tradition. The history of the present *Vesuvius*, so active in every succeeding century, begins but with the time of *Pliny*, and the destruction of that city which we are now disentombing at its foot. A similar attestation of age we have in the various extinct volcanic districts of *Italy* and of *Sardinia*. Closely contiguous again to the marble isle of *Paros*, in the *Archipelago*, which has furnished such noble material to Grecian sculpture, we find the dark igneous rocks of *Santorin*, thrown up by eruptions, some of which are historically known to us. Of these several volcanic areas in the Mediterranean we would especially direct attention to the *Lipari* Islands, as replete with interest both from the number and singularity of their igneous minerals, and from the extraordinary volcanic scenery amidst which these are found. But the steam-

boat now governs the course of all maritime travel, as the railroad does that by land. The lofty cone of Stromboli, projecting its almost perpetual flame, occasionally indeed arrests the voyager's eye. But no regular steamer visits these islands; and they are left unseen, save by some stray geologist, who, deserting for a moment his Silurian or Tertiary Strata, comes to the study of those more recent changes which have acted on and disturbed the present crust of the globe.

In close physical relation to its volcanoes are those great Earthquakes by which, in all ages, the basin of the Mediterranean, and especially its central and eastern portion, has been shaken and devastated. Omitting the various records of earlier date, we may notice the earthquake in the reign of Valentinian, described by Ammianus Marcellinus, which spread wide calamity over its coasts and isles; destroying, as is affirmed, 50,000 persons at Alexandria alone by the sudden flux and reflux of the sea; and those yet more frequent and violent in the time of Justinian, described by Procopius and other writers, in one of which the city of Antioch is reported to have lost 250,000 of its inhabitants. All such numbers are of course gross exaggerations, but exaggerations which express the magnitude of the calamities sustained. Under the same qualification we may mention the series of great earthquakes in 1693, of which Sicily seems to have been the centre, with a recorded loss of 80,000 or 90,000 of its population; and the Calabrian earthquakes of 1783 and 1784, extraordinary from the frequency of the shocks, of which about 1100 were registered at Montaleone, the seeming centre of these subterranean convulsions. In the very last year, 1856, the whole eastern basin of the Mediterranean was shaken by a violent earthquake, from which some thousand persons are alleged to have perished in Candia alone. Certain areas in this sea, and without any close volcanic proximity, are subject to what may be called a chronic form of the phenomenon. Such an area exists among the Ionian Isles; where the year rarely passes without some *terremoto*, greater or less in violence; and where daily shocks are not uncommon for several weeks in succession. Those who have visited Zante and Santa Maura will recollect the many traces of such concussions scattered over these islands. In 1853 a smart shock of earthquake was felt over the mainland of Greece, which overthrew most of the existing habitations of Thebes, and caused great alarm in Athens. This occurrence is the more remarkable as we are not aware that any earthquake is recorded to have taken place in Attica, and the state of the architectural monuments of Athens shows that they have not suffered in former ages from that formidable cause of destruction.

The geology of the Mediterranean basin is a subject which would lead us beyond our present limits. To give a bare outline of it would be, in fact, to enumerate, as appearing in different localities of its coasts and isles, almost every one in the long series of formation, from granite and the primitive slate rocks, to the newest tertiary strata, laden with the shells of existing seas. Though the zealous activity of geologists during the last quarter of a century has left few regions untouched, there are yet certain portions of coast — as in Asia Minor and on the southern shore of the Black Sea, for example — which require, and will repay, a closer examination, especially as regards the fossiliferous strata, those wonderful exponents of ages and conditions of the earth prior to the existence of man upon it. The localities just named are near to that region which bears the earliest records of human existence; and the research here, though in no way affecting the physical relations of time and succession already determined, would have an interest peculiar to itself, in associating these records with the more silent antecedent memorials, stamped in their long series on the strata beneath.

On the zoology and botany of the Mediterranean we are equally unable to dwell, seeing the multitude of details they comprise, and the difficulty of reducing them to any brief delineation. A future work on this sea, such as we desire to obtain, must attest its completeness by embracing these topics in their full extent, and with all the aids and results of modern research. Such research directed to this locality has certain interests which may well sanction and encourage it. A vast circuit of profound sea, so nearly severed from the ocean, is sure, according to all analogy, to possess a Fauna and Flora more or less peculiar to itself; with subordinate distinctions from the various climates of the lands adjoining it, and the deep penetration of its gulfs into the surrounding continent. But there is a further interest, yet more appropriate to the Mediterranean, in the relation of its living natural history to the more ancient records we possess of animal and vegetable life. History, poetry, and philosophy are alike illustrated by the identification of species, and by the removal of those errors which a vague nomenclature and imperfect classification have propagated from one age to another. This has been strikingly exemplified on various coasts of the Mediterranean of late years, and especially in Palestine and Egypt; where the illustration blends itself with sacred history, and scientific research becomes a living commentary and confirmation of Scripture. Those who have read the Rev. A. P. Stanley's admirable work on Syria

and Palestine will readily appreciate the value as well as interest of the proof derived from this method of research.

A volume might be written on the rivers of the Mediterranean. While forming a remarkable part of its physical history, very many, perhaps the greater number, are familiar to us under the same classical association as the shores whence they issue into the sea. No natural features, indeed, fix and endear these associations so much as rivers. They mark and define the events of history; they feed with pleasing or pathetic images the fancy of the poet; they furnish even the most profound philosophy with illustration and example. From that furthest extremity of this inland sea, where

‘ Mæotis sleeps, and hardly flows ’
The freezing Tanais through a waste of snows,

to its egress in the Atlantic Ocean, we have a succession of streams all more or less known to classical fame. We cannot stop to enumerate them in full; but in naming the Don, the Dnieper, the Danube, the Nile, the Po, the Rhone, and the Ebro, as those of greatest length and volume, we leave to the recollection of our readers those numerous lesser rivers of Asia, Greece, and Italy—the Mæander, Hebrus, Pencus, Alpheus, Tiber, &c.—which have become almost as household words to our literature and speech. English poetry, perhaps more than any other of modern time, has drawn plentifully from these names and records of ancient streams; thereby satisfying at once those classical feelings and that love of natural beauty which we believe to be more deeply cherished in England than in any other country.

Of all the rivers which enter the Mediterranean, the Nile is beyond doubt the most wonderful; scarcely should we err in calling it the most wonderful in the world. The St. Lawrence, from the volume of water which it pours through inland seas and forests, and over cataracts and rapids unrivalled in grandeur, comes closest to it in the comparison. But the latter river is utterly wanting in those marvellous monuments of ancient empire which have hallowed the Nile to all succeeding ages, and which we are still disinterring and decyphering for those who come after us. Its waters, while reflecting these great monuments as they flow through Egypt, give exuberant fertility to a country which would else have been a portion of the adjoining desert. The line to which they reach in their annual flood, abruptly divides a sterile sand from the most profuse and vigorous vegetation; and Seneca in no wise exaggerates in saying

that to the Nile Egypt owes not merely its fertility of soil, but the soil itself. (*Nat. Quæst.* lib. iv.) Though somewhat beside our subject, we could willingly descant on various other peculiarities of this majestic river; such as its singular parallelism to the prolonged gulf of the Red Sea;—its flow of 1200 miles through Nubia and Egypt, without the addition of a single stream to its waters, which thereby actually decrease in volume as they descend to the sea;—the wonderful persistence and uniformity of that vast periodical flood, which, coming from unknown sources, has, for at least four thousand years, preserved the same times of rise and fall;—the equal steadiness of that old Etesian wind (the *Etesia flabra*) which meets and stems the descending waters—and, above all, the mysterious problem, still unsolved, as to the origin and true fountains of this great river. Recent research, approaching within four degrees of the equator, has made it almost certain that they are to be sought for near to, or even south of, this line; but whether in mountains of perpetual snow, or in a high region of lakes and swamps, is a question still open to the enterprise of the traveller. That the discovery will be made within the next few years we hold to be certain, seeing the zeal and new appliances directed towards it. The man who accomplishes the discovery will perpetuate his name to all future time, even though he do but confirm that statement of Ptolemy, to which modern discovery is every day lending fresh weight.

The number and magnitude of the Mediterranean rivers has given rise to some curious inquiries—suggested even as early as the time of Dr. Halley—as to the disposal of the mighty volumes of water thus poured into the sea; and added to by the rains, averaging sixteen or seventeen inches annually, which fall upon its area. The level remaining the same, the question occurs how this balance is maintained? It cannot be by efflux into the Atlantic, since the only notable current in the Straits of Gibraltar is a central one, setting constantly *inwards* from the ocean; at the average rate, between Tariffa and Alcazar Point, where the passage is narrowest, of nearly three miles an hour. Halley urged, and made experiments to prove, that simple evaporation from a surface of this extent, and in this latitude, was fully equal to explain the phenomenon; and though some of his postulates are doubtful, the general conclusion may fairly be admitted. It is a fractional part and local evidence of that great balance or law of compensation which prevails over the globe; blending together the various elements of force and action into one constant and harmonious result. Whatever seeming disorders may occur in the working of these elements,

they so neutralise one another in time and locality as to maintain unimpaired that equilibrium which, on a small scale, is often vainly sought for by human labour and ingenuity.

We must remark, however, that there is still a good deal of uncertainty as to the eastward current in the Straits of Gibraltar. What the deviations are from its average velocity, and how produced, are points not yet ascertained. Nor have we any certain proof as to a point more disputed; viz. whether there be not an under-current, carrying outwards an equivalent to the volume brought in from the ocean. Two or three ambiguous stories of sunken ships, transported westwards, have been accepted as partial proof of this; but stronger presumptions have been drawn from the necessity of such *outgoing* equivalent to the surface current setting in,—from our knowledge of counter-currents of similar kind in other oceans and seas,—and from the fact observed of the increasing specific gravity of the waters of the Mediterranean within the Straits as their depth augments. These conjectures, however, admit of being converted into certainty; and doubtless will be so, with the augmented means which every year affords for such researches.

The common belief that the Mediterranean is a tideless sea is not strictly true. It is too vast a basin not to feel in itself, independently of those ocean tides, which are lost indeed in the ingress of the Straits, that wonderful influence of the moon and sun, acting, by periods of endless intermission, on all the great waters of the globe. But nevertheless, the surface is not large enough, nor the egress to the Atlantic wide enough, to allow of those successive displacements and replacements of water which are essential to the complete phenomena of tides; while the winds and the fluctuations of atmospheric pressure, even more marked and frequent here than on the ocean, have far greater effect in disturbing, or annulling altogether, the slight tidal elevation actually attained. It is only under certain local conditions, like those which, in the Bay of Fundy, the Bristol Channel, the mouth of the Ganges, &c., raise the tides to thirty or forty feet, that the waters of the Mediterranean show any distinct tidal periods. Wherever the line of coast is contracted into a strait, or approximates to the funnel form, there the tide generally becomes obvious. In the Faro of Messina it reaches from twelve to twenty inches, and occurs with some regularity. At the northern extremity of the Adriatic, at Venice and Chiozza, the rise often reaches two or three feet; greatly influenced by the winds of the gulf, but not depending on them. In the Gulf of Corinth similar but slighter effects have been observed; and again, in the narrow Strait of

Negropont, the ancient Euripus, we find a very singular and perplexing alternation of currents,—partly, as it appears, true lunar tides, with periodical rise of waters,—partly the effect of irregular winds and of the tortuous lines of mountain coast which mark this extraordinary locality. The greatest of Greek naturalists—Aristotle—died within actual sight of these tidal phenomena; but we may very safely reject the old story that he drowned himself in the Euripus, because unable satisfactorily to explain them.

The colour, luminosity, and saltness of the Mediterranean are discussed by Admiral Smyth in one of his chapters. The clear blue tint of its waters has been commemorated from early time; and, in the absence of strong tides or currents, it is probable that such colour may be more constant in this deep inland sea than in the ocean at large. But the rule is the same here as in the open ocean—shallow water is indicated by a green tint of different degrees, profound depth by an indigo blue colour. In that wonderful phenomenon of animal life,—the luminousness of its waters,—the Mediterranean is at least as remarkable as any other sea. Some observers have considered it to be more so; and it is doubtless possible, though unproved, that the recesses of an inland sea, with few currents, highly saline, and shown by its volcanoes to be closely contiguous to sources of subterranean heat, may favour the generation of these singular forms of animal life, which perplex the imagination equally by their profuse abundance and their exquisite minuteness.

Regarding the saltness of this sea our information is somewhat ambiguous. The most exact notices appear to be those of Borillon la Grange, which give the average proportions of saline matter as fully four per cent.; or about one-twelfth more than that of the ocean. But this may vary in different parts of the Mediterranean; and a further and more curious question relates to the proportion at different depths. In the case of a profound basin, with a narrow egress, continually receiving saline matters both from the ocean and land, and losing none by evaporation,—the presumption occurs that the water may become more saline and denser in the greater depths, and may even in places deposit beds of salt at the bottom of the sea. No such deposits have been found in sounding; but the observations of Wollaston upon specimens of water obtained from different depths, show a specific gravity greatly augmented at the deeper levels; instanced especially in one case, where water from a depth of 670 fathoms, about fifty miles within the Straits, was found to contain four times the usual quantity of

salt; and to have a specific gravity equivalent to this large excess. This is so singular a result as to have created doubt respecting its accuracy. Dr. Wollaston's inference from it that there must be a dense lower current running out of the Mediterranean, and carrying into the Atlantic the surplus salt of this inland sea, can hardly be maintained in face of the fact already mentioned, of a bar traversing the Straits, with a maximum depth at this place of 150 fathoms. No stream of denser water, coming from greater depths, could rise upwards, so as to surmount this impediment. The question altogether must be left to future and more multiplied observations.

The physical history of the Mediterranean cannot be complete without some notice of the winds, which move this great mass of inland waters. We do not find here, nor could we expect their existence, the constant or strictly periodical atmospheric currents, which sweep over the wider oceans of the globe. In a land-locked basin, thus irregular in outline, studded with mountain-isles, and girt round in great part by mountain chains, local causes modify or predominate over those general conditions to which the atmosphere is subjected by the rotation of the earth, and its annual revolution round the sun. To other influences on the winds of this sea, must be added that of the vast African desert, stretching for 2000 miles in a direction parallel to its southern shore, and in parts touching upon it—an enormous waste of bare sand or rock, vehemently reflecting the rays of a southern sun, and acting as a furnace on the atmosphere above it. In effect of these and other circumstances, the winds of the Mediterranean, though to a certain extent regular and periodical, yet abound in local characters and local names; and we might readily enumerate more than a dozen, pertaining to different coasts or gulfs—as the *Birazon* of the SE. coast of Spain; the *Vent de Bize*, or *Mistral* of the southern French coast; the *Raffiche* of Corsica, and other mountainous islands; the *Gregale* of Sardinia and Malta; the *Siffanto* and *Bora* of the Adriatic; the *Tramontana* generally over the Levant; and the *Levanter* and *Sirocco* of the whole Mediterranean. Of these several winds the *Sirocco*, or south-easterly wind, is by far the most remarkable; not merely from its frequency and wide prevalence, but yet more from its physical properties, and peculiar effects on the animal frame. These effects, mainly manifested on the nervous and muscular power, are now become too familiar to the traveller to need being dwelt upon in detail. Every one who has felt this wind as it occurs at Malta or Palermo, will well remember that prostration both of body and mind, which is its instant and continued effect—an effect cer-

tainly not owing to temperature alone, since winds of greater heat may blow from other quarters without producing the like results. Various circumstances make it probable that atmospheric electricity is concerned in these phenomena; but we need minute and prolonged observations, like those of Peltier and Quetelet, to satisfy the demand for facts, before this or any other hypothesis can stand good. Such research might be readily carried on at Malta; and with collateral observations as to the proportion of Ozone, and other properties of this strange and malignant wind, the local relation of which to the African and Arabian deserts, and to the *Samiel wind* of Egypt, will at once occur in any speculation as to its causes.

The frequent suddenness and violence of Mediterranean storms are well known to those who have been voyagers in the Gulf of Lyons and the Archipelago. But we must add a few words also as to the calms of this deep sea—the *bonaccia* of the Italian mariner—those times when its waters sleep under the sun for days together, as if they had never been ruffled by wind or storm. The voyager in the Mediterranean in older times loitered long and wearily under these calms. The traveller of our own days presses forwards despite them, by aid of a new and constant motive power, created by and subjected to human skill. Yet even he may well long for breezes to stir the still surface, and give life and motion to the stagnant air. The *κυμάτων ἀνήριθμον γέλασμα* portrays, in language almost peculiar to the great poet who uses it, that happier aspect of seas which gladdens with movement the eye of the sailor—such as Claude so often and so fondly conveys to his canvass, with accompaniments which the Mediterranean shores alone can furnish to the painter.

That strange and still only partially explained phenomenon of the Water-Spout is a very frequent occurrence in the Mediterranean. While all human things have changed over and over again within its circuit, these wonders of nature, even such as seem most eccentric and anomalous, remain what they ever were. The descriptions of Lucretius and Pliny picture the ‘*demissa columna de cælo*,’ (the *πρηστήρ* of the Greeks) as exactly as the poet or naturalist of our own day would describe it. Were it not foreign to our subject, we could willingly pause here to invite attention to the general theory of these circular or vorticose movements, as they occur in so many phenomena of the natural world;—from the slender spiral of sand, which on a dusty day whirls rapidly before us on the road, to the vast moving columns of the African desert,—the water-spout which sucks up the sea into the vacuum within its whirl,—

and the Cyclone, or circular hurricane, which sweeps over the ocean, a calm girt round by a whirlwind. Even earthquakes, in some of their phenomena of propagation and vibration, come under the same analogy ;—strange though it may seem that the solid crust of the globe should in any way be submitted to that law of interference of waves of horizontal vibration, which produce a rotatory movement in the case of the circular polarisation of light. Imagination, pressing yet beyond, and resting especially on the composite nature of the motion in all these cases, might extend the relation even to the great movements of the solar system; or still more remotely in space to the spiral forms of nebulae which Lord Rosse's telescope has disclosed to us. But putting aside these more speculative analogies, we have sufficient reason to associate together, under some cause or principle of motion not yet wholly understood, the simpler terrestrial phenomena to which we have just alluded ; and many others which come, though less explicitly, under the same law of action. And this is one of the many physical questions still open to research, and admitting both observation and experiment in aid of the solution, which it is sure in the end to obtain.

We have lingered so long on the physical history of the Mediterranean, that little room is left us for comment on that other part of its history, of which men and nations form the subject and the interest ;—a subject indeed so vast, and an interest so various, that it would be futile to attempt more than a mere outline of what can only be compassed in a complete work. But this topic is closely blended with, and illustrated by, the physical history of this sea ; and much may be gained to the clearness and concentration of human history, in its most important epochs, by grouping its events in their relations to these remarkable shores. In each successive age, from the earliest date and record to which we can reach, the Mediterranean has been the region upon or around which races and nations have struggled for possession and power. Egypt stands first in the long series of sovereignties which border upon it—reaching remotely into the depths of time in its pictured, written, and monumental history ; yet owing its very existence, as well as its wealth and power, to the great River, which seeks the sea through this wonderful valley. The Assyrian, Babylonian, and Persian Empires, though less closely contiguous to the Mediterranean in the centre of their power, yet are deeply concerned in the successive events of war and conquest of which its eastern shores were anciently the scene. The history of the Jewish nation, closely connected with that of the Empires just named, yet having a

special and miraculous individuality of its own, belongs by close proximity to this sea; with which it is associated not only by the record of events, but also by those many sublime passages of sacred poetry, of which the 'wonders of the deep' are the worthy and magnificent theme. Still more closely appertaining to the Mediterranean is that strange and anomalous commonwealth of the Phœnician Cities; anticipating in some unexplained way the progress of later times, and carrying its commerce and settlements to the extremities of the then known world. The people and commonwealths of Greece next come into the picture—a wonderful race, deriving some parts of their primitive culture from Egypt and Phœnicia; but so enlarging and refining these elements, as to have bequeathed an immortal legacy of art, poetry, and philosophy to every succeeding age. The Mediterranean, girding round and intersecting every part of their territory, is the constant scene of Grecian history and poetry. No one familiar with Herodotus and Thucydides can forget how large a portion of their narrative is attached to the coasts of this sea; which attest to this day, in their several localities, every most striking incident recorded by these great historians. Marathon, Salamis, Thermopylæ, Sphacteria, Syracuse, all afford present and living pictures of the site of events thus consecrated to our memory. Within the same remarkable epoch is comprised that signal event of the Macedonian conquests, begun on the shores of the Mediterranean, carried by an impetuous march of victory to those of the Indian Ocean, and long surviving the great warrior who achieved them.

This earlier portion of history belongs chiefly to the eastern end of the Mediterranean and its subordinate seas. Descending with the course of time, and shifting the scene westwards, we find the Republics of Rome and Carthage struggling long and fiercely for supremacy on its shores; and in their earlier wars, by a series of naval conflicts unparalleled in maritime history. Despite the genius of one great Carthaginian chief, Rome triumphed in the end through the vigour of her civil institutions and consummate military system; and triumphed not over Carthage alone, but eventually over every other Mediterranean power. No fact in all history approaches in wonder to this great miracle of the Roman Empire,—the progress from an obscure town on the Tiber to the complete supremacy of the ancient world. During two or three centuries of this empire, even amidst internal revolutions and disorders, there was no part of the vast circuit of the Mediterranean which did not own the Roman sway. And yet later, when the nominal seat of government was translated to the Bosphorus, and hordes of

barbarians — Goths, Huns, and Vandals — pressed upon the empire on every frontier of this wide circumference, the Mediterranean and its rich coasts still formed the centre and object of these great movements of races; and so continued during the dark and gloomy centuries which separate the ancient from the modern world.

The great event of these intermediate ages was undoubtedly the vast and sudden growth of the Arabian power. This extraordinary empire, the joint creation of the Koran and sword, though not limited to the shores of the Mediterranean, yet brought into permanent subjection its whole southern coast from Egypt to Morocco, and for some centuries the largest and richest part of Spain; carrying terror meanwhile to all other coasts of this sea, and once to the very gates of Rome itself. The decay of the Eastern Caliphate was hastened by the ruder invasion of the Turkish tribes, who, adopting the religion, succeeded to the conquests and power, of the Arabian races. The Mediterranean, in its coasts and islands, was still the chief scene of this struggle of races and religions; lasting even beyond the conquest of Constantinople by the Turks, and including the history of those romantic expeditions, which, under the name of Crusades, brought successive armies of warriors and zealots from the west of Europe to the deliverance of the Holy Land. During the 175 years which elapsed between the first preaching of Peter the Hermit and the fatal crusade of St. Louis, the Mediterranean furnished the road to these fierce and fitful conflicts, which the unchristian passions and mutual jealousies of the Crusaders rendered so utterly unavailing in their issue. A striking episode in this portion of history is that furnished by the Norman race; — winning for itself sovereignties in this southern sea by the same impetuous valour which signalised their enterprises in Northern Europe. Though any active struggle against Islamism has ceased during the last three or four centuries, yet the Mediterranean, in its whole extent from the Straits of Gibraltar to the foot of the Caucasus chain, still forms a line of partition between Christian nations and those of the Mohametan faith; and the outrages of Barbary corsairs and pirates were continued even to the close of the great continental war. We ourselves have seen, in its very centre, and when the naval power of England was supreme on these waters, the spectacle of an Algerine squadron hovering round Sardinia, capturing coasting vessels and Greek merchant ships; and making descents on the coast, to plunder villages and carry off peasants as captives. Even yet later the Isles of the Archipelago have been the resort of less disciplined but fiercer

pirates, the wild off-cast of those adjacent countries which are still only half submitted to the Turkish yoke. These things no longer exist, and can never recur; but it is disgraceful to European civilisation that they should have endured so long.

We have no space left us to extend or fill up with details the summary just given of the political history of the Mediterranean; but this enlargement may safely be left to the memory of our readers;—as well of those who have studied the history of the world under the light of a large philosophy, as of others who have followed it through the various localities forming the scene of its events, and often giving motive and direction to their course. We feel assured that, by recommending the whole subject of the Mediterranean to closer and more especial attention; and by seeking to associate together its physical and political history for the purposes of mutual illustration, we are contributing to forward the scheme of some future work, which may more largely embrace the topics we have been but barely able to indicate. The interest of Admiral Smyth's volume cannot be lessened by such undertaking. It will remain—especially if receiving, in some future edition, the supplementary knowledge since gained—the most valuable record we possess of the hydrography of the Mediterranean; and will furnish various important materials to the more complete and classical work we are solicitous to suggest.

ART. IV.—1. *Histoire de France*. Par HENRI MARTIN. Paris. 6 Vols. 4th Edition. 1856.

2. *Histoire de France; la Réforme, et les Guerres, de Religion*. Tomes VII. and VIII. Par M. MICHELET. Paris: 1856.

FRANCE is a nation in which historians and historiographers should flourish. Few annals are more replete with glory, few races more eager for superiority and renown. French writers have at all times abounded who narrate with vivacity and ease, and whose works are charming to peruse. In the philosophic acumen which points the moral of human events, they have not been wanting. In contemporaneous record, in descriptions of men and events which have passed before the eyes of the writer, the French excel all other people. How is it then that they have comparatively failed in works of large retrospect and comprehensive narrative, or at least that they

have not produced a history which could be adopted by all succeeding generations, as a national work?

The grand and paramount reason is obvious enough. History cannot be written in perfection without freedom. It requires not merely that negative freedom under which the expression of opinion is tolerated, but that active liberty which renders the intellect of the country a participator in public events, and awakens in a people the interest in laws, things, and men, that constitutes political life, and gives birth to political science. History requires the open air and the popular breeze. Whilst other productions of literature may be brought to flourish in the court conservatory, history refuses to expand in such an atmosphere, or take root in such artificial soil.

But if despotism puts an extinguisher on the historian, freedom itself raises not a few obstacles to the production of a national and durable work. Each age is under the influence of its wants, its aspirations, its peculiar hatreds, and its special hopes — all transitory, as well as the philosophy which they generate. The greater the freedom of a country the more strongly do its popular ideas predominate. The historian cannot set them at nought if he would be read. Yet, if his views of events and of life be deeply tinged by the colour of his time, if his philosophy and his politics be those peculiarly of his age, these, however decorous, and even valuable, in the writer of memoirs or of contemporaneous history, must render a comprehensive and national work unfit and uncongenial to the generation which succeeds. Take, for example, the age of our great historians, which is also that of Montesquieu and of Voltaire. The dominant fact of that time was the abuse of ecclesiastical authority, and the yoke which, in its name, despotism had put not merely upon human action, but upon intellect itself. To fling off this yoke was the first want of the day, the aspiration of every liberal and every lettered mind. How this tinged, how it indeed inspired, the works of these authors, need not be pointed out; nor how the tone of their writings, depreciatory of all that is sacred, disfigures, in the eyes of the present generation, so much of what they wrote and thought.

If the ideas and opinions, which constitute the very life and spirit of a narrative, inevitably change, and are no longer to one generation what they were to its predecessor, the same may be said of the form in which history is cast, and of the taste which directs its composition, its ornaments, and style. Eighty years ago a history without philosophic views would have been discarded as jejune. At present, the public demands vigour, vivacity, impulse. The calm tone of the philosophic historian

palls upon a taste, which requires excitement in all that it reads. History to be now popular, must be written by the partisan, by one who has a creed to preach, or a strong opinion to impose. Party-spirit, which has lost its hold on the politics of the day, has taken refuge in the closet of more than one eminent historian.

If the prevailing ideas and dominant spirit of each epoch obstruct with us the production of a national history, they tell with even greater force upon our neighbours, who worship fashion, and are the slaves of current opinion and taste, with a zeal or a prostration far surpassing our own. Yet the period which followed the overthrow of the Empire, and which was marked by the first great essay at establishing constitutional monarchy, brought with it so much freedom, and exploded so much tyranny, not merely in politics, but in the world of thought, of society, of opinion, and of taste, that no more favourable epoch could have been imagined for the production of a national history. But with freedom of opinion, and with the vast and new scope opened to intellectual pursuits, came also the consciousness of how ignorant was not merely the nation, but even its lettered and studious class, of those times, of that social state, and nascent law, from which French history was to be evolved. Revolutionary theories or anti-revolutionary research did not satisfy the mature inquirers of our century. Montesquieu had his point of view, but it was that of a bygone day. Men, therefore, however gifted with the genius of historic writing and research, took up the pickaxe, and declined to use the trowel. There were foundations to be dug, which require years of research, and they set to work as philosophic antiquarians, leaving to their successors the task of raising up the historic edifice.

Such was the modest and useful aim, such the laborious and ungrateful task, of Thierry and of Guizot. These illustrious writers fathomed, one after the other, the early ages of French history, of which they elucidated the laws, the nature, and the development, without leaving to the world any complete narrative of the annals of their country. Yet when they had completed their inquiries, and rendered public the result of their researches, these were found so luminous and ample, that no other writer could undertake to narrate the events of the periods without borrowing their philosophy and marshalling forth personages and events in their light. From such a secondary task, writers of genius and ambition shrank; and for a long time the labours of Thierry and of Guizot excluded all others from the

field, and thus left the French without what was still the great object of their desire, a national history.

A conscientious writer had indeed anticipated their labours, and had commenced in the very first years of the Restoration to give the French a narrative of their own history, more in accordance with truth than that of Velly, less barren and less bigoted than that of Anquetil. M. de Sismondi had already established his literary reputation by his great work on the Italian republics; and he transferred his leisure, his resources, his learning and talents to the composition of a French history. He undertook the task too soon to be able to profit by the labours of Thierry or of Guizot. And yet his narrative is often more true, more faithful and correct, than that of later writers, who have adopted the theories of Thierry, and who have been able to make so much use of the works of their predecessors. But M. de Sismondi neither lived nor wrote in the great centre of French existence. He was a Genevese, a Protestant, a constitutionalist of the English school; and neither in his ideas nor in his style did he harmonise with those which were current and popular in France. Cosmopolitan from his position and circumstances, M. De Sismondi could not flatter, because he did not feel, the most powerful of French prejudices, and the most intimate of French feelings, so that there was no party or class of thinkers in France which his history completely satisfied.

It may be said, that this was not the fault of Sismondi. It is however, a fault in a writer to ~~mistake~~ mistake the spirit of his country, and to seek to instruct or inform it by narrative or by reasoning totally uncongenial to its nature. Not only has each country its peculiarities as well as each individual, but the events and the fortunes of each country give to its history a character, which should be appreciated and considered by those who attempt to narrate it. A very cursory survey, for example, of the histories of France and of England would suffice to show that the progress and the interest of each are different, and consist of contrary elements. The *epos* of English history is the development of liberties, civil and religious, the productions of English intellect,—the achievements of our policy or our arms being subsidiary to the great and main result, which has placed us at the head of European civilisation. The *epos* of French history must be quite other. Liberty, either civil or religious, it has not been the fortune of that country to achieve, except in desultory fits. In the field of freedom, constitutional or democratic, there is nothing for the historian to boast of. And to enter minutely into the struggles of the different classes of the nation to secure or establish their liberties, can have but the painful aim of illus-

trating failure. But the rise of the Kingdom or of the Empire of France from the mere *Isle* of the name, to which it was confined in the tenth century, to its portentous development in our own times, is what gives to the history of their country for Frenchmen its predominant charm.

M. de Sismondi was utterly blind to this view of his subject. Proud as every French writer must be of his country, it was not for its claim of universal conquest that he prized it. Fail though it might of freedom, it had still contributed its share, and a great share, to the progress of civilisation. Nor were its struggles after freedom thrown away for the general progress of humanity, however unproductive for the moment of its own. M. de Sismondi therefore treated the great cause of liberty as identical in France and in England. And he prized character and personages as they were true to it, not as they happened to contribute to the greatness or to the unity of the French territory. This unfortunately led M. de Sismondi to depreciate several of the heroes of French history, and to visit them with a severity in some instances uncalled for. The lover of constitutional liberty saw in Francis the First not the gallant soldier and the accomplished gentleman, but the suppressor of the States General, and the destroyer of parliamentary rights. To Henry the Fourth's undoubted heroism he was still more blind, nor could he pardon his desertion of the cause of religious liberty, to which Henry owed his crown. Nor does the great statesman find more favour than the great hero. The bold, the original, and successful policy of Cardinal Richelieu, instead of exciting his admiration, meets with the harshest judgment for its treachery, its cruelty, and unscrupulousness. M. de Sismondi's '*Histoire des Français*,' therefore, whilst it served, and indeed must still remain, as the text-book of the scholar, offended too seriously the cherished ideas, and jarred too painfully with the received prejudices, of the French, ever to be adopted as the great popular or national history.

That M. Guizot, who must have shared so many of the opinions of Sismondi, should have acquired great popularity as a lecturer on French history, without burning undue incense on the altar of its military heroes, is but another proof of his genius and address. How, indeed, he could have traced the early development of French liberties, and the emancipation of middle and lower classes, without alluding to the mortifying fact of all having perished under the incubus of absolute monarchy, also displays marvellous art. What he undertakes to narrate and explain is, the rise of French and European *civilisation*, a term of that felicitous vagueness, which implies what it durst not

assert. It claims for a certain social refinement and perfection in the belles-lettres, that supremacy which posterity is not likely to award to nations which have not maintained their liberties, secured to each class their rights, and known how to make use of monarchy, as well as respect aristocracy, without being trodden prostrate by both.

Whilst Sismondi, like Gibbon, amidst lettered ease was composing his great work within view of the Lake of Geneva, Augustin Thierry was arousing the public, the professors, and the writers of Paris to the study of early French history. The constitutional system had just founded what the modern communists sneeringly call the reign of the *bourgeoisie*. Interest was taken in the political infancy of this *bourgeoisie*; and even newspapers gave historic sketches of the emancipation of the *communes*. The struggle of the civic against the feudal class recalled the older ones of the Gaul against the Frank,—a mine which revolutionary writers had not failed to work. Thierry resumed the long-interrupted task. And whilst the aristocracy of the Restoration pretended to exhume for their own profit the ancient privileges of the Franks, the democrats replaced the Gallic Cock upon their standards. Thierry, upon whose historic studies the politics of the day cast their gleams, and who was a contributor to the 'Courrier Français,' took the part of the Celt, not merely as a politician, but as an historian. And in common with the public he identified the oppression of the Gauls in the sixth and subsequent centuries with that of the humbler classes in all epochs of French history, 1789 and even 1816 included. This was a mistaken view of French politics; and the resuscitation of this antagonism of race and class has proved the greatest of curses to the country. In history it led to errors equally flagrant and fatal. For that philosophy or that sentiment which taught, in the infancy of European history, to contemplate merely the oppression of Gaul by Frank, of Celt by Teuton, and of Saxon by Norman, strengthened the same monomania through succeeding centuries, in which it depicted animosity of race as the only real influence or predominant fact. And instead of tracing the moral and physical development of each people, as it was evolved from their domestic growth and struggles, the historian was taught to confine his attention to the rivalry of French and German, or of French and English, until history itself became no more than a war of race and a religion of hatred.

One cannot but admire the generous policy which prompted M. Thierry and his disciples to take part with conquered races. The prevalence of such a sentiment could not but be favourable

to the cause of liberty and humanity. But it is impossible to contemplate the barbarous and infant ages of the world without perceiving that it was then almost a law of nature that one race should become superposed upon another, and that by this very superposition the whole population made greater progress, and sprung to more advanced civilisation, than if the aboriginal race had continued to stagnate in barbarous equality and independence. What would the Gaul have been without the Frank? What the French descendants of Clovis, had not the conquering race of Charlemagne given fresh vitality to them? What the Saxon without the Norman? What the town population of North Italy without the Lombard? Feudalism in our eyes has its barbarism, its oppression, and its injustice. But it was an improvement upon what it replaced. It was one of the necessary phases through which European humanity had to pass in order to arrive at a civilisation like the present, so immeasurably superior in freedom, in virtue, and in comfort to that of antiquity. We would no more restore feudalism than we would revive the Roman or Athenian republic. All we would crave is, respect for it and for all political phases of society, especially that respect which is alone compatible with calm judgment and historic truth.

M. Thierry, who was the legislator as well as the pionèer of modern French historic writing, divides it into three modes or schools, — the popular and picturesque, the classic or Italian, the philosophic. The latter he at once dismisses with notable contumely; and he pronounces such works as that of Hume dry narratives interlarded with philosophic dissertations, and utterly worthless. In his own method, however, of narrating and illustrating at length the events of the olden time in the language of the monkish or bardic writers, M. Thierry contrived to introduce quite as much disputable philosophy as Hume. Truth is not more rigidly preserved by being told in the *naïve* or antique diction of the chroniclers when the words are culled to answer the views of the compiler. Whilst M. Thierry's pages tell their tale and suggest inferences all in favour of the conquered races and the humbled classes, a disciple of his, M. de Barante, in his history of the Dukes of Burgundy, throughout which he refrained not only from philosophic inferences, but even from casual remark, contrived, in his exclusively picturesque style, to awaken sympathies and inspire sentiments all in favour of the chivalric or dominant class, the pride and magnificence of which far outshone the vulgar virtues of artisan and peasant.

Nor has the philosophic school died in France itself under

the anathema of Thierry. One may go through a whole volume of M. Louis Blanc's 'History of the Revolution' before arriving at any narration of facts; the reader must encounter whole chapters of philosophic essays upon the crime of individualism, and the necessity of preventing mankind from falling into the disastrous mistake of consulting their own interests.

There is in truth no more philosophic writer of history than Michelet, who became so by following M. Thierry's precepts. Michelet, indeed, is not an historian indulging in philosophic digressions like Hume, but one who casts a whole cycle of time and series of facts into a kind of philosophic crucible, and brings them forth fused together. Ideas, their nature and developments, progress and vicissitudes, form the chief element of his narrative, the series of facts and successions of men being but subsidiary accompaniments. With all this, no one more fully obeyed Thierry's advice in sinking himself in an epoch, becoming one of its generation, imitating its spirit, and speaking its language. Michelet's philosophy of history is thus not like that of Voltaire or Bossuet, a skimming of the surface of any century. He lets himself down on an epoch, and, instead of culling the generalities, too often loses himself in the details. It was these details which Voltaire proscribed as the 'vermin' which rendered a work impossible to touch, but which Thierry recommended as the very life of a narrative. It is these details which Michelet introduces often to the exclusion of more important facts. Powerful in imagination, original in conception, and with a fantastic vehemence of expression not inferior to Mr. Carlyle, Michelet has the qualities of a graphic historian; and when his style of diction and of thought came first before the public, they won for him great and deserved popularity. But in aiming at the picturesque and the poetic, Michelet so far lost the calm and prosaic gait of history, that the reader, who seeks for information rather than inspiration from such works, finds it difficult to follow the divagation of Michelet's fervour, or at times to divine his meaning or his aim amidst his mysticism and abruptness.*

* Although M. Michelet lays claim to minute habits of investigation as well as to lofty flights of eloquence, his accuracy is not always to be relied on. For example, at p. 184. of his recent volume on the 'Renaissance' we find the following passage:—'*La dupe universelle, Henri VIII. voit qu'on l'a joué, qu'on se soucie peu de sa fille; il menace Max et Marguerite de publier leurs lettres,*' &c. And again:—'*De rage celui-ci (Henri VIII.) donne sa fille à qui? au pauvre Louis XII.*'

It would seem that, by an extraordinary oversight, M. Michelet has

Whilst Michelet was thus swelling the picturesque school of history into what the French call the romantic, M. Thiers was in yearly volumes giving an example of the classic. In the preface to the twelfth volume of his '*History of the Consulate*,' M. Thiers has expounded his opinions as to the mode of writing history, and as to the excellence of it. He places one quality—that of intelligence—above all others. The conspicuous good sense that understands an epoch fully, M. Thiers esteems far above either eloquence or imagination, or above the power of describing and dramatising. It is easy to comprehend that a man of eminent and mature intellect, grown old in the management of public affairs, and in the experience of life, should prefer history written by the man of the world and the man of business to that which emanates from the speculative or the philosophic mind. The dream of Socialism, the hallucinations of those who believe that man is to be made happy by political and social relations based on a principle hitherto untried and unknown, can raise nothing save a smile in such readers as M. Thiers. Even the poetic enthusiasm which, in times like the present, should deify the Girondists, and convert history into an epic, of which those short-sighted and sentimental politicians were the heroes, must appear a strange perversion of intellectual powers to a man so acute as M. Thiers. But a book is powerful and great according to its influence. And the terrible drama of the Girondists, which M. de Lamartine couched in historic language, excited Paris to the monstrous revolution of 1848, whilst M. Thiers' own lucid volumes were merely perused with calm pleasure by a class of tranquil students. If a book is to be an event, if it is to fall like a thunderbolt on society, and stir it from its very foundations—as Lamartine's '*Girondists*' certainly did—intelligence will not suffice, nor will a cold and classic style attain the end. The frenzy of the poet, or at least the eloquence of the orator, must give to the historic muse that inspiration without which its influence will not extend beyond the closet, or its precepts become motives of action to even the thinking portion of a people. The inference to be drawn from these remarks is, that one should not set up, nor allow to be set up, any exclusive rule for the writing of history. All men cannot write for all men. Michelet cannot write for politicians, or M. Thiers

actually confounded the Princess Mary, *sister* of Henry VIII., who was married to Louis XII., and after his death to Charles Brandon Duke of Suffolk, with Mary, the *daughter* of Henry, who, as everyone knows, succeeded her father and married Philip II.

for the ardent and enthusiastic; whilst to the *esprit positif*, who thinks poetry a bad ingredient in the narration of facts, the glowing pages of the 'Girondists' must have the effect of history run mad.

Our purpose, however, is not to compose an essay upon modern French historians, but simply to inquire whether the voluminous history of France at the head of this article, which has acquired considerable popularity, and been crowned by the Institute*, does really possess those high qualifications which would entitle it to be commended as the best work of the kind for the student to peruse and for men of learning to possess and to consult. The writer is M. Henri Martin, known to belong to that philosophic school which has sought to introduce the boldest innovations into the world, not merely of politics, but of religious and social life. We would not proscribe M. Martin on that account.

But however M. Martin's independence of the government may have recommended him to the Institute, the bold and national enterprise of writing and publishing a voluminous History of France, after a conscientious study of its original sources, and with great good sense and acuteness of judgment, as well as vigour of conception and style, deserves all the patronage that a literary body can bestow. The objections have been previously stated which prevent the French from considering Sismondi as their national historian. The desire shown at present by both Government and its opponents to conciliate the priestly party, heightens such objections; and to find a work which could replace Sismondi, or correct him, on the shelves or the table of a library, is a great desideratum. Whatever may be the faults of M. Martin, they are certainly not those of Sismondi. And if immortality as a historian is to be won by flattering the prejudices of the people and of each fraction of the public, whose annals are recorded and whose taste is addressed, M. Martin will have attained that aim.

The *epos* of French history, it has been before observed, does

* The annual prize of about 10,000 francs, founded by Baron Gobert, for the best work on the history of France, was awarded, or at least nine-tenths of it, to M. Augustin Thierry during his life, the remaining tenth to M. Henri Martin. M. Martin now enjoys the large share of the grant.

M. Augustin Thierry has recently paid the debt of nature. At such a moment we trust that the differences of opinion we have expressed will not be considered as unjust or unfeeling towards his memory. There are few writers for whom we entertain a more sincere respect.

not consist in the development of its liberties, but in the rounding and aggrandisement of its territories. Though foreign to France, and natives of a country considered its rival, we cannot but regard the national growth and grandeur of the French nation, the French tongue, and French intellect, as one of the happiest results of modern history. We would not desire to see France inferior to any of the European family; and we fully join French writers in the belief that their country has, and is destined to have, a most wide and salutary influence on the civilisation of the rest of Europe. We do not envy France the provinces she has gained, or the development she has acquired. But we cannot agree with M. Henri Martin that the physical growth of a great country ought to be the chief consideration, to which all others should be sacrificed. That a great empire should take birth on a territory of which the extent was already marked by natural frontiers, with unity of tongue, race, and interests, was, from the first, a geographical necessity. We cannot, therefore, look upon the kings in whose reigns the national aggrandisement took place as marvellous heroes. Indeed the French empire grew less by policy or victory than by marriage, forfeiture, extinction of families, and natural agglomeration. And however desirable it may have been for the Crown of France to extend, to conquer, and to complete its empire in the fourteenth, fifteenth, or sixteenth centuries, the time has passed for such pretensions and such ambition. Conquest was very well when Europe was in the gristle. But the Teuton and the Slavon are no longer children. Their bones are knit. If conquest be imposed upon them by the fate of crime or of war, they will surely take the first opportunity to throw it off. And the great Napoleon's attempt, in the nineteenth century, to continue the policy of Charlemagne and Louis XIV. produced a result which has effectually cured statesmen, and ought to cure historians, of the folly of dreaming or preaching the doctrine of universal empire. Conquest is the great dream of M. Henri Martin. A king who achieves the smallest portion of it, however detestable may be his other qualities, is at once deified, and his very faults turned to glory, by this historian. So far does he carry this, that he makes every scheme of justice, and every principle of honesty, yield to the one grand and all-redeeming virtue. This monomania precipitates M. Martin into the most strange and flagrant contradictions. In recounting Charles VIII.'s expedition into Italy, circumstances forced from him the admission that every attempt of the French to extend their sway beyond the Alps was as impolitic as it was unsuccessful. If ever there was an occasion in which the French, pursuing

their views of conquest in Italy, added ingratitude to impolicy, and baseness to treachery, it was in the spoliation of his relative, the Duke of Savoy, by Francis I. At the peace which ensued under Henry II., and which was sealed by the marriage of the Duke of Savoy to a French princess, the Italian provinces were restored to Philibert Emmanuel. The restoration was as strongly dictated by policy as by honesty. M. Martin, notwithstanding his previous opinion of the worthlessness of Italian conquest, stigmatises this treaty as traitorous to the interests of France, and considers it pusillanimous and retrograde, because Piedmont was given up.

At a later period Henry IV., with all his *bonhomme*, was equally severe towards Charles Emmanuel, and persisted in the project of wresting from him the Marquisate of Saluzzo, the abstraction of which from Piedmont might be said to destroy it. Neither had France any just claim upon the Marquisate, which was an early fief of the House of Savoy. Henry IV., however, was inexorable; and M. Martin applauds his harshness. Henry despoiled the Duke Charles Emmanuel of La Bresse, then dragged him into an alliance against Spain, which was abruptly dissolved by his death, leaving the House of Savoy exposed to the whole vengeance of the foe he had provoked. Yet in lieu of any sympathy for Charles Emmanuel, M. Martin merely stigmatises his patriotism as a 'devouring ambition.'

A stronger case, perhaps, is that of the sending back of Margaret of Austria by Charles VIII., a princess already betrothed to him, and resident at his court, in order that he might espouse Anne of Brittany and secure that duchy. Charles had received Artois and Franche Comté as the dowry of Margaret. M. Martin warmly applauds his politic resolve to send back Margaret; but at the same time he strongly reproves and denounces what he considers the silly honesty of the king in, at the same time, giving back the dowry.

Such a greed of acquiring, such a spirit of combativeness, and such a necessity of conquest, compel the supposition of congenial elements in human nature on which they may rest. Accordingly we find that the historians who preach them presuppose an universal antagonism of race as the great fact and the prime cause in all progress and in all change. M. Thierry laid down this law, although he lamented the misery and oppression which proceeded from it. Such followers of his as M. Martin keep to the great law of antagonism of race, of which they rather glory in the consequences than regret or lament them. The infancy of French history consists of the antagonism of Celt and Teuton. M. Martin commences by a

contrast between the original character of the two races. He finds in the Celt all the qualities supposed to distinguish the modern Frenchman. The Celt he depicts as gay, social, gregarious, tending to unity, vain, gallant, and reckless of death. The Teuton is represented as a foil to these qualities—fond of isolation and independence, social but in drunkenness, treating women as inferiors, and altogether semi-barbarian. To be fair he should have added, that the Teuton acknowledged no judge and no legislator save himself and his companions in solemn assembly, and that he was gregarious for the great acts of political and judicial debate, as well as for drinking hydromel. The Teuton, he might have added, displayed that great characteristic of the ancient Greek,—the making the sacerdotal caste inferior to that of the warrior and the statesman, whilst the Celts allowed their Druids to monopolise every kind of supremacy. But why these invidious distinctions? Celts and Teutons, Gauls and Germans, when they were sketched by the early historians and moralists, were at different stages of civilisation. The Gauls were by that time settled and agricultural; the Germans pastoral and semi-nomade at the least. Their laws and attributes were thus due to different modes of life and different degrees of development, rather than to any marked difference or original antagonism. It has pleased certain philosophers to consider the human race as, like the animal kingdom, divided into a number of species, some of which resemble the lion, and others the sheep or the fox. Such divisions have no foundation in fact. All mankind are of one race; and although climate and privation may depress certain families and favour the development of others, we cannot admit that in the same clime, and under the same circumstances, there exist those profound distinctions, or that mutual antagonism of race, which animalises man, and would make him a fitter subject of study for a Buffon than for a Tacitus.

M. Guizot, in his celebrated 'Lectures on the History of French Civilisation,' ventured to call in question the truth of this great maxim of M. Thierry, that the antagonism of race sufficed to explain the division of European countries, and the events which accompanied and accomplished that division. M. Guizot admitted that this antagonism might have some share in producing these results, but he contended that there were a great many other causes. 'The world in the ninth and tenth centuries was incapable of forming an extended empire,' said M. Guizot, 'because there were no common sentiments and no general ideas in the age.' No idea, however, is more general or more intelligible than that of fear, by means of which the Romans, and

Charlemagne himself, extended and preserved their empire. But to inspire fear requires force; and what was wanting in the ninth and tenth centuries was force. We might go farther, and say that force—that is military force—was an affair of funds and provisions, and without some financial organisation no army could be kept together for more than a brief campaign. Charlemagne mustered large armies, but in employing his soldiers he apportioned the soil amongst them. Their descendants became fixed upon it, and these in consequence declined any military service very remote from their abode. Force and authority being localised, extensive empire became impossible.

M. Martin will have no other theory than that of his master, M. Thierry, and he accounts for all the events of the tenth century, and for its great fact, the crowning of Hugh Capet, by no other cause than the antagonism of French and German. Than this there could not be a more glaring error. All the great events of that century upon the Rhine and Meuse flowed less from antagonism between French and German, than from the fact that both agreed and combined to fling off the yoke which the Carolingian emperors, possessed of Lorraine, Provence, and Italy, sought to impose upon them.

On the whole, M. Martin's account of the early ages of French history is by no means preferable to that of Sismondi. It may bear the trace of more recent theories and of curious research; but these theories are distorted, extravagant, and untrue. They go to establish, at the very commencement of the national history, the pernicious principle of the antagonism of race, which either did not exist, or did not exert influence to any such extent as that pretended. The historic writer of the present day has, however, a very great advantage over the writer of forty years ago, in being able to consult the valuable collection of Pertz. In one of the volumes of his '*Monumenta*' appeared for the first time the only work, contemporary with Hugh Capet, which gives an account of his rise. This chronicle, written by Richer, a monk of Rheims, was quite unknown to Sismondi, and to all French historians until Pertz exhumed it from the library of Bamberg, and published it in 1836. Richer certainly affords M. Henri Martin many an apt and *naïve* quotation, illustrative of the men and the events of the time. But beyond this he seems not to have made much use of this striking chronicle. Whilst Sismondi is silent or brief concerning an epoch of which he had small record, M. Martin indulges at length and to prolixity in the development of an antagonism which had in fact been stifled, and given way to nobler and more pacific motives.

There is another of the principles and predilections of the heroic school of history which those early annals, as well as the later annals of Europe, very remarkably contradict. This is the exorbitant value attached to the character of warlike and ambitious sovereigns, with the corresponding ignominy shed upon the pacific and the tranquil. There is no truth more manifest, no conclusion more obvious, than that during this long period of the formation and infancy of European kingdoms, it was neither genius nor heroism which founded empires. Charlemagne was already a proof how signally both might fail. At a later and more critical epoch, the German race produced a succession of sovereigns preeminently possessed of all the great qualities of the commander and the statesman. Yet these able sovereigns of Germany during the tenth and eleventh centuries, instead of rearing the fabric of a great and powerful empire, destroyed the foundations already laid, or suffered them to decay. During these same centuries a series of petty and pusillanimous princes reigned in the poor little country then called France. And yet these insignificant chiefs of an infant kingdom laid in obscurity and patience the foundations of a great empire, which the Othos and the Henrys failed to do upon the Rhine. A similar comparison might be made between the Norman and Plantagenet princes who reigned in England, and the Capetians who slumbered or trickstered in Paris. Yet in what resulted all the efforts of the Edwards and the Henrys, except to aggrandise the nation which they defeated in every encounter, and to strengthen that rival dynasty which they so often overwhelmed with disgrace? The greatest and most successful kings of France were those who like Charles V. could not wield a sword. The brave monarchs fought battles and lost them, whereas Charles drove the English out of the country by the one simple rule of tactics, never to fight a battle. M. Henri Martin and his school consider the expulsion of the English from the soil of France as the only policy and sentiment worth lauding or respecting. Yet in truth it was first Norman rivalry, and then the same rivalry resuscitated by the Norman kings of England, that made France a power and a kingdom. Had England not risen as a martial foe, it is more than probable that France would have shared the fate of Germany in being divided amongst a knot of princes, each of them determined to assert equality with his brethren, and resolved to submit to none but elective sovereigns. Hugh Capet's kingdom was at first evidently considered a life sovereignty. Adalbero, who was the author of it, looked to Germany as an example, and avowed

fully that ~~there was~~ no hereditary right to the crown. By making themselves more dukes than kings, the Capetians kept power in their family. And when the Normans had acquired the English crown, and turned English resources to establish feudal superiority over a great part of France, the chieftain who reigned in Paris, and wore the title of king, became the best rallying point against such pretensions. The result of the long wars, we can scarcely say between French and English—for the English princes were Frenchmen in a great degree, and their rivalry more that of French nobles to the Capets than of an English to a French sovereign—was that Plantagenets and Lancastrians could not hold their ground upon the Continent, whilst Paris became a capital, and the dominions of its sovereign extended from the Jura to the Ocean.

It may be remarked, too, that these wars between the kings of England and France were as honourably and courteously conducted as they were valiantly fought. Prisoners were well treated, and ransomed; the King of France himself, when he became a captive, was generously tended; and the campaigns in which French encountered English, though attended with much inevitable slaughter and devastation, display none of that ruthless vengeance which marked the wars between French and Flemings, and which, of course, prevailed in civil strife.

Humiliating as the conquest of France by Henry V. may seem to French readers of the present day, it was an alleviation rather than an aggravation of civil at that time. One has but to peruse the history of the period which preceded it, even in M. Martin's pages, and to contemplate the scenes of mutual butchery which the Armagnacs and the Burgundians perpetrated, and the reign of the butchers which anticipated by four centuries the epoch and the events of Robespierre's Terror! one has but to contemplate the civil wars, the cruelty and corruption which prevailed, the right to murder not merely practised, but sanctioned by universities and defended by lawyers—when Paris itself was but a cluster of shambles, where princes of the blood were the tools of ruffianry, and where the Duke of Burgundy himself shook hands with the executioner—it was this state of things that Henry V.'s victory came to abolish. So that the blind hatred to the foreigner which animates M. Martin in recounting the history of these years is strangely misplaced. The English were not the worst enemies of France; they were, perhaps, the most merciful, certainly the most orderly, of the factions which oppressed it. But M. Martin sees the fifteenth century through the spectacles of the nineteenth, and anathematizes what would now be most intolerable,

but which was then a lesser evil than either the brutal misrule which preceded it, or the sanguinary tyranny of Louis XI. which followed.

The inevitable result of feudalism, the great fact of the age, was the establishment of national empire and of local authority, and, as M. Guizot says, the impossibility of either extended or remote dominion. When the English monarchs sought to subdue France, or the German Emperors to reduce Italy, they were endeavouring to accomplish what could not meet with definite or lasting success. The French feudatories abhorred a sovereign who issued his mandates to them from beyond sea, whose tongue they began not to speak, and at whose court they would be strangers. And when Edward III. and Henry V. beat down the French armies, and routed and ransomed the French noblesse, they had merely forced their way through an ocean tide, which flowed back upon and closed around them, as they advanced, with a persistence, a power, and a number, that no heroism could finally overcome. Amidst all the glory and the marvel of English enterprise, common sense whispers every reader that it cannot succeed, and that even if it did so, the only result would be the victors' becoming Frenchmen, as foreign to England as they were previously to France. Instead, therefore, of wondering at and worshipping the valour which repelled the English from France; first in the days of Richard II. and John, and lastly in those of Henry VI., one merely beholds a revolution, that came naturally of itself. Given these weak-minded monarchs on the throne of England, with lieutenants at the head of their armies in France, these armies compelled to live upon the country with all the cruelty and disorder of the age, and the only result to be conceived is the wasting away of such armies, and the consequent expulsion of their masters.

The previous victories of the English over the French may also be fully explained without awakening jealousy or proclaiming on either side superiority or inferiority of race. The English monarchs being obliged to bring forces with them over the seas, were compelled to encroach upon the old feudal military law, and to hire soldiers from the middle and lower classes; these excelled the French in the use of missiles and the wielding of weapons at close quarters, whereas the French army, consisting of mounted knights, could make but one charge, in which if they failed, they fell, for they were unable even to turn their horses in the conflict.* In the later battles, the French knights,

* A passage in Monstrelet explains how little the French knights were masters of their horses, and how they were unable to rally after

to remedy this, dismounted. But on foot with their heavy-armour, they merely sunk in the mud, as at Agincourt, and were unable to prevent their massacre, for it was little else, by the agile and half-armed English peasant. But in Henry VI.'s days the battle was no longer between the French knight and the sturdy English yeoman, but between the English professional soldier and the French of the middle class peasant and citizen, both of whom armed themselves to avenge devastation and cruelty, and who fought, as at Orleans, for their hearths and homes against rapacious and invading foreigners. Surely it needed no miracle and no Pucelle to restore victory to their side, and to create some certain element of French success to break through the prestige of English superiority.

The French historian who has best narrated these epochs, and thrown most light upon them, is, without a question, M. Michelet. Obscure and symbolical in his commencing volumes, too brief and hurried in his later ones, of the *Renaissance* and the *Réforme*, Michelet in his three intermediate ones has traced most ingeniously and clearly the progress of the French monarchy, from the rise of the commons under Louis le Gros, to the epoch which preceded the civil war. Michelet is enthusiastic and imaginative; but his admiration and his passion are clearly for the real progress of mankind, not for a puerile triumph of one race over another. M. Michelet is not the less of a Frenchman for this. He is not wanting in patriotism and in national pride. But he is quite above the schoolboy passion of for ever pitting English against French, and French against English, which animates M. Martin and drives him to a pitch of extravagance which at times falls little short of insanity.

It requires a word no less severe than this to characterise the spirit shown by this historian in the volume which has not long since issued from the press. Abandoning for a time the completion of his work on the later periods, which approach our time, M. Martin has devoted his labour and research to correcting, amplifying, and indeed re-writing, the early volumes for a second edition. The sixth volume treats of the reign of our Henry VI. and the French Charles VII. The reputation of Jeanne d'Arc, the great heroine of that age, has met with

a first charge, if it failed. Monstrelet is speaking of the Lombard and Gascon cavalry which came to Paris with the Duke of Orleans, after the Peace of Bicêtre or Winchester: 'les quels,' he says, 'avoient leur chevaux terribles, et accoustumez de virer en courant, que ce point n'avoient accoustumé les Français, Picards,' &c. This seems fully to explain the disaster of Crecy.

strange vicissitudes in France. The writers of the eighteenth century, in their abhorrence of superstition, treated her with contempt, and overwhelmed her with ridicule. The present age of French literature is marked by reaction against the spirit of the eighteenth century, in this as in everything else, and numerous volumes have been written to illustrate and glorify the Maid of Orleans. No historian has combined a fairer degree of admiration for the heroine's character; with a rational mistrust in her miraculous pretensions, than M. Michelet. It is indeed one of his peculiar merits to join that horror of bigotry, which marked the eighteenth century, with the advanced ideas and universal tolerance of the nineteenth. But this does not satisfy M. Martin. Within the last few years the whole of the Pucelle's trial and rehabilitation has been published and elucidated by M. Quicherat; and this ample store of conjectural criticism and mystic evidence have furnished such fuel to M. Martin's inflammable imagination, that in the present volume it has blazed into the most flagrant extravagance.

The light in which it pleases M. Martin to regard and to represent Jeanne d'Arc, is that of nothing less than the Messiah of France. The circumstances of her birth and infancy, of her visions of angels and visitings by them, her passion, as her suffering and weakness previous to execution are called, her persecution by the English *Pharisees*, the miracles attending her death, even the very distrust that the Dauphin and the French seemed to have of her pretensions,—are all circumstances which in M. Martin's imagination constitute the similarity, we had almost said the identity, of Jeanne d'Arc with the great object of the world's reverence and hope. ‘*On peut dire,*’ says M. Martin, ‘*du Messie de la France, comme du Fils de l’homme.*’ “*Il est venu parmi les siens, et les siens ne l’ont pas connu.*” (Tome vi. p. 301.)

What are the grounds for this profane and monstrous assimilation? Jeanne d'Arc, in an age of superstition, adapting to herself a prophecy of Merlin's, well known and current in the country, that France was to be delivered by a virgin, believed herself called on to fulfil this prophecy. The invasion of her native village by the Burgundian party—the plundering and ravages committed by such visitors, whilst Jeanne, with the rest of the inhabitants, was obliged to seek shelter in an island of the river, were quite sufficient to inflame her imagination and work upon her feelings. With sincerity, simplicity, and a full belief in her mission, she undertook to liberate her country and to avenge its wrongs. Having done so, she followed the most rational and efficacious way of accomplishing

it. What chiefly told against the Dauphin and his rights was the dissolute life of his mother, and the consequent belief in his illegitimacy. Jeanne set herself to contradict this report, and do away with its effects, first upon the mind of the Dauphin himself. She declared to him in a secret interview, that the truth respecting this delicate question had been revealed to her, and that he was the true son of a king. To prove this more satisfactorily to the French, Jeanne proposed to bring the Dauphin to be crowned at Rheims. It was first necessary to raise the siege of Orleans. Not more than 6000 English had undertaken this siege; 4000 more soldiers had been raised in France for the purpose; but in so long and protracted a defence these had dwindled away. The Burgundian auxiliaries were withdrawn, and the Duke himself had grown lukewarm to the English cause. The partisans of the Dauphin in Orleans were, though pressed by famine, no less numerous than the English, who, moreover, had necessarily divided their small force into different bastilles or wooden castles all round Orleans, one on the south side of the broad river. The besieged had far superior forces to attack any one of these than the defenders could muster. To raise such a siege it was merely necessary to restore confidence to the besieged, a sentiment which they had lost in frequent defeats. The mere coming of Jeanne d'Arc not only gave this confidence, but took away that of the English, who were as much appalled at Jeanne's witchcraft as the French were encouraged by it.

Jeanne conquered: the English, decimated and disheartened, suffered what had hitherto been unknown to them, a repulse in the open field. A small garrison of English and Burgundians was overwhelmed at Troyes. And then Jeanne brought the Dauphin to be crowned at Rheims; the Burgundians, whose force was in that part of the country, offering no resistance. In all these movements there was much good policy and good conduct in Jeanne. There is no need whatever of the supernatural to account for her victory; and as M. Michelet has observed: 'The originality of the Pucelle, which ensured her success, did *not* so much consist in her valour or her visions, as in her good sense. Through all her enthusiasm the girl saw the question, and knew how it was to be solved.'

M. Martin is not content with so humble and so prosaic a view. He must have his epic, his celestial machinery, and divine intervention; and the gods of Olympus not being under his hand, he boldly takes the machinery from the New Testament, and proceeds to write his poem in the shape of a chapter of history with more than the credulity of Jeanne's own age.

For this purpose he begins by misrepresenting history altogether, and depicts France as about to succumb to a few thousand English, who, if Orleans had fallen, must, in his view, have been masters of the whole south of France. If the town of Orleans had defended itself for well nigh a year, how were the cities of the south to be beleaguered and reduced with such inconsiderable forces as England could send? War was at that time a series of successive sieges, of which the advantage was invariably on the side of defence. The French of the provinces occupied by the English were evidently not to be depended on by them. Even the keeping up the communications with the besiegers of Orleans was only rendered possible by the Burgundian alliance; and that was already seriously shaken. This alliance once broken, the hopes of the English Regent must have vanished. What necessity was there, then, of recurring to supernatural intervention, much less to the mission of a Messiah, when the natural and obvious mode of putting an end to the occupation of France might be evident to any one?

It was, in fact, first the lukewarmness, and then the hostility, of the Duke of Burgundy, that did expel the English; for poor Jeanne failed in her attack on Paris, was captured soon after, and met a cruel death from the same causes and sentiments to which she had owed her brief triumph, a belief in her supernatural powers and connexion. There is no one who does not feel pained and disgusted at the cruel treatment of Jeanne d'Arc. But this cruelty was a necessary consequence of the superstition of the age and its opinions. The opposite party would have perpetrated the same cruelty; and to fix upon the English particularly the odium of a bigotry which was inherent in the age is as unjust as the rest of M. Martin's angry pleading. Jeanne laid claim to preternatural powers at the same time that she denied the supremacy of the Church; this, in the opinion of the age, was a confession of witchcraft. Lollards and Vaudois were at that time burnt in numbers throughout Europe for no other and no greater crime than that which Jeanne committed in despising the judgment and disowning the authority of the Church. She had in truth put forth such lofty and supernatural pretensions, that there was no alternative but to accept her as a Messiah with Mr. Henri Martin, — a Messiah, too, who disowned the Church, — or to admit, with the age, that such supernatural powers might be derived from demons, and were therefore to be punished as sacrilegious dealings with the enemy of mankind. The sacrifice of Jeanne, like that of so many martyrs, was the natural consequence of

this belief and these feelings. The chief difference was, that such martyrs as John Huss perished for the principles of eternal life and truth, Jeanne for a mere worldly and feudal attachment to the Dauphin, and to that animosity of French against English, and of race against race, which, however heroic in the field, is but a poor, a worldly, and a puerile sentiment wherewithal to inspire the soul and actuate the mission of a Messiah.

As Jeanne d'Arc had been condemned by French judges and bishops, and by a French tribunal of the Inquisition as a witch in league with the demon, it was thought necessary afterwards to reverse this judgment, in order to enrol her amongst the saints. Accordingly, there was a solemn revision of her trial; and those very men who had most contributed to the passing and execution of her sentence as a witch, afterwards came forward with their testimony to prove how much her conduct had been that of a saint and a martyr. How worthless the testimony of such witnesses must at all times be, needed not to be pointed out. Their sole object in the reversal of Jeanne's sentence was, of course, to obliterate their own share in the trial. And the information they produced was, of course, calculated to throw all the odium possible on the English name. Hence the incredible stories of the cruelties practised upon Jeanne, of the attempts to outrage her in prison perpetrated by English knights, and even by an English earl,—facts unworthy of a moment's credit, yet at once swallowed by the credulity, and adopted by the wild hatred, of M. Henri Martin for those who had been the enemies of his Messiah. A more malignant perversion of historic truth, a more flagrant contempt of common sense, a greater outrage of all that is decorous and all that is sacred, never fell under our notice than this portion of M. Martin's history devoted to Jeanne d'Arc.

It must be a subject of marvel, that in the middle of the nineteenth century, one of the great epochs of advanced civilisation, a historian, the laureate, too, of the French Institute, should be found to declare his belief in Jeanne d'Arc as a Messiah. At the same time, M. Martin vindicates his character as a philosopher from any obloquy that might attach to it from professing a belief in the visions, the voices, and supernatural pretensions of Jeanne, by declaring that all these phenomena might be only true subjectively, whilst objectively they were false. This nomenclature is mere legerdemain, but it may lead to very insincere and very dangerous modes of viewing and appreciating that class of facts which partakes of the supernatural. When writers and readers are able to solve all ques-

tions of sincerity and imposture, from Mahomet down to Johanna Southcote, by the assertion that the facts stated of both and all were true subjectively and false objectively, science, we fear, will have gained little, and common sense less.

M. Martin, however, goes farther. 'There exists,' he says, 'in humanity an exceptional order of moral and physical facts, which seem to derogate from the ordinary laws of nature. This is the state of *extase*, or somnambulism, spontaneous or artificial, with its wonderful displacement of the senses. This state of *extase* is a bridge thrown between the visible and invisible world, and the means of communication between men and superior beings.' M. Martin declares this to have always existed, and to have inspired belief. Great initiators, that is, founders of religion and law, have been gifted with it. Socrates and Mahomet no doubt enjoyed the privilege as well as Jeanne d'Arc. And all that has been recorded of them and their supernatural relations, instead of being set aside as fable, are as much entitled as anything else to take their place as historic facts. The Egeria of Numa, and the Demon of Socrates, are to be reintroduced into history, and are to be treated and chronicled as belonging to the class of true and genuine phenomena, which it is requisite to study and believe. The history of the past is of course the guide of the future. And youth and manhood are henceforth to be taught that a connexion between this and the invisible world may at any time be established by a state of *extase*; and that when a statesman, or philosopher, or commander, whether Schamyl or Infantin, enjoys the extatic privilege, he is to be regarded not as the agent of imposture or the victim of hallucination, but as a public man performing one of the ordinary and licit modes of influencing human destinies.

We have directed our criticism chiefly to those volumes of M. Martin's history which he has rewritten and revised,—for these alone appear to have assumed their definitive shape. But from what we have seen, it does not appear certain that revision will in all cases be improvement. When M. Martin began as an unknown and laborious historian, he modestly kept down the singularities and asperities of his judgment. And it is to be regretted that this wholesome check has been removed. But M. Martin is a writer of acuteness as well as vigour. No one has composed a history of France in so even and sustained a tone through a series of volumes. All his competitors have treated but of epochs or portions of French history, except Sismondi, and he certainly abates of vigour in his concluding volumes, whilst the reigns of Louis XIII. and XIV. are the

part M. Martin has written with most spirit, perhaps, and most effect. His account of the administration of Richelieu is admirable; and in what we have seen of his Louis XIV. he not only retains his peculiar merits, but he pauses at times to correct and contradict the false views and theories which are propounded in his preceding volumes. After lauding and exulting in the conquests and acquisition of countries, by all means and at any price, through a series of reigns and volumes, M. Martin turns at last to conceive most rightly, and honestly to confess the suspicion, that Louis XIV. carried this mania too far. All at once he discovers that Henry IV. proceeded far enough with such aims. Richelieu with all his energy did no more than complete what Henry IV. had conceived; whilst Louis XIV.'s conquests are works of supererogation. The historian has forgotten not only that he has been praising all along the spirit of extension and aggrandisement, but he has even excused and applauded despotic and absolutist monarchy, because of that unity, concentration, and power which fit it and arm it for conquest.

This unity and concentration of absolute power is not so much the normal state of any civilised country as a mode of rendering it formidable as a military and as a conquering power. The marvel is, that it did not succeed to a much greater degree under a monarch of such spirit and talents as Louis XIV. And succeed it would have certainly done, but for the antagonism of a monarch of equal spirit and talents,—of that William III., whose policy and whose heroism have found an historian worthy of them in our own times.

It is inconsistent on the part of a French historian to exult in the gradual structure of the fabric of monarchic power in his country, at the expense of all liberty, all independence, and all free institutions, but at the same time to laud the purpose and natural use to which such power was applied by successive monarchs in rendering France great and formidable; it is inconsistent to panegyrisé all this, and then turn round upon Louis XIV. and declare him to have been wrong in following a traditional policy, and in employing his power in the only way in which it could be employed. What is despotism good for but for conquest? Of domestic policy it may be considered incapable, where every class has been humbled, aristocracy and magistracy crushed, and where the nation itself has assumed towards its sovereign the attitude of oriental servility. Foreign policy becomes the principal aim of such a government, and its foreign policy can be no other than that of acquisition, unless

indeed monarch and court sink into the repose of luxury and dissoluteness.

What is most to be censured in M. Martin is that he does not see the evil side of despotism, the pernicious results of absolute rule. We do not deny that predominant power in kings has produced great and good results in the infant ages of society, when it was necessary to emancipate the middle or lower classes from a superincumbent aristocracy. There is some reason in admiring even the tyranny of the monarchs in such times as those of Philippe Augustus and Louis le Gros, but to carry this admiration down to the ages of civilisation, or of the *renaissance* as the 16th century is called, is an error, which gives a stamp of illiberalism even to such eminent writers as Thierry, and brands the writings of such philosophers as M. Martin with that most melancholy and most desolating of French political axioms, that there is no medium between despotism and a republic.

This error, which it seems the delight and purpose of so many eminent French writers to propagate and to strengthen, no doubt proceeds from the habit and the necessity which they cannot shake off, of viewing all history, past and present, by the light of the great revolutionary period which occupies and dazzles their vision. Whether it be the Norman conquest or the English wars, the struggle of feudalism and citizenship, or the later strife between a religion of authority and one of reason and choice, it is still the torch of 1789 that the modern historian holds up to be the guide of his search and the beacon of his judgment. The Revolution is the Caaba, from which such writers as Michelet and Martin never turn. In whatever region they may wander, or whatever epoch they depict, the prejudices, the passions and hallucinations of 1789 follow and possess them. One might have hoped that after a lapse of half a century this mania would abate, and this worship of extremes be abandoned. For as the Revolution was born in anarchy and completed in despotism, its creed is simply the alternation and adoration of both.

Whilst every crime is pardoned and every excess palliated in the person of a Napoleon or a Robespierre, no respect is paid to either feudal greatness or constitutional struggles. Aristocracy is the great bugbear, the arch-foe for which all anathema is reserved. The political and social results of the 18th century in France may have led but too naturally to such a conclusion. But to entertain and cherish the sentiment now,—to continue to exorcise the phantom of aristocracy, which does not exist, whilst that far more practical foe of human progress,

despotism, looks on and profits by the flattery or the mistake, — is a lamentable perversion of the judgment and a misdirection of intellectual power. The jealousy and hatred, instilled into and entertained by the lower class of the French people, for all that is or can be above them by virtue of either birth, wealth, or even talent, is the curse of the time, the ban which condemns France to know no freedom, and to follow the blind paths of ignorance and materialism. This jealousy and hatred, — the exaggeration and continuance of a feeling which may have been natural in 1789, but which ought to have been satisfied and allayed for ever by the events and the years which followed, — it is the peculiar humour of Michelet and Martin to preach and to inculcate. Hence while we open these volumes with curiosity and peruse them with interest, we find little reason to hope that they will diffuse the temperate love of free institutions among the rising generation of Frenchmen, or that they will contribute to the restoration of those liberties from which France still finds herself unnaturally debarred.

ART. V.—1. *Des Institutions de Crédit Foncier en Allemagne et en Belgique.* Par M. ROYER, Inspecteur de l'Agriculture. Publié par ordre de M. le Ministre de l'Agriculture et du Commerce. Paris: 1846.

2. *Des Institutions de Crédit Foncier et Agricole dans les divers États de l'Europe.* Nouveaux documents recueillis par ordre de M. DUMAS, Ministre de l'Agriculture et du Commerce, et publiés par M. J. B. JOSSEAU, Avocat à la Cour d'Appel de Paris, avec la collaboration de MM. H. de CHONSKI et DELAROY. Paris: 1851.

3. *A History of Prices and of the State of the Circulation during the Nine Years 1848—1856, in Two Volumes; forming the Fifth and Sixth Volumes of the History of Prices from 1792 till the present Time.* By THOMAS TOOKE, F.R. S. and WILLIAM NEWMARCH. 1857.

THE history of the laws and practices which have governed debtors and creditors, in different countries at different periods of their civilisation, is a very interesting one. At a time like the present, when credit has become so universal as to affect nations as well as individuals, such a history vastly

increases both in interest and importance. Among the many measures of legal reform now in contemplation, none are of more vital consequence than those which relate to credit. Not only national honour and national prosperity, but domestic comfort as well as personal character are closely involved in it. We do not, however, intend to enter on the subject of commercial credit, but we propose to confine these remarks especially to landed credit. It is remarkable that when so much has been done to extend credit in all that relates to commerce, so little has been done towards extending it where land is concerned.

In the earliest times we have any account of, under the Mosaic dispensation, no debt could last above a certain number of years. The vendor of land was in point of fact only a borrower for a limited number of years, for in the year of Jubilee the purchaser was obliged to restore to the vendor, the land purchased of him. The land pledged, in the same way that any article is now pawned, remained in the possession of the person who advanced the capital agreed upon, until either the debt was paid off, or the year of Jubilee had arrived. Other nations afterwards had recourse to a method by which the land or article pledged, could remain in the hands of the owner. This method, said to be invented by the Greeks, was, and is still, very appropriately called *Hypotheca*, meaning a thing put under some obligation. The Greeks adopted the principle of giving publicity to this class of debts, in order to protect the lender from the many frauds which secrecy would encourage. This was done, in those primitive times, in the simplest manner, and it was made a matter of notoriety that a debt had been contracted. A small column or post, bearing an appropriate inscription, was put on the land thus pledged. The creditors and those who, if this information were withheld, might be injured, were thus, by the publicity of an honest and straightforward course, protected. This was the practice for several centuries in Greece. It commenced before the time of Solon, and was in force in the days of Demosthenes.

The Romans, having in the first instance adopted the same principle of publicity, afterwards relinquished it in order to accommodate the interests of the debtor. They substituted secrecy for publicity; and the result was, that opportunities for fraud were increased, to the great injury of the creditor. They looked upon the publicity given to the debt as an advertisement injurious to the debtor; and, in consequence, publicity was forbidden. We find that in the sixteenth century the inconvenience of secrecy and the encouragement given by

it to clandestine and secondary mortgages was so great, that in a large part of France and other countries of Europe, publicity by means of registration prevailed. Henry III. of France, Sully, Colbert, all laboured to extend the system of registration of mortgages. They succeeded for a short time only; the lapse of a very few years again introduced the old system. And it was not until the great Revolution of 1789 that secrecy in France in such transactions was entirely done away with.

Prussia and Austria had for some years previously instituted an extensive system of registration. England, on the other hand, has done nothing whatever to assist those who wish either to lend or to borrow upon mortgage. If we except the counties of Middlesex and York, there is not so much as a registration yet established. The Courts of Equity have moreover succeeded in making everything relating to debtor and creditor a most complicated and artificial arrangement. To attempt to write an account of the present state of the law relating to debts, would be to produce a collection of some of the grossest anomalies and contradictions combined with acts of the greatest injustice and oppression it is possible to conceive.

Setting aside, then, such an attempt, it will be sufficient for our purpose to ask what can be more absurd or unjust than the difference which it is pretended exists between specialty and simple contract debts, between legal and equitable assets. A specialty debt, unless it be a judgment debt, is acknowledged by a written document having a seal attached to it; a simple contract debt may be in writing, but has no seal. It is this small piece of sealing-wax which makes the difference between specialty and simple contract debts. Where the assets are legal, the specialty creditor—the creditor who has had the precaution to insist on a piece of sealing-wax being attached to his paper—has the preference over the simple contract creditor. But where the assets are equitable, the specialty creditor has no preference over the simple contract creditor,—they are both treated alike. To ascertain what assets are legal and what are equitable gives rise to an enormous amount of litigation and uncertainty. It is said that personal estate is legal assets, while land left for the payment of debts is equitable. It appears to us that, to apply one principle and one rule to all assets,—to make them all equitable assets,—would be the means of saving much litigation, expense, and annoyance. We will not enlarge on the state of the law generally relating to debt, as we intend dealing solely with those debts which are contracted on landed security. But while on the subject of assets, we cannot help referring to what was the state of the law only a few years ago

as to freehold estates and assets. Sir Samuel Romilly attempted in vain to persuade Parliament to make freehold estates subject to the payment of all the debts of the deceased owner. In January, 1807, Sir Samuel Romilly, in moving for leave to bring in 'a bill for making the freehold estates of persons dying indebted assets for the payment of their simple contract debts,' explained the then state of the law to be as follows: —

'By the law of England, a man seized of a freehold estate may contract debts to any amount without subjecting the fee of such property to any responsibility for their discharge, provided he has not entered into any bond or security under seal. Neither book debts nor bills of exchange affect freehold estates. What then is to prevent the owner of such estates (if he be a man of extravagant habits, loose principles, or of that unmeaning profusion which prompts him rather to be generous than just), from defrauding his creditors? He may have incurred simple contract debts to an enormous amount, and instead of leaving sufficient means at his death to satisfy his creditors, he may be found, with a caprice well worthy of his prudence, to have transferred to some stranger the whole of that estate which had been the source of their confidence, and which ought to be the fund of their remuneration. No matter how capricious or wanton the will itself, that constitutes this stranger, heir. His title in law is indisputable to that property which in common justice ought to have been another's. He may look with indifference upon the claims of creditors, who have, unfortunately for themselves, founded them upon no stronger principle than the honour of their debtor. But it is not for the legislature of a great commercial country to look with indifference upon any measure that tends to shake that generous confidence which is the support of British credit and the pride of British commerce.'

During the ten succeeding years, this bill on several occasions passed through the House of Commons, but was invariably rejected by the House of Lords. All that Sir Samuel Romilly, with his great talents and love of justice, could do in that respect was, to induce Parliament to pass an Act having the same object in view, but confined to persons in trade. In the diary of his parliamentary life the way in which this was effected is so well told by his own pen, that we transcribe it. 'Many of the objections which were made to the former bill are applicable to this, — that it is an innovation; that it is to affect land without evidence in writing; that it holds out a delusive credit, &c. &c. There has not, however, been a single word uttered in opposition to the bill in any stage of it. Country

‘gentlemen have no objection to tradesmen being made to pay their debts; and to the honour of men in trade,—of whom there are a good many in the House,—they too had no objection to it.’

The original and just proposal of this great man was not carried out until after the Reform Bill had passed, when an hereditary dislike to injustice induced his son, the present Master of the Rolls, again to introduce the question; and he, under more favourable and altogether different circumstances, had the gratification of crowning his father’s efforts with success.

We have no hesitation in asserting that in a country where capital abounds, as it does in England to an unlimited extent, and where the soil gives undeniable proof that almost any amount of capital could be employed upon it to advantage, no question can be of greater moment, both to the possessor of capital and to the possessor of the soil, than the state of the law and of the usages under which money is lent. Such a law requires the most serious consideration when it is universally admitted to be the cause of complicated and unnecessary difficulties, attended with great expenses to all who are desirous of raising money upon the security of land. It becomes a question of vital importance, and one in which the good of society is most deeply interested, if, in addition to these difficulties, the owners of the soil are very few in number, and the population very large and pressing very hard upon the means of subsistence. Not only is this the case in England, but the inclination of individual owners, and of the legislature, encourages very decidedly the retention of the soil in the hands of a very small number of proprietors. There are these facts, or rather anomalies, self-evident to the plainest understanding, — that the soil is capable of producing almost any additional quantity of food advantageously, if more capital could be employed upon it; and that the population is actually deriving a large portion of its subsistence from foreign sources. Capital, which it is notorious is so abundant here, is to a great extent excluded from the soil, solely in consequence of the artificial difficulties, dangers, expenses, and delays which attend loans upon landed security. To us, who are so circumstanced, it must be of permanent importance, that every possible encouragement should be given to capital to find its way with perfect ease and safety to the soil.

If the legislature, by means of complicated, expensive, and clumsy machinery, places great obstacles in the way of transferring land from one person to another, it is an act of decided oppression to place obstacles also in the way of capital finding its way to the owner of the soil. It ought also to be borne in

mind that, by reason of entails, large tracts of land are almost permanently locked up in such a manner that from want of capital they remain in their unimproved state. A population consuming more than the soil now produces, but by no means more than it could produce, have, it would seem, a sort of inherent right to expect that any obstacle which interferes with the natural flow of capital to the land, should be removed. This is the more plain when it is admitted on all hands that more capital would produce more food, and that so desirable a result could be brought about with considerable profit to the producer.

A vicious system of interference with Nature's laws will cause, as we have seen in Ireland, such an unnatural stimulus to be given to population, that, after increasing for a time in the most remarkable manner, it will in, if possible, a still more remarkable manner, through misery, want, and famine, be actually found to diminish. Great misery is perhaps a greater stimulus to population than great prosperity; misery uproots both hope and forethought: where both misery and poverty exist, marriages take place because there is no prospect for the future, and no reward to prudence; but, where there is prosperity, motives of prudence, combined with hope for the future, restrain the contracting parties. In England, we may observe that the very same soil which, in consequence of the vicious legislation and habits in force in the reign of Henry VIII., could not maintain a population of three millions and a half, is, after making allowance for the food which is imported, able now to maintain about five times that number, and in comparative comfort. During the reign of that 'most dread 'sovereign lord' Henry VIII., there were hung on an average every year 2000 persons, out of the very small number of inhabitants who then peopled England. This state of things required special legislation: an interference with the rights of property of the owners of the soil was the result. It was considered necessary to pass Acts of Parliament to prevent them from laying down their land in pasture, from keeping more than a certain number of sheep, from occupying more than one farm, and from pulling down farm-houses. These Acts of Parliament remained in force until 1856, when, together with upwards of a hundred sleeping statutes, they were repealed. Daines Barrington, who wrote at the end of the last century, alludes to the statute concerning sheep, and says, 'there was an indictment in Cardiganshire, within these twelve years, upon this obsolete and injudicious statute.'

In our own times, the preamble of an Act, passed in 1840, to enable proprietors having a limited interest in their lands to

borrow money for improvements, expresses the principle for which we are contending: 'Whereas much of the land in England and Ireland would be rendered permanently more productive by increased draining, and nevertheless, by reason of the great expense thereof, proprietors having a limited interest in such land are often unable to execute such draining: And whereas it is expedient, as well for the more abundant production of food, as for the increased employment of farming labourers, and the extended investment of capital in the permanent improvement of the soil, that such properties should be relieved from this disability, due regard being had to the interests of those entitled to the remainder.' In 1846 a still stronger case was made out for legislative interference: the power of borrowing of individuals under the Act of 1840 was not sufficient, so an Act was passed to enable landowners generally to borrow public money. This preamble (9th and 10th Victoria, cap. 101.) forces upon our attention the same facts.

'Whereas the productiveness and value of much of the land in Great Britain and Ireland are capable of being greatly increased by drainage, and the extension of the operation of drainage is calculated to promote the employment and effectiveness of agricultural labour, and tends also to prevent disease, and to improve the general health of the community: And whereas it is expedient to facilitate works of drainage by advances of public money to a limited amount on the security of the land to be improved,' &c.

The past history of this country abounds with instances of the ill effects which have resulted from the want of capital flowing to the soil. Its present condition shows most plainly what can be done by the outlay of a small amount compared with the enormous actual requirements of the soil, and with reason makes us most sanguine as to what might be done, if capital found its way more freely to the land.

In a country where commercial credit is so simple and so well understood that money passes with the greatest ease and confidence into the hands of the commercial man, it certainly does seem most strange that landed credit should be so little understood, and that money only passes with difficulty and great expense into those of the landowner. The landowner can frequently with ease borrow money for short terms on his own personal security, at a fair rate of interest, without any charge on the transaction; but when he wishes to borrow it for a long term on the security of his land, all sorts of difficulties and expenses meet him. Doubts arise as to whether he is the legal owner of his own property; every sort of suspicion

attaches to him the moment he offers a real and substantial security, while as a borrower on his own personal security no doubt or suspicion of any kind is attached to him. Transactions which ought to be simple and honourable, understood by every one possessing common sense, are so involved in suspicion, in legal mysteries and technicalities, that lawyers themselves cannot unravel them. To mortgage an estate, in consequence, is seldom resorted to except under extreme circumstances, and the mere fact of doing so is looked upon generally as a sign of either distress or imprudence. The repayment of the debt, if such repayment is even contemplated at the time the money is borrowed, is seldom if ever made until after a lapse of years, and then generally by a sale of the estate. On large estates mortgage debts are scarcely ever incurred for the purpose of improving the land, but, on the contrary, in order to meet certain family arrangements and necessities. Debts thus incurred continue for a vast number of years; prudence very rarely, if ever, steps in and causes an annual saving to be made, so as in the course of time to pay off the mortgage debt, and thus prevent the sale of the estate. The complex and expensive system now in force prevents the prudent man, in most instances, from borrowing on mortgage for the purpose of improving his estate. The man with a family pressing upon him, and the dissipated man whose dissipation is to him the greatest want of all, are the persons who have recourse to it. The provision for a family settling in the world, and the expenditure of the profligate, are pressing and actual wants which must be met, no matter how expensive or difficult the process.

Adam Smith, after asserting that stock lent at interest is always considered as capital by the lender, proceeds to say,—

‘The only people to whom stock is commonly lent without their being expected to make any very profitable use of it, are country gentlemen, who borrow upon mortgage. Even they scarce ever borrow merely to spend. What they borrow one may say is commonly spent before they borrow it. They have generally consumed so great a quantity of goods advanced to them upon credit by shopkeepers and tradesmen, that they find it necessary to borrow at interest in order to pay the debt. The capital borrowed replaces the capital of those shopkeepers and tradesmen which the country gentlemen could not have replaced from the rents of their estates. It is not properly borrowed in order to be spent, but in order to replace a capital which had been spent before.’

Capital lent for such purposes is most unproductive. We cannot then be surprised when we are told for what purposes it has usually been lent, that there should be so great a dislike to what

in a well-ordered system might be a most beneficial and profitable arrangement. The desire of concealment, natural to all men who are reduced to borrow, is, in the case of those who borrow by mortgaging their estates, peculiarly strong. The motives which originally induced them to raise money, have * this effect. They shelter themselves under the mystery in which the whole transaction is involved, feeling that they would lose caste if it became known that their estates were mortgaged, and family pride shrinks from realising that the estate, as a whole, does not belong to them, but that the greater portion of it has, in point of fact, gone into other hands. It is a pride fatal to themselves which deters them from grappling with their position; for in most cases, a very small amount of reflection would show that while they are doing nothing to relieve themselves from the debt they have incurred, it will in course of time in all probability completely overwhelm and ruin them. This pride too often dissuades them from reflection, and banishes so disagreeable a subject altogether from the mind. Secrecy, the consequence of embarrassment, thus becomes a necessity; it involves the borrower in expenses which under other circumstances could be avoided, and makes the lender look upon his title with suspicion. Hidden mortgages in all cases have to be sought after, as if they had really existed, in cases where they never did. Every kind of stratagem and fraud which human ingenuity can invent has to be most carefully, and at a very great expense, inquired after and guarded against.

We cannot ask our readers to follow us into the nice distinctions between mortgages in fee and mortgages for a term of years. The law books are full of cases of the greatest intricacy and occasionally injustice arising out of the operation of the Law of Mortgage in this country.

We have already said enough to show that the legal difficulties are such, as to deter most prudent persons from mortgaging their estates, and also to deter cautious capitalists from lending freely their money on mortgage. There are other circumstances unconnected with legal technicalities which have a similar tendency to make persons unwilling either to borrow or to lend on the security of land.

It requires no argument to prove that land from its ^{very} nature, being not only immovable in itself, but also from the application of science to it, from its limited extent, and from other causes rendering it yearly more and more valuable, ought to be the safest security for money; one might expect that it would on that account be more sought after than any other security

by those who wish to lend their money in such a way as to receive interest without fluctuation, and their capital at par whenever they desire it again.

In a national point of view, we look upon this question of facilitating the means of mortgaging, of encouraging the flow of capital to the soil, as of the greatest importance. What undertaking, profession, science, trade, or persons whatsoever can require so constant and ready a flow of capital as those do who possess land, and who wish to render it in the highest degree productive? Without continually applying a renewed supply of capital to the soil, it would indeed be hopeless to expect that increasing supplies from the soil would meet the increasing wants of an ever-increasing population. Especial care ought to be taken to remove any stigma which at present attaches to those who borrow on mortgage. This would necessarily follow from increased facilities being placed in the way of mortgaging. A new class of borrowers on a new principle would effectually remove it. To borrow money on landed security would then cease to be a sign of poverty, and be one of the ways of becoming more wealthy and of benefiting society. Instead of confining the privilege of borrowing money on mortgage to an embarrassed class, as we now do, we ought to extend it to a class who will employ the money borrowed in increasing the produce of the earth. The former class does not expend it in increasing the wealth of the country; the latter, under altered circumstances, would do so, to the great benefit of society. To this class every possible encouragement ought to be given; for it must be remembered that where money is borrowed for the improvement of the soil, such an undertaking differs most materially from other commercial undertakings. The money advanced for commercial undertakings is soon repaid; the circulation of it is rapid. When money is advanced for the improvement of land, the contrary is the case; the outlay may be rapid, but the return of the capital laid out is only by little and little—by very small, but at the same time very sure, instalments. The soil partakes as it were of the capital so expended; that capital becomes a part and parcel of the soil itself, and is incorporated with it. The loan, as far as the undertaking is concerned, can only be repaid by the annual increase in the produce, and this increase must be looked upon as the only fund out of which both interest and principal can be repaid. The capital employed was a floating capital; but the moment it is employed in the soil it becomes fixed; it loses its floating character, and becomes wholly absorbed by the soil. It only by very slow degrees becomes disengaged from it, and during the

lapse of many years; but the soil meanwhile retains its additional value and increased productive power.

Among the circumstances which tend to keep persons from resorting to mortgages as an investment for their money, we have not mentioned the irregularity with which the interest is often paid. Harassing delays also very frequently take place, after all the preliminary arrangements for a mortgage have been made, before the business is completed. A very unsatisfactory habit exists among mortgagors, arising out of the circumstances under which the money was borrowed, of not paying the interest with punctuality on the day it is due. This irregularity is very objectionable to persons who invest their money and depend upon the interest of it for income to meet their ordinary expenses, and they in consequence seek for other investment where these irregularities do not occur. It is true that a covenant is generally inserted in the mortgage deed to the effect that unless the interest is paid within a certain time after it becomes due, a higher rate of interest will be demanded, but this is a condition seldom enforced. To press a person for money who is not in the habit of paying with regularity at the times specified, is always a most disagreeable business. The borrower has in consequence to go to a more limited market, and, on every occasion that a difficulty is placed in his way, has to pay a higher rate of interest. It would clearly be for his advantage to increase the amount of competition among capitalists, for his particular security; and every obstacle placed in his way has the contrary effect of diminishing it.

Another disadvantage under which the mortgagor labours, independent of those which the technicality of the law has invented for him, is the very limited means he has of making his wish to borrow known. He can seldom do so, but through the costly mediation of an attorney, who, among the comparatively small number of his clients, or as it were in his own little world, endeavours to find the sum required. A difficulty arises as to the amount; the borrower either wants more or less than the lender is disposed to lend, and thus both parties make a compromise, and meet the inconvenience in the best way they can. The borrower either takes a smaller sum than he intended; because the lender has not got as much as he required; or he is obliged to take a loan of more than he intended, because the lender, having got a certain sum, is not disposed to lend less.

Another, on the whole perhaps the most serious, disadvantage under which a mortgagor labours is, that he has no opportunity of paying off his mortgage debt little by little, so that at the

end of a certain definite time the estate will be his own, and once more entirely free. There is no savings bank for him, in which he can conveniently place a small annual saving, to accumulate at interest and compound interest, and be the means eventually of paying off his debt. Of course it could not be expected that any individual mortgagee would take any such trouble and agree to receive these small yearly or half-yearly instalments, nor would any mortgagor take the trouble of investing for himself a small annual payment for a great many years, together with the interest as it accrued. The debt is expected by the mortgagee, when paid, to be paid off in one sum. But what the mortgagor cannot do for himself, and what the mortgagee will not do for him, could be done with the greatest ease, as we shall show presently, by means of a third party acting in the interest of both.

It being, as we hope we have shown, so essential to the prosperity of the nation that capital should find its way with perfect ease to the soil, how wise in a national point of view would it be to remove the existing obstacles and to make this transaction as remarkable for its simplicity as it is now for the reverse. If persons possessing capital once found they could lend or invest their money with ease, and the present system were altered, we should in all probability soon find the class of persons who borrow on landed security no longer confined to those who do so from hard necessity, and to whom secrecy is of importance. On the contrary, another class would be tempted to come forward, in whose case the fact of borrowing would be no sign of poverty, but one of the best means of developing their own resources and those of the nation. As far as the legal part of the question is concerned, there is no doubt that if publicity were substituted for the system of secrecy which now prevails, the great expense, risk, trouble, and anxiety to which borrowers and lenders are both subjected, would be at once removed. In the present state of the law it is impossible to be certain that a title is safe. This is apparent from the evidence in the Appendix to the Second Report of the Commissioners on the Law of Real Property in 1831.

The witnesses examined before that commission showed that it is 'the general practice in the investigation of titles, to act with a view to the possible existence of cases of fraud or suppression, and to incur great expenses in obtaining protection against them.' The Commissioners state that 'the great difficulties which occur in selling estates and obtaining money on real security, the time which usually elapses before the com-

‘pletion of such transactions, and the harassing expenses and ‘disappointments which attend them, are evils universally acknowledged.’ We wish this commission had done something more than issue blue books and admit facts which are notorious or evils already too well known.

The remedies we would propose, both for the legal part of the question and for that part of it, unconnected with law, lay no claim to the merit of novelty. One of them has not only been often recommended and approved of by great men in this country, but adopted generally on the Continent; and the other, as we shall presently show, has for years been tried on the Continent with the greatest success.

A registration of the titles of the owners of land and of mortgages would remedy many of the evils and remove most of the difficulties which now attend the law of mortgage. In carrying out any new and beneficial law, there will generally be a few cases of individual hardship which cannot be foreseen and specially guarded against, but this evil is largely overbalanced by the great and general public good such a law promotes. We feel confident the best way of obtaining an effective registration of landed property and of mortgages in a free country like this, would be a voluntary system. The time cannot now, we hope, be very distant when some well-considered plan will be adopted which will not only enable but induce owners of landed property to claim an investigation of the titles to their estates, in order that they may be subsequently registered.

But the matter is one of considerable delicacy as well as difficulty, from the objections naturally entertained to any proceeding which might throw doubt on existing titles, or set up titles without judicial investigation. It is of the last importance that in such a proceeding the title should be carefully approved of, and that ample public notice should be given previous to the actual registration being finally made.

The person or parties when once registered would thus become the actual owners, subject to whatever debts or charges were ascertained then to be in force; a simple Parliamentary title would then be given to estates in England, as has already been done in Ireland to a considerable extent by the Encumbered Estates Act. No more title-deeds or future investigation of the old ones would afterwards be required. Mortgages holding title-deeds might at the desire of the mortgagor be required to produce such deeds, and have their respective mortgages registered.

If such an opportunity were afforded to owners of real property

to register their estates, the advantage would in all probability be considered so great, that in the course of a very few years, there would be a register of the greater part of the kingdom when once such a system was commenced. Purchasers would naturally inquire whether the estate they propose to purchase is on the register, and would naturally give it the preference to another in other respects as desirable. Persons about to lend upon mortgage would so much prefer the registered title to any other, that they would be inclined to reject any other offered to them. There would grow up in the course of a short time after the adoption of such a plan, a well-founded objection to unregistered estates, and their value would be so seriously affected that all vendors or mortgagors would find themselves compelled to register.

We now proceed to another and most interesting branch of the subject,—one to which we have already briefly alluded, namely, to the circumstances which generally make persons unwilling to lend their money upon mortgage, and to the disadvantages under which mortgagors labour. These we consider to be mainly owing to the absence of a regular system—of an organised establishment which would act as an intermediary between the respective parties. Under an organised system the wants of both borrower and lender could be ascertained, arranged, and negotiated—the debt transferred with the greatest ease from one person to another, while the borrower would not be called upon to pay off his debt before a distant period agreed upon; it being so arranged that he shall pay a certain sum every year, which in the course of time will extinguish the debt and give him his estate free. He would make as it were two payments, one for interest and the other (a very small one) towards the sinking fund, which at the end of the term agreed upon would have accumulated so as altogether to cancel the debt.

There is nothing original or new in this plan; for we shall presently show it is the system now almost universally organised on the Continent, and it has also the merit of having been in use at an early period in England. Glanville, who wrote in the reign of Henry II., gives the following description of a pledge:—

‘When an immoveableth thing is put into pledge, and seisin of it has been delivered to the creditor for a definite term, it has either been agreed between the creditor and debtor that the proceeds and rents shall in the mean time reduce the debt, or that they shall in no measure be so applied. The former agreement is just and binding; the other unjust and dishonest, and that called a mortgage; but this is

not prohibited by the King's Court, although it considers such a pledge a species of usury.'

'Estates,' we also read in Blackstone, 'held *in vadio* (in gage, or pledge), are of two kinds,—*vivum vadium*, or living pledge; or *mortuum vadium*, dead pledge or mortgage. *Vivum vadium*, or living pledge, is when a man borrows a sum (suppose 200*l.*) of another and grants him an estate as of 20*l.* per annum, to hold till the rents and profits shall repay the sum so borrowed. This is an estate conditioned to be void as soon as such sum is raised. And in this case the land or pledge is said to be living; it subsists and survives the debt, and immediately on the discharge of that results back to the borrower.'

We have already referred to the Jewish law, under which all debts were cancelled at the return of the year of Jubilee. The land then could only be transferred, as it were, to the next Jubilee. 'In the year of this Jubilee ye shall return every man to his own possession.' In all transactions relating to debt or the sale of land, the distance of time from the last or to the next general Jubilee was a matter of calculation and of great importance. 'According to the number of years after the Jubilee thou shalt buy of thy neighbour, and according unto the number of years of the fruits shall he sell unto thee. According to the multitude of years thou shalt increase the price thereof, and according to the fewness of years thou shalt diminish the price of it, for according to the number of years of the fruits doth he sell unto thee.' The seller could at any time redeem his debt, and thus obtain possession of his land, by paying the value of it to the year of Jubilee. If he did not redeem it, the year of Jubilee would restore his lands to him or his heirs entirely free. 'Let him count the years of the sale thereof, and restore the overplus unto the man to whom he sold it, that he may return unto his possession. But if he is not able to restore it to him, then that which is sold shall remain in the hands of him that hath bought it until the year of Jubilee, and in the Jubilee it shall go out, and he shall return unto his possession.'

It seems then to be perfectly clear that what Blackstone calls the *vivum vadium*, was the mode of borrowing money at that early period. What we are now contending for, and anxious to establish, is the principle of the *vivum vadium* or live gage, in preference to the *mortuum vadium* or dead gage. There is something almost revolting in the mere mention of the word mortgage or dead pledge—it is the type of what it really now is, an incubus, a great overwhelming dead weight, a badge either of poverty or of dissipation.

The opposite principle—the *vadium vivum*, the live gage, has to

a certain extent been adopted in this country of late years. The loans contracted by Poor Law Unions and by corporate bodies have been made on this principle, of paying off a certain portion of the debt every year. The Exchequer Loan Commissioners lend large sums on the same terms. When the Government thought fit some years ago to advance money upon loan to distressed landowners for the purpose of draining their land, it was lent on the same principle. The different societies under different denominations of Land Improvement Societies all lend on these terms.

We will now turn to the Continent, and see how very extensively this system—the *vivum vadium*—has been adopted there. In many respects we have generally been in advance of our continental neighbours, and they have often profited by our experience, and have succeeded in making improvements upon our improvements. Why should we not now in our turn, as we have done as yet nothing towards improving our system of mortgaging, not only adopt their improvements, but improve upon them also?

The history of the different institutions of landed credit which are established in Europe, is very interesting, and shows the great progress they have made in a comparatively short space of time.

In order to bring before our readers what has been done on the Continent with regard to lending money on landed security, we avail ourselves of the works of MM. Royer and Josseau, which we have placed at the head of this article. The principle on which the institutions of landed credit are founded is as simple, as the object which they have in view is sound. A number of proprietors of land, having united together through an intermediary, offer the capitalists, as a security for money to be advanced upon loan, the guaranteed security of all their estates. They thus add to the security of a single individual, with a single estate mortgaged, the accumulated securities of a number of individuals with a number of estates all mortgaged and responsible for the money lent. This intermediary varies in different countries; in some it is the State, in others an association of landed proprietors, while sometimes it is a company of capitalists.

The advantages these institutions of landed credit offer to the borrower are —

1st. He is enabled with great ease to borrow of the institution the sum he requires, without having recourse to the heavy expenses of agency.

2nd. By borrowing of the institution, there is no possibility of

the borrower ever being called upon suddenly or unexpectedly to pay off his debt. He is allowed, moreover, the privilege of paying it off at any time, on making arrangements accordingly.

3rd. At the end of a certain number of years the institutions of landed credit, by investing small and almost imperceptible sums at compound interest, are enabled to restore to the borrower his estate free from the debt.

To the lender the advantages are reciprocal.

1st. The lender has the security of a number of estates collectively, together with the certainty of his interest being paid regularly to the day, without his ever having to seek after, annoy, or dispossess any individual; the intermediary is the institution alone responsible to him.

2nd. The lender has no anxiety, care, or even thought as to the character of any individual mortgagor, or of the value of the land mortgaged.

3rd. The security, or *lettre de gage*, which he holds, is a marketable commodity easily transferred from hand to hand, and without expense, so that he can convert it into money at any moment.

To carry out these desirable objects, the first great step is to create an intermediary in whom the fullest confidence must be placed. The duties of the intermediary will be to see that the estate proposed to be mortgaged is fairly estimated and valued. On the Continent scarcely any investigation of title is required, as, in consequence of a system of registration there established, reference has only to be made to a book, in which the history of every estate, with the debts upon it, is duly registered. Here, on the contrary, necessity for a searching investigation into the title of every borrower would greatly increase the responsibility of the intermediary, and at the same time add largely to the cost of the transaction.

These institutions destroy most of the evils attendant on the present system of mortgaging: they create habits of order among proprietors, by rigorously enforcing the punctual payment of the interest when it becomes due. By receiving and investing certain small annual payments at compound interest, they not only are enabled to restore to the borrower his estate perfectly free, but also make him feel that every year his debt is decreasing in amount, through his own prudence.

The earliest institution for the purpose of making loans on the principle we are advocating to landed proprietors, was established in the year 1770 in Silesia. No country could be in a more deplorable condition than Silesia was at that time. The effects of the Seven years' war, and the low price of agricultural

produce after the war was over, had reduced the proprietors of land to a sad extremity. Their debts were enormous, and they were every day threatened with evictions from their estates. No other plan of bettering their condition occurred to these proprietors than to apply to the King of Prussia for such an indulgence as would have the effect of deferring their respective payments for three years. Frederic the Great granted their request, and issued an edict of indulgence—*moratorium*, as it was called, in order to accomplish their object. The effect of such an edict, as any one might reasonably expect, soon ruined the credit of all who had recourse to it. Capital at once deserted agriculture, and usury, the only thing left for the landowners to resort to, completed their ruin. The rate of interest had risen to more than 10 per cent., and a commission of 2 or even 3 per cent. in addition, was demanded of these ruined proprietors.

When Silesia was in this wretched state, a humble and unknown Berlin trader proposed a remedy, and came to their rescue. His plan was simply to combine all the estates of all the proprietors into one security, and to substitute that combined security for the individual security of each separate debtor. The adoption of his plan, imperfect as it was afterwards discovered to be, produced the most admirable effects. The rate of interest immediately fell, and the proprietors, whose credit was only a short time before so bad that they were in momentary expectation of being dispossessed of their estates, were thus enabled to obtain fresh and additional loans. Agriculture more than ever prospered, and the land, in consequence of these new advantages, increased rapidly in value. The abundant harvests in Silesia, in the years 1770, 1771, and 1772, and the high prices occasioned by bad harvests in Saxony and Bohemia, as well as by the military occupation of those countries, greatly increased the price of agricultural produce. The state of the currency also, which was tolerated during the war, induced the capitalists to lend money in a depreciated currency to the landed proprietors.

When peace was established, and the armies evacuated the country they had occupied during the war, prices fell to such an extent that the profits of agriculture were no longer sufficient to pay in good coin the interest of the very large sums which had been borrowed in a depreciated currency. The depreciation of property was such that although the proprietors had only raised money on half the estimated value of their estates, yet the whole estate was not sufficient to cover the amount of the debt. They

preferred to be ejected from their estates, and a new crisis commenced.

As a number of associations of the kind had been established in the North of Germany, the crisis became general. This crisis was owing to the imperfections in the system of these early institutions, and was soon discovered and rectified. One of their imperfections was, that the lenders, the holders of the *Pfand-briefe*, or *lettres de gage*, could at any time, by giving six months' notice, demand the repayment from the institution of their principal at par, while the institutions had not the privilege, on giving a like notice, of paying at par or when they thought fit. The institution was thus not only liable, but almost sure to be called upon, to pay off the debt at the most inconvenient moment. The early institutions were also formed almost exclusively for the noble proprietors; other proprietors were excluded from them: the nobles in several instances borrowed to meet extravagant expenses.

The radical defects of all these early institutions of landed credit was, that there was no sinking fund, no plan of *amortissement* established, by means of which the borrowers were in the course of time to be freed from their debts.

But the new crisis did not last long, for other societies were soon formed on more enlightened principles, which gradually removed the imperfections of the earlier ones.

It was not, however, till the year 1790 that the radical improvement of all was adopted,—that of reserving a very small sum every year for a great many years, and of applying it to the extinction of the debt. Experience has shown under ordinary circumstances that agriculture cannot repay, in one sum all at once, the capital advanced by way of loan to the soil. Any new plan giving additional facility in advancing money for that purpose will, unless a plan of *gradual* repayment be enforced, in the course of time increase the difficulties of the borrower. The temptation to borrow becomes greater, the time for repayment more and more distant, more and more impossible. The proprietors, overwhelmed with debt, at last recognise that a system must be bad which is not only powerless in preventing them from being dispossessed, but which by delaying it without cause, makes that ruin more and more certain, and retains them always on the brink of the precipice. George III., in 1790, established at Zelle in Hanover, for the Duchy of Luneburg, the first institution which had the principle of extinguishing the debt by little and little every year, instead of repaying the principal in one sum. That institution adopted the following charges, which included interest and the sinking fund: for the first five years

5 per cent. interest was charged; $4\frac{1}{8}$ per cent. from the 6th to the 16th year; 4 per cent. from the 17th year to the 43rd year, when the interest ceased, the debt was altogether paid off, and the estate free. This great principle of *amortissement* is now looked upon as essential, by all the numerous institutions on the Continent which are established, and is enforced by them all.

The rapid spread of institutions of *crédit foncier* over the greater part of the Continent, is also interesting. After the first establishment in Silesia, which was partially organised in October, 1769, others were established in Brandenburg, in 1777; Pomerania, in 1781; Hamburgh, in 1782; Denmark, in 1785; Western Prussia, in 1787; Eastern Prussia, in 1788; and in Hanover, under the improved system, in 1790. In the present century we find them in 1803, in Livonia; in 1811 in Schleswig and Holstein; 1818, in Mecklenburg (it is however said that the system was adopted in Mecklenburg as early as in any part of Germany); 1822, Grand Duchy of Posen; 1823, Groningen; 1825, Poland; 1825, Calenberg; 1825, Bavaria; 1826, Bremen; 1826, Wurtemberg; 1828, Friesland; 1834, Westphalia; 1835, Belgium; 1841, Galicia; 1842, a new association in Hanover; 1844, Saxony. It was not until 1852 that France was drawn into the system, and established an institution of *crédit foncier* peculiar to herself.

These institutions of landed credit consist of two distinct classes: the one class is formed by a company, and administered by it; the other is founded by the State, and administered exclusively by it. Some of the institutions established by companies have the interest of the landed proprietors only in view; other institutions, also belonging to companies, are managed by capitalists, and while their object is to lend to the landed proprietors, they have in view the interests of capitalists principally. Among those companies which are in the interest of proprietors exclusively, are those of Silesia, Pomerania, Eastern and Western Prussia, Wurtemberg, Saxony, and in Austria that of Galicia. Those formed by the other class of companies in the interest of the lender, are in Bavaria 'la Banque Hypothécaire.' In Hesse Darmstadt the 'Renten anstalt.' In Nassau the 'Banque National.' In Switzerland the 'Banques Hypothécaires' of Berne and Bâle. In Belgium the 'Caisse des Propriétaires' and the 'Caisse Hypothécaire.' The institutions which are founded and managed exclusively by the State are to be found in Hesse Cassel and Baden. In Hanover, Denmark, Prussia, and Russia, there are some institutions belonging to the State in addition to those which belong to other companies.

In all the institutions established on the Continent, the mode

of transacting business is extremely simple. The borrower has in the first place to satisfy the institution that he is entitled to the estate which he proposes to give as a security. An estimate is made of its value by the institution, and the estate is duly registered as a security to the institution for the debt. The society advances the money agreed to be lent to the party who has deposited the security, and issues a corresponding amount in *lettres de gage* (Pfand Briefe) signed in the name of the society and bearing interest. These *lettres de gage* are much sought after by those who desire to make investments. Some societies, instead of advancing the money agreed upon directly to the borrower, give him the amount in *lettres de gage*, which he easily negotiates and converts into money. The value of each *lettre de gage* varies in amount; in Prussia, for instance, from twenty thalers to two thousand thalers. By this arrangement the lender has no difficulty in finding a security for any amount he may wish to advance, whether large or small. The borrower signs a contract which binds him to pay a certain fixed sum for a certain number of years; and the society agrees with him that when he has fulfilled this agreement and made his several annual payments, his debt will be cancelled, and his estate will have become entirely free. The society becomes responsible to the lender to pay him at certain fixed periods the interests agreed upon. One great advantage to the lender is that he deals exclusively with the society; he does not even know what particular estate or estates are his security for the money he has lent. He has to look to the society alone, and to satisfy himself of the respectability and responsibility of that society, and to satisfy himself it will not issue more *lettres de gage* than it has securities in its possession. The society has an important duty to perform; it has to see that the payments are made with regularity, and to invest a portion of them as the accumulating fund to pay on the debt according to previous agreement. If the borrower does not pay the interest to the day, he is usually charged a much higher rate of interest for a certain time, and after the expiration of that time he is dispossessed. The society has also to pay the interest to the holders of the *lettres de gage* as it becomes due. The *lettres de gage* are constantly in the market, and circulate very much in the same way that our exchequer bills do. One way of investing that portion which is paid for the *amortissement* is by the society buying up these *lettres de gage* when it can do so to advantage.

The borrower is allowed, on giving notice, in most societies, to pay off his debt at any time, and the different sums he has paid towards the *amortissement* are reckoned in the account.

One very simple mode of effecting this object is by the borrower buying in the market the requisite amount of *lettres de gage*, and upon his producing them, the society will at once strike off so much of his debt.

Mr. Tooke, in the admirable sixth volume of his 'History of Prices,' which has recently appeared, has examined this subject, and he makes the following remark on these *lettres de gage*:—

'Sound and wholesome as was the original design of the *crédit foncier*, it was not long in giving rise to several forms of suggested or actual abuse. So long as the *lettres de gage* or obligations taken by the lender from the society were restricted to the technical form of a mortgage, and were rendered not transferable except under reasonable precautions of notice and registration, no mischief could ensue. But it was not long before it occurred to some scheming financier that obligations might be converted into *bons hypothécaires*; might be a medium of circulation; might perform the functions of bank-notes; might be rendered even more acceptable than bank-notes, by virtue of the interest accruing upon them; and, finally, might be declared, in case of necessity, a paper of compulsory tender.'

And no doubt the circulation of the Pfand Briefe in Germany has contributed to aggravate the evils of an enormous and ill-regulated paper currency, which threatens that country with the most serious danger.

But as yet, even in times of great political excitement, these securities appear to fluctuate much less than one might expect. For instance, in the revolutionary year of 1848 the *lettres de gage* of the institutions of landed credit in Silesia and Pomerania, bringing in $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. interest, were worth 93. In 1850, when the Prussian funds $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent were at $86\frac{1}{2}$, the *lettres de gage* were quoted from 90 to 95, bringing in also $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. It appears that the circulation of these *lettres de gage* for a population of nearly twenty-eight millions in Germany amounts to upwards of twenty millions sterling.

We trust we have said enough to show the importance of the movement on the Continent in favour of institutions of landed credit, and it cannot be denied that the facilities they give to capital to flow to the soil have conferred great social benefits. It must be admitted by everybody that this plan of *amortissement* to which we have referred, while it secures to the borrower in the course of time perfect freedom from debt, is every day improving and making more effectual the security of the lender. There is daily, as it were, money accumulating to meet the sum advanced by the lender, and his security is in consequence more and more established.

France, however, the last country which has adopted the

system of *crédit foncier*, so far from profiting by the advantages and experience to be derived from other countries, appears to have resorted to a most objectionable course. It will be seen, by the following extract from Mr. Tooke's 'History of Prices,' above referred to, how largely gambling is, in France, mixed up with the simple business of borrowing. As the history of the institution is very interesting, and ought to act as a warning to those who have not as yet established any plan of landed credit, we will give Mr. Tooke's account of it in his own words:—

'On the 28th of February, 1852, an Imperial decree authorised the formation of *sociétés de crédit foncier*, and effected certain modifications of the law with the view of assisting the operations of these societies. On the 28th of March, 1852, a *banque foncière de Paris* was established, and in the course of 1852 several further decrees were issued extending or modifying the institution. On the 10th of December, 1852, the title was changed to *crédit foncier de France*, and at length, on the 6th July, 1854, the institution was placed on a footing analogous to that of the Bank of France.

'The original concession of March 1852 was to a joint stock company, at the head of which was M. Wolowski, the eminent person who has contributed in the largest degree to the sound exposition, in France, of the resources of the *crédit foncier* system. But the decree of July 1854 superseded M. Wolowski, and placed the management of the institution in the hands of a governor and two sub-governors named by the Emperor.

'The capital of the society is fixed at 2,400,000*l.*, to be raised in shares of 20*l.* each, one half of which (10*l.*) is paid up; providing a paid-up capital of 1,200,000*l.*

'The statutes described the objects of the society to be,—

"1. De prêter sur hypothèque aux propriétaires d'immeubles situés dans tous les départements des sommes remboursables par les emprunteurs au moyen d'annuités comprenant les intérêts, l'amortissement, ainsi que les frais d'administration.

"2. D'appliquer avec l'autorisation du gouvernement tout autre système ayant pour objet de faciliter les prêts sur immeubles et la libération du débiteur.

"3. De créer pour une valeur égale à celle des engagements hypothécaires souscrits à son profit, des obligations produisant un intérêt annuel par la voie du tirage au sort, avec ou sans lots et primes et portant le titre d'obligations Foncières.

"4. De recevoir en prêt, sans intérêt, les sommes destinées à être converties en obligations Foncières."

'The term of concession to the society is ninety-nine years from the 30th of July, 1852.

'In reducing into practice the object set forth in its first statute, the society has already had to subject its terms to several modifications. Adopting fifty years as the term of the repayment, the society began by announcing 5 per cent. as the gross annuity to be paid by the borrower during the fifty years. It is to be presumed that at so

low a rate the applications became unmanageable. A rate of 5.44 per cent. was then announced. In a short time the rate was again raised to 5.65 per cent.; and by a fourth alteration it was fixed at 5.95 per cent. for the fifty years.

'The *obligations foncières* described in the third statute require some explanation, and that explanation will be best obtained by a statement of the measures actually adopted by the society in this division of its operations. The society then has issued its obligations, or bonds, or debentures for sums of 40*l.*, 20*l.*, and 4*l.*,—that is, for sums of 1000, 500, and 100 francs. These obligations bear 3 per cent. per annum, but are repayable according to certain lottery drawings at the rate of 48*l.*, 24*l.*, and 4*l.* 16*s.*; that is, are repayable at uncertain times, but at a premium of 20 per cent.

'The lottery drawings take place four times a year—in March, June, September, and December. A very ingenious system of numbers is employed, and the 40*l.* bond first drawn carries away a prize of 4000*l.* over and above the 48*l.* at which it is repayable. The second bond drawn is entitled to a prize of 2000*l.*, the third to 1600*l.*, and so on in descending sums, to the fourteenth number drawn. The prizes attached to the numbers 7 to 14 are 200*l.* each; and contrivances are employed for allowing the bonds of 20*l.* and 4*l.* to have an equal chance of obtaining rateable prizes. In 1853 and 1854 the sum paid for the *crédit foncier*, for these lottery prizes, was not less than 48,000*l.* in each year. In 1855 it was 32,000*l.*

'The intention of this lottery element is to draw deposits to the *crédit foncier* faster than they would be obtained by the mere offer of an interest of 5 per cent. per annum. Instead of paying 5 per cent., the society pays 3 per cent., and distributes the further 2 per cent. as lottery prizes to be drawn for four times a year, adjusting, it is to be presumed, the number of bonds to be paid off at each drawing to the repayments of capital under its advances; and providing the premiums of 20 per cent. on the obligations, by keeping the funds in hand, on account of the sinking funds, at an amount considerably beyond the total of the obligations to be redeemed.

'Of the ingenuity of the scheme there can be no question; neither can there be any question that by introducing the element of gambling into the sober business of receiving money on deposit; by placing the amount of the deposit notes so low (4*l.*) that the humblest classes will be those most largely affected by the chances of sudden fortune held out to them; and by surrounding a simple matter of lending and borrowing with combinations fit only for the hazard-table; the *crédit foncier*, as introduced into France in 1852, will not fail to be a source of vast evil instead of a means of good.' (*Tooke*, Vol. vi. p. 103.)

In spite, however, of these questionable incentives to speculation, the *crédit foncier* of France has not been as successful as its promoters anticipated; and it has not either lowered the current rate of interest on landed security, or diminished the heavy mortgage debt of that country.

Those who object to increased facilities for borrowing money on the security of land, on the ground that these facilities will be resorted to by persons for undesirable objects, must recollect that such persons will generally have their wants gratified, no matter at what cost. In England we see it illustrated in the great world of fashion every day. Under the improved system of the Continent, borrowers would every year pay back a portion of the sum so borrowed, and the debt contracted for extravagant purposes would in the course of time be extinguished. Under our unenlightened system, on the contrary, a debt is seldom paid off, except by the sale of the estate, by the extra prudence of succeeding generations, or by an intermarriage with the commercial classes. Thus the English system of placing these difficulties in the way of borrowing on this best of all securities, does not prevent a class from borrowing for bad purposes; but on the contrary, it does prevent another class from borrowing for the most useful and legitimate purpose of all,—the improvement of landed estates.

We now wish to ask the important question,—whether this system, so universal on the Continent, could not be advantageously applied to this country?

One difficulty at once meets us; we have practically no registration of deeds or estates established; but this, the most formidable of all difficulties, might, in the absence of a general register, be got over by a special investigation of title by the society, and subsequent register of each person who had raised money on his estate. A company, with a permanent staff of competent legal advisers, might easily, at a fixed scale of charges, investigate these titles. All the other business, of lending money, could be carried on in the same way as it is already done on the Continent. Freehold land societies have already proved how they can, in the simplest possible manner, get over that great obstacle,—the expense which the law has placed in the way of transferring small parcels of land. They make, as it were, a registration of their own on the original purchase; the title is most carefully investigated; and that being once done, a large number of small capitalists are enabled to invest their savings in land at comparatively no expense. A short printed form of conveyance is all the title they require. For the purposes of mortgaging, companies could be formed, either, as we have seen on the Continent, solely consisting of proprietors, who club together as money borrowers, or of capitalists, who unite for the purpose of lending money to the proprietors. Such companies would in the course of time, were no other system of registration adopted, by inducing a number

of mortgagees to partake of the benefits offered, form a most important and extensive register of titles. It would very possibly be a great advantage to a proprietor in any subsequent transaction with his estate, to show that it has been thus registered.

It appears to us, however, that no plan for effectually facilitating mortgages on land can be devised without a general register of all landed property. Such a register exists in other civilised countries of Europe, and the fact of our not having one ourselves is a disgrace to our legislature. Indeed, the class of persons who have hitherto successfully resisted all attempts to introduce this system, is precisely that class which would eventually be most benefited by its adoption.

We will add that a sound system of landed credit, based on the continental plan, but carefully disconnected from the German tendency to create inconvertible bank-notes, and the French scheme for lottery premiums, might be productive of incalculable social improvements. All persons connected with landed property, from the owners down to the humblest labourer employed upon it, would reap the benefit of a well-advised system of this nature. Not only would there be a demand for additional labour, but the additional capital employed on the soil would, beyond all question, produce additional supplies of food. By thus promoting the prosperity of all classes, we should contribute to the general independence of the nation, — an object which a wise and good government is bound in every sense to promote, and which it would give us at all times unfeigned pleasure to facilitate by every means that may be open to us.

ART. VI.—1. *The Lives of the Chief Justices of England, from the Norman Conquest till the Death of Lord Tenterden.* By JOHN LORD CAMPBELL, LL.D., F.R.S.E., Author of 'The Lives of the Lord Chancellors of England.' In Three Volumes. Vol. III. London: 1857. .

2. *The Judges of England, with Sketches of their Lives, and Miscellaneous Notices connected with the Courts at Westminster, from the Time of the Conquest (1066—1485).* By EDWARD FOSS, F.S.A. Four Volumes. London: 1848—51.

3. *The Lives of Twelve Eminent Judges of the last and of the present Century.* By WILLIAM C. TOWNSEND, Esq., M.A., Recorder of Macclesfield. In Two Volumes. 1846.

4. *Lives of Eminent English Judges of the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries.* By W. N. WELSBY, Esq., M.A., Recorder of Chester. One Volume. 1846.

THE lawyers who reflect most lustre on their profession are rarely those who obtain its largest emoluments, or arrive at its highest dignities by an exclusive devotion to its technicalities, at the risk of narrowing their minds and provoking a pitying or derisive smile from their more discursive contemporaries. Its character has been most elevated by those who have been statesmen, orators, or authors, as well as pleaders and judges—who have shown that, although law is proverbially a jealous mistress, her favour is not necessarily forfeited by the worship of the Muses,—at all events, of the gravest and most respectable of the sisterhood; and who have established a reputation for science, literature, or the higher order of eloquence, in addition to one for learning, diligence, and integrity. Conspicuous amongst these stands Lord Campbell. Although sympathy with popular feelings, or eagerness for popular applause, has occasionally hurried him into irregularities of demeanour and expression not quite in keeping with the dignity of his office, his administration of justice has been almost uniformly distinguished by firmness, mildness, and impartiality. Although his judgments may not form an epoch in English jurisprudence, like those of Mansfield or Stowell, they are not more remarkable for soundness than for sagacity and good sense—qualities especially indicated by the manner in which, without disturbing the landmarks of the law, time-honoured decisions are accommodated to modern uses and to new social or commercial relations.

There can hardly be a better test of the merit of a Chief Justice than the opinion entertained of him in Westminster Hall; and few of his predecessors have managed to attract a greater amount of respect and regard from both Bench and Bar than the present wearer of the dearly prized and fondly commemorated collar of SS.* The public are indebted to him for many valuable measures of law reform. His career as a politician has been consistent and every way respectable; and his forensic speeches (revised and republished by himself in a separate volume) may perhaps be more advantageously studied as models by the students of our practical and business-like gene-

* The gold chain or collar prescriptively worn by the Chief Justice of England. It is mentioned more than fifty times in the course of Lord Campbell's three volumes.

ration, than the imaginative flights of Curran, or the inimitable addresses of Erskine. At the same time, it must be admitted that Lord Campbell's best chance of being remembered hereafter longer than a well-graced actor who has retired or vanished from the stage, depends far less on what he has accomplished as a lawyer or politician, as an advocate, a legislator, or a judge, than on the literary performances which he commenced late in life by way of pastime for his leisure hours; thereby stumbling, as it were, on what is already fame and may become immortality. On ceasing to be Chancellor of Ireland in 1841, he hit upon the happy thought of writing 'The Lives of the Lord Chancellors,' which led to and was followed by 'The Lives of the Chief Justices,' although that subject had already been in a manner appropriated by the longer researches and more conscientious accuracy of Mr. Foss. Lord Campbell's manifold qualifications for the task were and are obvious enough; but, without meaning to depreciate those of a more intellectual kind, we must say that his name and position are the circumstances which have most contributed to his success, by enabling him to attract general interest to a branch of literature which the unprofessional public had carefully eschewed.

Legal biography is in reality, or may be rendered, one of the pleasantest and most instructive sorts of light reading. It has all the elements of attraction sought for in libraries of entertaining knowledge,—strange adventures, curious anecdotes, wonderful alternations of fortune, social scandal, political intrigue, and choice bits of the genuine romance of history. Nor has there been any lack of writers fully capable of turning such material to good account; and in justice to Lord Campbell's predecessors, to whom his volumes are mainly indebted for whatever historical accuracy they may possess, we place the titles of their works by the side of his own. The lives of almost all the first-rate legal worthies of England (since collected and republished in three portly volumes) had appeared in the pages of a juridical contemporary before Lord Campbell became a candidate for literary honours; and Mr. Foss had in some sort anticipated his Lordship by 'The Grandeur of the Law,' a little publication giving ample promise of the learning, diligence, and sagacity subsequently displayed in 'The Judges of England,' by the same writer. Four volumes of the latter work have already appeared, bringing the history of the Judges of England down from the Conquest to the year 1485; and a fifth volume may shortly be expected. It is impossible to speak too highly of the care and research with which these interesting memorials have been com-

piled by Mr. Foss from the original sources. But a name more widely bruited abroad than that of an accomplished barrister in limited practice, or that of a meritorious and unassuming antiquary, was required to popularise such subjects; and for the author of 'Lives of the Chancellors' was reserved the honour and profit of being the first to make legal sages an object of studious inquiry in the drawing-room, or a topic of animated discussion at the clubs. The comic alarm expressed by sundry living Chancellors (ex, actual, or expectant) may also have aided in quickening the demand for the book. 'He has added a new pang to death,' cried one. 'The retiring pensions of such of us as have small chance of surviving him should be raised from five thousand a year to six,' exclaimed a second; whilst a third, more truculent, or with better cause for apprehension than his fellows, murmured something about acting on Dr. Johnson's hint, when the lexicographer vowed that, if he seriously thought Boswell intended to write his life, he would prevent the posthumous infliction by taking *his*.

There was another class of alarmists who loudly protested against a more direct and palpable description of wrong. Whilst acting on the somewhat questionable doctrine of one great French authority, who, when accused of plagiarism, asserted his right to resume his property (meaning everything that suited his purpose) wherever he found it, the noble and learned Biographer unluckily neglected the precept and example of another, who boasted of being able to '*plumer la poule sans la faire crier*.' A shrill female voice, in particular, was beginning to ring the changes on all the pleas of the Crown, on finding that her 'Queens of England' had been ruthlessly rifled, when she was judiciously soothed by a timely concession and a well-deserved compliment to her work. As for the male sufferers, they were left to murmur, or grumble, as they might think fit, it being tolerably plain that the public would care nothing about the matter so long as the stolen goods were applied for their gratification; but such depredations ought perhaps to incur the penalties of petty larceny. We cannot congratulate Lord Campbell on his nice appreciation of wit, or his felicity in carrying a joke. His taste is so far from delicate that, in one instance, he has nearly brought himself within the scope of his own Act for the suppression of indecency. But he has a rough, ready, and genial sense of humour; there is an unchanging atmosphere of kindness and cordiality around him and about him, both as a writer and a man; seldom out of temper or never out of spirits, he invariably communicates a feeling

of self-complacency to the reader; and his very egotism has its attractions and advantages.

The able historian of British India, Mr. Mill, contends in his preface that a man will write the better about a country from having never entered it; and the great lexicographer ridiculed the notion that 'Who writes of freemen should himself be free,' by the well-known parody 'Who drives fat oxen should himself be fat.' Yet we cannot help thinking that a lawyer will write best about lawyers, and a chief justice about chief justices; provided they have mixed in the world sufficiently to shake off the rust, dust, pedantry, and prejudice of their calling. Who then so well qualified to analyse the motives, track the course, verify the doubtful passages, and record the memorable sayings and doings, of his predecessors? The judicious reader will therefore attach a high value to the personal reminiscences which abound in these volumes, loosely as they sometimes hang upon the text; nor will he fail to mark that consummate acquaintance with forensic habits and practices which detects a spurious story through an incongruity, and flings an air of reality over much that would otherwise read like fiction.

Unfortunately Lord Campbell does not inspire the same confidence when he reverts to ancient times, and relies, or should rely, upon ancient authorities. It is then good for him to be under the guidance or correction of Mr. Foss; whose first and second volumes preceded, whilst his third and fourth followed, '*The Lives of the Chief Justices.*' This learned and judicious annalist, although not quite so sensitive as Miss Strickland, has intimated pretty clearly his opinion of his noble competitor's originality and accuracy; and without diverging from our main subject, or becoming parties to this controversy, we may incidentally enable our readers to fix the degree of weight to which each is entitled when they differ. Thus Lord Campbell, speaking of William de Warrenne and Richard de Benefacta, in the time of William the Conqueror, states:—

'These two Grand Justiciars, during their joint administration, invented a new punishment to be inflicted on disturbers of the public peace. Having encountered and defeated a powerful band of insurgents at a place called Fagardune, they cut off the right foot of all they took alive, including the ringleaders, the Earls of Norfolk and Hereford. It seems, then, to have been considered that in times of rebellion, the *judges* were to exercise martial law, or to disregard all law, according to their own arbitrary will.'

Ralph Basset, *temp.* Henry I., distinguished himself in the same manner:—

‘Of his *judicial* exploits there is no record, except at a grand assize, which, during the King’s absence in Normandy, he held at Huncote, in Leicestershire. Here he convicted capitally and executed no fewer than four score and four thieves, and deprived six others of their eyes and their virility; drawing upon himself the imputation of cruelty.’

Mr. Foss having said forty, Lord Campbell was resolved to improve upon the statement, in entire forgetfulness of the authority which he quotes in a note. It there appears that this judicial exploit was performed by ‘Radulfus Basset et Regis ‘Theini Procerum Concilium’—not by Basset alone—and that they ‘suspenderunt omnino quatuor et quadraginta viros. ‘Sex item viros privarunt oculis,’ &c. But the essential error consists in calling these Chief Justiciars ‘judges’ in the modern and limited acceptation of the word, and in turning their exploits ‘judicial.’ The Chief Justiciary, prior to the division of the *Aula* (or *Curia*) *Regia*, when he gradually dwindled into the Chief Justice of the King’s Bench, was a political functionary to whom the whole regal power was delegated during the Sovereign’s absence from the realm. The Conqueror, from prudential motives, was wont to join two in the commission; and for Lord Campbell to invest them with the judicial crimine is as preposterous as to suppose that the Lords Justices, who exercise viceregal authority in the absence of the Sovereign, are actually charged with the ordinary administration of justice. Moreover, we are informed by Mr. Foss, that by the roll of 31 Henry I. it appears not that Basset was Chief Justiciary,—for that title never occurs in it,—but that he had been Justice of the Forests in the counties of Norfolk, Suffolk, and Surrey, charged with the administration of justice in six counties.

Even Glanville, who, by his ‘Treatise on the Laws and Customs of the Kings of England,’ has won the proud title of ‘father of English jurisprudence,’ was principally distinguished as a statesman and a soldier; and his first promotion to the bench was earned by a dashing feat of arms, which, to complete the strangeness of his rise, he performed in the capacity of sheriff. At the head of the *posse comitatus* of Yorkshire, he fell suddenly upon William the Lion, King of Scotland, who had invaded England and laid siege to Alnwick; dispersed his army, and made the King a prisoner. The reward for this service was an appointment as assistant justiciar and circuit judge. He was also made governor of the castle of Winchester, and custodier of the person of Queen Eleanor when she was incarcerated by her royal spouse, to prevent (it is suggested) her interrupting his amorous correspondence with the Fair

Rosamond. At length (A. D. 1180) Glanville attained the coveted dignity of Chief Justiciar, and (according to Lord Campbell) 'he is the first who filled it who is celebrated for learning, impartiality, and other qualities purely judicial. Under him the *Aula Regia* deserved the praise bestowed upon it by Peter de Blois in a letter to the King:—"If causes," said he, "are tried in the presence of your Highness or your Chief Justiciar, then neither gifts nor partiality are admitted; then all things proceed according to the rules of judgment and justice; nor does ever the sentence or decree transgress the limits of equity."

This is one amongst a hundred proofs that gifts which could in any sense be meant as bribes, were never sanctioned in England, whatever may have been the practice in continental tribunals; and we commend the passage to the especial notice of the gentlemen who are now engaged in clearing the character of Bacon at the expense of his predecessors and contemporaries. Hoveden, however, has recorded a charge against Glanville which far transcends in atrocity anything of which Bacon was accused; and we will hope, with Lord Campbell and Mr. Foss, that it rests on no solid foundation,—being, indeed, quite irreconcilable with the trust which the King continued to repose in him, or with the respect and authority which he retained to his dying day. To adopt Lord Campbell's version, a story was circulated against him to the effect that, to get possession of the wife of Gilbert de Plumpton, he brought a false charge of rape against that potent baron before the *Aula Regia*, sitting at Worcester, and sentenced him to be hanged; but that the King, taking pity upon the prisoner, and knowing the motive for the prosecution, spared his life and commuted the sentence to perpetual imprisonment. Hoveden merely says that Gilbert de Plumpton was condemned *propter uxorem suam*; and Mr. Foss says that the imputed motive was to bestow the widow of the intended victim on the Justiciary's friend Rainer, who performed his duties as Sheriff of Yorkshire. This version materially enhances the improbability of the story; for, although wisdom and honesty may be temporarily misled by passion, it is difficult to conceive a magistrate of Glanville's stamp perpetrating or planning so gross an iniquity for the advancement of a friend; nor is it likely that the King, if convinced of the knight's innocence, would have imprisoned him for life.

Two years after this occurrence, Glanville received what was deemed the additional dignity of Dapifer, or Steward of the Household,—an office which was attended with its own peculiar risks, when the Sovereign happened to be an epicure.

Lord Campbell relates of another Chief Justiciar, Fitz-Osborne, that, being Dapifer, he had set upon the royal table the flesh of a crane scarcely half roasted, when the King (the Conqueror), who in old age was much of a gourmand and particularly prized crane well cooked, in his anger aimed a blow at him. No such mishap befell Glanville, who was subsequently employed in several important missions, and seemed in a fair way to close his career on the Bench, when a sudden revival of his pristine military ardour, or an excess of chivalrous enthusiasm, came over him; and, throwing off his robes of peace, he assumed the cross and started as a crusader for the Holy Land. 'We read no more of him,' adds Lord Campbell, 'except that in the following year (1190) *he was killed fighting valiantly at the siege of Acre*,'—an inaccuracy borrowed from Lord Coke; for none of the original authorities state more than that he died at the siege; and Mr. Foss, following the best, says he died from the effects of bad air—'*ex aeris nimia corruptione*.'

Not calculating probably on being taken to task for exaggeration, and knowing that a highly-coloured picture is most likely to attract the admiration of the crowd, Lord Campbell has not hesitated to invest others of his heroes with qualities, or even to allot them the credit or discredit of actions, for which, if we may believe Mr. Foss, there is no warrant or producible authority whatever. Thus, having resolved to run down Billing, Chief Justice in the time of Edward the Fourth, his Lordship attributes his first promotion to a treatise in favour of the Lancasterian cause, which he speedily deserted.—'As we have never,' remarks Mr. Foss, 'seen or heard of Billing's treatise on the subject of the claims of the royal antagonists, which Lord Campbell quotes, but does not enable us to refer to, we are prevented from judging of his private aspirations or his political sentiments.' Billing's memory might bear up against this seemingly unfounded imputation, but there is an unpardonable negligence in rendering him answerable for the two worst judgments on constructive treason that ever disgraced the Bench. Both are mentioned by Blackstone, and must be familiar to students of law or history. The first is the case of William Walker, who was indicted for compassing and imagining the death of the King (Edward the Fourth); the only overt act proved against him being a speech to his son: 'Tom, if thou behavest well, I will make thee heir to the Crown'—meaning the Crown Tavern, in Cheapside, of which Walker was landlord and proprietor. The jury, under the direction of the judge, found him guilty, and he was hanged, drawn, and quartered accordingly. Lord Campbell asserts that the judge was Billing,

and quotes the very words in which he laid down the law on the occasion. The authorities cited by him for this position are 'Baker's Chronicle,' and 'Hale's Pleas of the Crown.' 'What,' exclaims Mr. Foss, 'will our readers think when it turns out 'that neither Baker nor Hale state the case as occurring in 'Billing's time; and further, that Stowe (p. 145.) gives the 'precise date of Walker's trial, viz., March 12. 1460, more than 'four years before Billing was on the Bench; adding that the 'charge against him was for words spoken of the title of King 'Edward when he was proclaimed; and Fabyan (p. 639.) confirms him in the date.'

The companion case is that of Sir Robert Burdett, ancestor of the late Sir Francis, whose political sentiments may have been tinged by the wrongs of his progenitor. The King having entered the knight's park and killed a white buck, of which he was particularly fond, he exclaimed 'I wish the buck horns 'and all, were in the King's belly.' Billing, his noble biographer asserts, told the jury that the King's death had certainly been in the contemplation of the prisoner: in wishing a violence to be done, which must inevitably have caused him his death, he imagined and compassed it. Now for Mr. Foss's comment:—

'We cannot discover whence Lord Campbell has extracted the ruling in this or Billing's case, which he has printed with inverted commas as quotations; but we are surprised that, with his Lordship's known experience and great knowledge of his profession, he was not aware that Burdett's case had been lately referred to in Westminster Hall; that the record of his attainder was searched for, and found in the "*Baga de Secretis*;" and that this labour might have been spared by looking into *Cro. Car.* p. 120., where the proceedings against him are published. The result of all this would have proved that the whole story of the buck and the belly was a figment; and that the charge against Burdett was for conspiring to kill the king and the prince by casting their nativity, foretelling the speedy death of both, and scattering papers containing the prophecy amongst the people.'

In short, the whole story has been blown into the air; and we strongly suspect that most of the narratives which equally shock common sense and probability, would share the same fate, if tried by the record, when there is a record to try them by. Almost all rest on the authority of Chronicles; and what is or was a Chronicle? It was commonly a note-book or diary of current rumours as they reached a gossiping monk in his convent, a learned recluse in his retirement, or a fellow in his college, in times when there were no parliamentary reports, no

publication of despatches, no regular post, and when news travelled through the land almost exclusively by oral communication. We know from what is daily passing before our eyes, how eagerly any fiction which savours of the marvellous, is repeated with endless variations, until it acquires substance and notoriety enough to attract notice and compel exposure. Now, a letter is written to the 'Times,' or a question is asked in the House of Commons, and there is an end of the matter. But these ready means of contradiction or verification are of recent discovery; and for many generations after the dark or middle ages, the most startling version of any given incident was almost invariably set down as the fact.

History founded on such materials is certainly open to the sarcasm of Fielding, who declares that the novel or prose epic, based on the unvarying and universal principles of human nature, is more trustworthy; yet it is amusing to find a grave judge accepting the doctrine in its literal sense, and acting on it by citing a romance as an authority. Thus, after quoting Foster, East, and the State Trials, to prove that a particular line of argument was employed to justify rebellion, Lord Campbell (vol. ii. p. 224.) adds:—

'See likewise the trial of Fergus M'Ivor and Evan Dhu M'Corrick, which took place at Carlisle a few weeks after. (*Waverley*, vol. iii. p. 300.)'

When the great Duke of Marlborough was asked his authority for some historical event stated by him, he boldly replied, 'Shakspeare, the only historical writer I ever read.' No such excuse is open to Lord Campbell, who, not content with elevating (or degrading) *Waverley* into a law-book, actually refers to an avowed and notorious lampoon or squib for a pedigree:—

'The Chief Justice (Rolle) left numerous descendants. The late Lord Rolle was the head of the family, which, *if we may trust to the pedigree prefixed to the Rolliad*, was descended from the ancient Duke Rollo of Normandy, and "the wife of a Saxon drummer."

'A doubt is stated to have existed whether, in the time of the wars of York and Lancaster, although the Rolles were represented by our author to have been sheriffs of the county ("*Sheriff Devo-nienseis Rolli fuerunt*"), the head of the house was not a sheriff's officer ("*Ballivus ipse potius quam Sheriffus*"). But the Chief Justice certainly vindicated the glory of his race. See "Short Account of the Family of the Rollos, now Rolles, faithfully extracted from the "Records of the Herald's Office."

There has been nothing like this since the French bishop, who declared that there were *some* things in '*Gulliver's Travels*'

which he could not quite believe. As Mr. Foss probably never dreamed of referring to such sources of information, we are not surprised at his looking in vain for many of Lord Campbell's quotations and authorities. We believe, however, that his Lordship has better warrant for most of those statements touching his predecessors, which, though occasionally derogatory to the profession, give animation and interest to their biography; as that one Chief Justice (Tressilian) had the misfortune to be hanged; that another (Hankford) resorted to an ingenious mode of suicide, in order to get out of what Eothen calls 'the scrape' of being alive, without forfeiting his goods: that Pemberton commenced his judicial studies in the debtors' ward at Newgate: that Popham took to the road before taking to the law: and that several of our first-rate legal worthies, including Hale and Holt, were idlers and reprobates in their youth. But we have already devoted an article to the principal lives contained in the first and second volumes; and having partially supplied the critical suggestions which want of space then obliged us to postpone, we turn to the third and concluding volume of the work, containing the lives of Lords Kenyon, Ellenborough, and Tenterden.

'I begin this memoir at a time when I have a near prospect of being myself a Chief Justice, and when I may calculate upon being subjected in my turn to the criticism of some future biographer. On every account, I wish to speak of Lord Kenyon in a spirit of moderation and indulgence.'

These are the introductory sentences of the Life of Kenyon. The second paragraph, after two or three laudatory phrases, proceeds:—

'But never having supplied by study the defects of a very scanty education, he (Kenyon) was unacquainted with every portion of human knowledge except the corner of jurisprudence which he professionally cultivated;—he had not even the information generally picked up by the clever clerk of a country attorney from bustling about in the world;—of an arrogant turn of mind, he despised whatever he did not know, and, without ever doubting, bitterly condemned all opinions from which he differed;—giving way to the impulses of passion, he unconsciously overstretched the severity of our criminal code;—he never sought to improve our judicial system either by legislation or by forensic decision;—and his habits of sordid parsimony brought discredit on the high station which he filled. It is impossible, therefore, that in tracing his career I should be able to abstain from sometimes expressing regret and censure.' (P. 2.)

It being admitted that whilst a respectable majority of Englishmen regard Lord Kenyon as a great magistrate, 'the

‘ whole Welsh nation worship him as an idol,’ the least to be expected from such a commencement was, that some new facts would be produced to justify this startling reversal of the popular and professional estimate of his career and character. But not the semblance of freshness or novelty can we discover in the narrative portion of this memoir. The incidents and anecdotes, nay, the very quotations and illustrations, are taken, with rare exception and with slight or no acknowledgment, from Mr. Townshend; and the sole originality consists in the comments, which read like the speech of a prosecuting counsel, rather than the summing-up of an impartial, not to say indulgent or moderate, judge.

The Kenyons were a good Lancashire family, a branch of which had settled in Flintshire in the reign of Charles II. The father of Lloyd, the first Lord Kenyon, was in the commission of the peace, and his eldest brother was educated at St. John’s College, Cambridge; he himself was articled to an attorney at Nantwich. On the death of the heir, his destination was changed, and he was entered at the Middle Temple, with the view of being called to the Bar. There is nothing either uncommon or derogatory in this. A landed proprietor who sends his eldest son to college may surely rank as a gentleman. It is not unusual for the sons of the minor gentry, both in town and country, to be bred attorneys; and the chances are that a youth of energy and capacity would feel the stirrings of ambition when a brighter prospect was opened to him. Why, then, should Lord Campbell go out of his way to assert that the father ‘ was ‘in point of refinement little above the low level of the surrounding farmers,’ and that the son, though ‘ he submissively ‘took the advice that was offered him,’ would have been satisfied with settling on his own account as an attorney at Ruthin, Denbigh, or any neighbouring town?—both the advice and the humility being obviously matter of mere inference from information collected by Mr. Townshend, who adopts the fairer and more favourable construction. Perhaps it would have been better if Kenyon had been sent to a university on his brother’s death, but when the caustic biographer attributes all the narrow-mindedness of the embryo chief to his contracted education, he forgets that Somers, Hardwicke, Dunning, and Romilly underwent the same training; and he might have remembered how, with especial reference to cases like his own, he had sneered at the English scholars who, on the strength of their proficiency in longs and shorts, presume to look down on their shrewd, hard-headed, and persevering rivals from the North. Lord Tenterden was an accomplished scholar, yet, taking into

consideration the more advanced generation in which he lived, he was a more narrow-minded man than Lord Kenyon.

Kenyon's progress was slow. Ten years after his call to the Bar, he was only just beginning to emerge from obscurity; but those ten years had been passed in amassing stores of legal learning of the most diversified description; and when the time came for its application, he was found equally at home in conveyancing, equity, special pleading, and the practice of Quarter Sessions. Down to the commencement of the present century, the English Bar was sufficiently limited in numbers to permit of the respective qualities of its members being tolerably well known by the body, and the circuit leaders were wont so to use their influence with the distributors of briefs as that every man of recognised merit should have his chance. The practice for the law officers of the Crown to appoint what is called a 'devil,'—namely, a barrister to draw up pleadings and get up authorities for them,—exists still. Dunning, who had kept his terms with Kenyon, was in the full flush of celebrity, whilst his fellow-student was still struggling with poverty and neglect. When asked how he managed to get through such an accumulation of business, he replied, 'Some I do; some does itself; and the rest is never 'done at all.' That he should avail himself of Kenyon's assistance, and do so in such a manner as to advance the fortunes of his friend, was natural and probable enough; but that 'many 'hundreds of opinions, which Dunning had never read, were 'copied from Kenyon's MS. by Dunning's clerk, and signed by 'Dunning's hand;' and that 'the only return which Kenyon received was a frank when writing to his relations;' are statements which we must take the liberty to doubt. The story of the frank is told by Mr. Townsend. Dunning had directed it 'North Wales, near Chester,' an addition which so wounded the jealous spirit of the Cambrian, that he threw back the envelope in wrath, and exclaimed, 'Take back your frank, sir; 'I'll have no more of them!'

Besides helping Dunning, Kenyon shared with 'the lion's 'provider,' Hargrave, the still more onerous duty of 'cramming' the Lord Chancellor, Thurlow, and of preparing the most important of his decrees. Speedy promotion was the reward. Serjeant Davenport, who had claims on the Government, thinking to please Thurlow by falling in with his humour, wrote him the following laconic billet: 'The Chief Justiceship of Chester 'is vacant—am I to have it?' The pithy reply was: 'No, by 'G—d! Kenyon shall have it.' He was indebted to the same patron for his seat in Parliament for Hindon in 1780, and for his

appointment as Attorney-General, overleaping the intervening step of Solicitor-General, in 1782. Lord Campbell says that his promotion caused considerable discontent, the law officers of the Crown having long been men of liberal acquirements and of great weight in the House of Commons; to which it was replied that the grand object was to have a sound lawyer who could give good advice to the Government, and that Kenyon was allowed on all hands to be more familiarly acquainted with every branch of law than any of his competitors.

His principal exploit as law officer was an attempt to render public accountants, or their representatives, answerable for all the public money that had passed through their hands, with the profits arising from its use; a measure which would have pressed with ruinous severity on Fox and Rigby. His fame as an advocate rests on the very slender basis of his cross-examination of an important witness for the prosecution on the trial of Lord George Gordon. Effective as it proved, it should be cited rather as an instance of the extent to which trustworthy evidence may be mischievously weakened or set aside, than of the fair exercise of professional skill:—

‘Q. “Can you describe the dress of this man, who, you say, you saw carrying the flag?” A. “I cannot charge my memory; it was a dress not worth minding—a very common dress.”—Q. “Had he his own hair, or a wig?” A. “If I recollect right, he had black hair; shortish hair, I think.”—Q. “Was there anything remarkable about his hair?” A. “No; I do not remember anything remarkable; he was a coarse-looking man; he appeared to me like a brewer’s servant in his best clothes.”—Q. “How do you know a brewer’s servant in his best clothes from another man?” A. “It is out of my power to describe him better than I do. He appeared to me to be such.”—Q. “I ask you, by what means do you distinguish a brewer’s servant from another man?” A. “There is something in a brewer’s servant different from other men.”—Q. “Well, then, you can tell us how you distinguish a brewer’s servant from any other trade?” A. “I think a brewer’s servant’s breeches, clothes, and stockings have something very distinguishing.”—Q. “Tell me what in his breeches and the cut of his coat and stockings it was by which you distinguished him.” A. “I cannot swear to any particular mark.”

The essential point was whether the flag was really carried in the procession. Yet the witness, we are told, was hooted from the box as if he had sought to impose on the jury; and Erskine adroitly took advantage of the temporary prejudice. ‘You see,’ he remarked, ‘by what strange means villany is discovered. Perhaps he might have escaped from me, but he sunk under that shrewdness and sagacity which ability without

‘ long habits does not provide. Gentlemen, you will not, I am sure, forget, whenever you see a man about whose apparel there is anything in particular, to set him down for a brewer’s servant.’

Lord Melbourne once described a gentleman well known about town as having the look and air of a retired pork-butcher; and the felicity of the comparison was seen at a glance. What sort of figure would the ex-Premier have cut on being cross-examined as to the distinguishing marks of a retired pork-butcher?

Two counsel being allowed to address the jury in cases of treason, the most judicious course that could be pursued by Lord George Gordon, or his friends, was to retain the best lawyer together with the most eloquent advocate of the period. Lord Campbell, however, will have it that Erskine, who had been hardly two years at the bar, was exclusively in their thoughts. ‘ But who was to be the colleague of this extraordinary youth? No one junior to him could be trusted, and his efforts would have been controlled and cramped by a senior of *any reputation*. Kenyon was, therefore, fixed upon. He was known to be a consummate lawyer; it was believed he would do no harm; and he was expected to act as a foil to Erskine, who was to come after him, and was sure to make up for all his deficiencies.’

Kenyon was made Master of the Rolls in 1784, upon an understanding that he was to procure himself a seat and remain in the House of Commons. Being compelled to pay dearly for the honour of representing a Cornish borough, Tregony, ‘ he declared, in American phrase (which Lord Campbell says “ has become naturalised in Westminster Hall ”), that “ he was resolved to go the whole hog.” He therefore became a most zealous partisan.’ His mode of manifesting his zeal exposed him to just censure and enduring ridicule. His house was in Lincoln’s Inn Fields, beyond the limits of the city of Westminster; his stables were within the liberties; and he caused a bed to be fitted up in the hay-loft over them, by occupying which he gained a vote as an inhabitant paying scot and lot. His object was to vote for Sir Cecil Wray against Fox; and when the famous scrutiny question arose, Kenyon lent the full weight of his learning and authority to justify the illegal conduct of the High Bailiff in suspending the return. His immediate rewards were a baronetcy, and the second place of distinction in the ‘ *Rolliad*,’ which is dedicated to him in a somewhat heavy and diffuse strain of forced facetiousness.

The palm of superior diligence as an equity judge was as-

signed to him by Lord Eldon in the emphatic words, 'Sir Lloyd 'Kenyon beat us all.' Lord Campbell states that his judgments, 'though they cannot be praised for method, were very 'clear and generally very sound.' Yet public and professional opinion, probably influenced by the memory of his political intemperance and the hostility it had provoked, was unfavourable to him when it became necessary to find a successor for Lord Mansfield. The retiring Chief Justice used all his interest for Buller, and during two years, actually retained formal possession of the place whilst this accomplished judge performed its duties, in the hope that the display of his eminent qualifications would eventually subdue opposition. But Pitt, whilst going the Western Circuit, had been present at a trial in which Buller had prostituted the judicial office to promote the interests of his family in a rotten borough; and Lord Mansfield was informed that he was vainly prolonging a dangerous irregularity, since the minister had made up his mind to appoint the Master of the Rolls.

Lord Campbell frankly states that the new Chief Justice afterwards acquired the full respect both of the legal profession and the public; and 'although not free from considerable defects, he turned out to be a very eminent common-law judge,'—admissions which it would be difficult to reconcile with the introductory portion of the biography. The worst of his defects were his temper, his parsimony, his bad Latin, and his prejudices against alleged libellers and persons charged with immorality or fraud. Whether true or false, current anecdotes are good evidence of popular impression; and it is related that when Kenyon attended a levee soon after an extraordinary explosion of temper, the King said to him, 'My Lord Chief Justice, I hear that you have lost your temper; and from my 'great regard for you, I am very glad to hear it, for I hope 'you will find a better one.' To loss of temper may also be referred a reply which Lord Campbell records under the head of *facetia*. Lord Kenyon being under an examination before a Committee of the House, and having been minutely questioned touching the perquisites of his office by Mr. Abbot (afterwards Lord Colchester), who held the place of Clerk of the Rules in the King's Bench, at last broke out: 'Sir, tell the House of 'Commons that I will not be yelped at by my own turnspit.'

In reference to his classical quotations, George the Third is reported to have said: 'My lord, by all I can hear, it would 'be well if you would stick to your good law and leave off your 'bad Latin.' His favourite phrase when he wished to stop discussion was, '*Modus in rebus*—there must be an end of things.'

He was always taking his stand '*super antiquas vias*;' and he once told a jury: 'Having discharged your consciences, you may now retire to your homes and your hearths in peace; and with the delightful consciousness of having well performed your duties as citizens, you may lay down your heads upon your pillows, and say, *Aut Caesar aut nullus*.' In exposing the falsehood of a witness he is reported to have said: 'The allegation is as far from truth as old Booterium from the Northern Main—a line I have heard or met with God knows *where*.' Coleridge relates in his 'Table Talk' that Lord Kenyon in addressing the jury in a blasphemy case, after pointing out several early Christians who had adorned the Gospel, added, 'Above all, gentlemen, need I name to you the Emperor Julian, who was so celebrated for the practice of every Christian virtue that he was called Julian the Apostle.'

His mixed metaphors have provoked nearly as much censure as his bad Latin; *e. g.*, 'If an individual can *break down* any of those safeguards which the constitution has so wisely and so cautiously erected, by *poisoning* the minds of the jury at a time when they are called upon to decide, he will *stab* the administration of justice in its most vital parts.' Yet an equal confusion of imagery may be found in Hamlet's famous soliloquy; and we remember a Vincian Professor, a successor of Blackstone, illustrating the evils of a too discursive plan of reading in this fashion: 'The student, launched on an ocean of law, skips like a squirrel from twig to twig, vainly endeavouring to collect the scattered members of Hippolytus.'

When, venturing to talk contumeliously of the Equity Courts, Kenyon exclaimed, 'Go to Chancery! *Abi in malum rem*,'—he provoked the sturdy reproof of his old patron, Thurlow, who addressed him thus: 'Taffy, when did you first think that the Court of Chancery was such a *mala res*? I remember when you made a very *good thing* of it. And when did solicitors become very odious, as I am told you now represent them? When they gave you briefs, you did not represent them as such atrocious ruffians.'

Lord Eldon used to narrate that after dinner one day, when Kenyon broke in upon him, and with some warmth stated that he was so obstinate there was no dealing with him, Thurlow interposed, saying: 'Nay, that's not fair. You, Taffy, are obstinate, and give no reasons; you, Jack Scott, are obstinate too, but then you give your reasons, and d—d bad ones they are.' This incapacity to state clearly the reasons of his decisions, is another of the defects attributed to Kenyon by his noble and learned biographer, who states that, when asked for

them in private, he would answer, 'I vow to God, that it is so.' Yet few of his judgments were overruled by his colleagues, over whom, in the words of an eye-witness, he 'predominated 'with high ascendancy;' and the Bar, to whom his demeanour was equally overbearing, seldom ventured into conflict with him on points of practice or precedent. But his temper laid him open to occasional mortification and defeat. Thus, in a contest with O. P. Clifford, whom he taunted with the vices of his ancestor, the Lord Treasurer Clifford, he laid himself open to the telling retort that 'we seldom observe in our hereditary peers those pedantic notions of impracticable morality, 'or that boisterous impetuosity of manners, which sometimes accompany and disgrace, even in the highest situations, those 'who have been raised to them from the desk.'

This 'impracticable morality' had been especially displayed in directions to juries in actions of *crim. con.*, and in a threat levelled at the vice of gaming, which was then notoriously practised by women of the highest rank and fashion: 'If any 'such prosecutions are fairly brought before me, and the guilty 'parties are convicted, whatever may be their rank and station 'in the country, though they may be the first ladies in the 'country, they shall certainly exhibit themselves in the pillory.'

This called forth a severe retaliation from the Earl of Cassilis, who lamented that the courts of justice were occupied by 'legal monks, utterly ignorant of human nature and of the ways 'of men, who were governed by their own paltry prejudices, 'and thought they must be virtuous in proportion as they were 'coarse and ill-mannered.' Stung by this sarcasm, Kenyon (barring his Latin) forcibly rejoined:—

"Somebody tells us that the Judges are *legal monks*—that they know nothing of the world. What is the world? It is necessary to define terms, in order to know what the world is, and what is meant by this knowledge of the world. If it is to be got by lounging, like young men of fashion, about Bond Street, or at gaming-tables, or at Newmarket, or in private houses of great men, or in brothels, I disavow being acquainted with it. But surely something of what may be called a knowledge of the world, *quicquid AMANT* homines*, may be contained in courts of justice."

We were startled by Lord Campbell's marginal note to a following paragraph:—'Lord Chief Justice Kenyon kicked 'by John Horne Tooke.' But the infliction proved to be only a metaphorical or metaphysical one, as when a gentleman is told to consider himself horsewhipped; the plain matter of fact being

* Sic.

that the Chief Justice was no match for his old acquaintance, as indeed few lawyers were, in repartee or logomachy, and prudently succumbed after a short struggle.

Long subsequently to Lord Kenyon's times, the law of libel was administered with indefensible severity. We can hardly, therefore, set down his strictness in applying it amongst his personal errors. The most serious of these were, his habit of treating the damages in actions of *crim. con.* as a penalty on immorality rather than as a compensation for a civil injury, and what Lord Campbell calls his fury against forestallers and regrators. Yet here again he simply went with the crowd. 'This absurdity,' wrote Sydney Smith, 'of attributing the high prices of corn to the combinations of farmers and the dealings of middle men, was the common nonsense talked in the days of my youth. I remember when ten judges out of twelve laid down this doctrine in their charges to the various grand juries on their circuits.'

Lord Kenyon, having held (in *Haycroft v. Creasy*) that an elderly gentleman who had been imposed upon by a young woman was liable to a tradesman who had trusted her on his *bonâ fide* although mistaken representations, was properly overruled by the rest of the court; and the mortification he underwent is reported to have hastened his death. When his dissentient colleagues had delivered their opinions, he exclaimed, 'Good God! What injustice have I hitherto been doing! What injustice have I been doing!' According to an eye-witness of the scene, it was visible to every person in court that this ejaculation was not uttered in the penitent voice of regret from any injustice which he might unconsciously have done, but in the querulous tone of disappointed pride.

If nothing worse than a few slips of this kind can be discovered in a judicial career of fourteen years' duration, there is surely no call for acrimonious censure; and we suspect that the premature death of his eldest son had more to do with the Chief Justice's depression than the decision in *Haycroft v. Creasy*. Looking into the open tomb of his first-born, he murmured, 'It is large enough for both.' This occurred in the autumn of 1801. In April 1802 he died, having suffered little, and retaining his mental faculties to the last. In a concluding chapter, Lord Campbell renews the attempt to modify the popular estimate, but the defects and demerits which he recapitulates are rather personal than judicial; and as wits are notoriously (indeed necessarily) prone to exaggeration, it is rather hard on the subject of a joke that it should be accepted as unimpeachable evidence of the assumed or imputed facts: —

‘If we can believe his immediate successor, *who had a fair character for veracity*, Lord Kenyon studied economy even in the hatchment put up over his house in Lincoln’s Inn Fields after his death. The motto was certainly found to be “MORS JANUA VITA”—this being at first supposed to be the mistake of the painter. But when it was mentioned to Lord Ellenborough, “Mistake!” exclaimed his Lordship, “it is no mistake. The “considerate testator left particular directions in his will that the “estate should not be burdened with the expense of a *diphthong*!”’

Does Lord Campbell really believe that Lord Ellenborough’s veracity was staked on this assertion? Or is he prepared to contend that Jekyll was literally accurate when, on some one saying that Lord Kenyon’s spits were always bright, he said, ‘It is quite irrelevant to talk about the spits, for nothing ‘turns upon them.’ Still we have much pleasure in quoting the following passage in relation to judicial hospitality, because the present practice is said to correspond with the theory:—

‘The state conferred the liberal emoluments of Chief Justice upon him as a trustee so far as that he should support the dignity of his station—that he should bring together at his board the deserving members of the important profession over which he was appointed to preside—and that he should represent the country to illustrious foreigners who came to study our juridical institutions. Lord Kenyon’s dinner-parties consisted of himself, Lady Kenyon, his children, and now and then an old attorney; and the very moderate weekly bills for such a *ménage* being paid (which they were most punctually), the accumulations were vested in the 3 per cents., till they were sufficient to buy another Welsh farm.’

Another well-known joke of Lord Ellenborough’s was that, when the Income Tax was imposed, Lord Kenyon laid down his pocket-handkerchief. According to other authorities, he never had but one; his property in which was open to dispute, as he found it in the pocket of a second-hand dress waistcoat which he bought of Lord Stormont’s valet the first time he had occasion to attend a levee. They add that, when this was worn out, it was never replaced, and that it was his wont to wipe his fingers on his breeches, which may help to account for their gradual change of colour, and the difficulty of deciding whether the original material was leather or velvet. By an analogous process the primitive black of the coat was converted into a sober green. The result of an economic system thus rigidly enforced was, that he was enabled to leave more than 250,000*l.* to his family, in addition to the name which Lord Campbell has vainly endeavoured to depreciate.

The 'Life of Lord Ellenborough' occupies 153 octavo pages. The best and most original part of it is that which is devoted to the judicial career of this very eminent lawyer, 'with whom,' Lord Campbell sets out by saying, 'I have had many a personal conflict, and from whom for several years I experienced very rough treatment, but for whose memory I entertain the highest respect.' . . . 'Ellenborough was a real chief — such as the rising generation of lawyers may read of or figure to themselves in imagination, but may never behold to dread or to admire.' We should as soon expect or desire to meet a set of people like the *dramatis personæ* of 'Every Man in his Humour,' walking about the streets, as to see a second Lord Ellenborough domineering and hectoring in Westminster Hall in decorous times like the present; and his enthusiastic admirer's wish to have him back strikes us to be hardly reconcilable with the censures levelled at his immediate predecessor. There is no denying that Lord Kenyon's worst faults, especially his bigoted opposition to Law Reform, and his high-handed administration of justice in cases involving political considerations, were reproduced and exaggerated in Lord Ellenborough, whose prouder, broader, stronger, and more cultivated mind enormously aggravated the resulting danger and mischief. This will appear from even the very cursory review we shall be able to take of his decisions and demeanour on the Bench.

The son of a bishop, and highly distinguished at his University (Cambridge), he entered the profession with every advantage of introduction and connexion; yet he did not disdain to sink the foundations of his embryo fame and fortune both low and deep by practising for many years as a special pleader,—a vocation which, dignified as it has been by a host of forensic celebrities, certainly militates theoretically against the boasted dignity of the Bar. This class of practitioners draw up pleadings and answer cases for very small fees; and Lord Ellenborough, when presiding at *Nisi Prius*, was thus rudely addressed by a quondam client, an attorney, whom he had reprimanded or overruled: 'My Lord, my Lord, although your Lordship is so great a man now, I remember the time when I could have had your opinion for five shillings.'—*Ellenborough, Ch. J.*: 'Sir, I dare say it was not worth the money.'

He assumed the gown in 1784, won his way rapidly towards the head of the Northern Circuit, and in 1788 was named leading counsel for the defence at Hastings' trial. His passages of arms with Burke, Sheridan, and Fox on this occasion enhanced his fame, and for many years afterwards he stood con-

fessedly in the first rank of advocates; yet he had reached his fifty-first year before any marked token of ministerial favour was vouchsafed to him. In 1801, he suddenly 'rose like an 'aeronaut.' Mr. Addington offered him the Attorney-Generalship, adding that, as his ministry might be of short duration, and the sacrifice, comprising the lead of the Northern Circuit, considerable, he would not expect an immediate answer, but hoped to receive one in two days. 'Sir,' was the reply, 'when such an offer is made to me and communicated in such terms, I should think myself disgraced if I took two days, two hours, or two minutes, to deliberate upon it. I am yours, and let the storm blow from what quarter of the hemisphere it may, you shall always find me at your side.' No occasion occurred calling for the fulfilment of this magnanimous pledge during the brief period of his Attorney-Generalship, which was terminated in April 1802 by his elevation to the Chief Justiceship with the full approval of the profession and the public. Lord Campbell sums up his qualifications by stating that he had an excellent head for law, complete familiarity with the leading branches of English jurisprudence, a strong sense of duty, and an absolute passion for justice; besides the physical requisites of a strong voice, an impressive manner, and a commanding presence. 'The defects in his judicial aptitude were, a bad temper, an arrogance of nature, too great a desire to gain reputation by despatch, and an excessive leaning to severity of punishment.' It is unfortunate for his memory that whilst the confidence he inspired by the impartial and efficient discharge of the ordinary duties of his office during sixteen years is forgotten, the occasional errors into which he was hurried by his temper or his prejudices are precisely of a kind to be preserved by tradition and supply attractive materials to his biographers. More than three-fourths of the pages they respectively devote to him are records of his faults; thereby proving that judicial resembles female reputation, inasmuch as discussions regarding it are almost always provoked or followed by a stain.

A diligent search through the Reports (including, of course, his own *Nisi Prius* Cases), has only enabled Lord Campbell to supply from fifteen to twenty decisions on points of general or permanent interest by which, he thinks, the common law was usefully modified or expanded by Lord Ellenborough. Their value may be estimated when we state that amongst the most important are, that no warranty is implied from the high price of goods; that an action for *crim. con.* may be maintained notwithstanding a deed of separation; that an action

for breach of promise of marriage cannot be entertained by the executor of the lady; that a trespass in fox-hunting cannot be justified on the plea of the pursuit of a noxious animal; and that fair literary criticism is not actionable, be the resulting damage what it may. Our personal interest in the matter must form our excuse for quoting a few of his characteristic sentences in *Carr v. Hood*,—an action brought by Sir John Carr, Knight, against a respectable bookseller, for a burlesque upon his travels:—

‘Who prized the works of Sir Robert Filmer after he had been refuted by Mr. Locke, but shall it be said that he might have maintained an action for defamation against that great philosopher, who was labouring to enlighten and to ameliorate mankind? We really must not cramp observations upon authors and their works. Every man who publishes a book commits himself to the judgment of the public, and any one may comment upon his performance. He may not only be refuted, but turned into ridicule if his blunders are ridiculous. Reflection on personal character is another thing. Show me any attack on the plaintiff’s character unconnected with his authorship, and I shall be as ready to protect him; but I cannot hear of malice from merely laughing at his works. The works may be very valuable for anything I know to the contrary, but others have a right to pass judgment upon them. The critic does a great service to society who exposes vapid as well as mischievous publications. He checks the dissemination of bad taste, and saves his fellow subjects from wasting their time and their money upon trash.’

Lord Campbell’s marginal note to another case is, ‘Lord Ellenborough supposed to be influenced by his love of lobster-sauce;’ and he gravely adds in the text:—‘The only occasion when he was ever *seriously* supposed to be swayed by his own interest, was in deciding whether sailors employed in the lobster-fishery were privileged from being pressed into the Royal Navy. He had an extreme love of turbot with lobster sauce.’ But we see no reason for questioning the soundness of the decision, which turns on the words of the statute (50 Geo. 3. c. 108.), exempting ‘every person employed in the fisheries of these kingdoms.’

‘Then is not the lobster-fishery a fishery, and a most important fishery, of this kingdom, though carried on in shallow water? The framers of the law well knew that the produce of the deep sea, without the produce of the shallow water, would be of comparatively small value, and intended that the turbot, when placed upon our tables, should be flanked by good lobster-sauce.’

Lord Ellenborough seems to have been thoroughly impressed with the conviction that a mild or relaxed criminal code was a

direct encouragement to crime, and that every would-be reformer of an alleged abuse was an enemy to order. Accordingly, he opposed every amelioration of our penal system, and thundered against every so-called libeller who presumed to question the expediency of an institution, or the conduct of a place-holder. Thus, in 1811, he bent all his energies to convict Leigh Hunt, then editor of the 'Examiner,' for publishing an article against excessive flogging in the army, but was defeated by the eloquence and courage of Mr. (now Lord) Brougham. The year following, however, the Hunts, though defended with equal ability by the same counsel, were convicted and sentenced to two years' imprisonment for a satirical attack on the 'Dandy of Sixty.' Perry, of the 'Morning Chronicle,' had a narrow escape; and so much indignation was excited by this prosecution, that the late Lord Holland brought the subject of *ex-officio* informations before the House of Lords, and strongly commented on the unseemly eagerness of the Chief Justice to co-operate with the law officers in putting down the press. Lord Ellenborough defended himself with his wonted vehemence; and he who hardly ever rose without offending against the strict rules of propriety—who thought nothing of using the word 'lie' to an assertion, or of calling it 'as false as hell'—complained of Lord Holland's warmth. The retort was an admirable specimen of polished irony:—

'*Lord Holland*: "The noble and learned Chief Justice has complained of the vehemence and passion with which I have delivered myself; but he should have had the charity to recollect that I have not the advantage of those judicial habits from which he has profited so much. The practice of the duties of the highest criminal judge and the exercise of temper which those duties require can alone bring the feelings of men to a perfect state of discipline, and produce even in the delivery of the strongest opinions the dignified and dispassionate tone which ever adds grace to the noble and learned Lord's oratorical efforts, and has so signally marked his demeanour in this night's debate."

Coarse vehemence was an incurable quality of his nature. It could not have been eradicated without destroying his identity; and his determination to suppress libellers was carried out under circumstances which compel faith in his honesty of purpose even when we are shocked and repelled by the extreme courses which it originated. His harsh treatment of Lord Cochrane was universally condemned; and a bill was brought into Parliament to abolish the pillory as a punishment, on the declared ground of his having resorted to it in the case of this gallant officer. 'It was said,' observes Lord Campbell,

‘that these matters preyed deeply on Lord Ellenborough’s mind and affected his health. Thenceforth he certainly seemed to have lost the gaiety of heart for which he had formerly been remarkable. Yet he presided at the memorable trial of Watson with a spirit and virulence unabated by the obvious decay of his physical strength; having to contend with the eccentric exuberance of Sir Charles Wetherall, and with the luminous energy of Serjeant Copley, who on this occasion gained the reputation which in rapid succession made him, with universal applause, Chief Justice of Chester, Solicitor- and Attorney-General, &c.’ In a note to this passage we find: ‘Lord Castlereagh was sitting on the bench during the trial, and, after expressing great admiration of the Whig-Radical eloquence (of Lord L.), is said to have added: “I will set my rat-trap for him, baited “with *Cheshire cheese*.”’

This is an old joke, which was revived for the benefit of the late Mr. Warren in 1819; and it was during the trial of a prosecution against the publisher of the ‘Quarterly Review,’ for an alleged libel on Colonel Macaroni, that Lord Lyndhurst (then Serjeant Copley) first fixed the attention of the Tory leaders as a desirable auxiliary. He conducted the defence, and the Duke of Wellington, Lord Liverpool, with other members of the Government, having been subpoenaed as witnesses, were seated on the bench. Shortly after, the successful advocate was requested to call on the Prime Minister, who told him that, if he wished to come into Parliament, a seat was at his disposal; and requested him to take time to consider. The reply was an immediate acceptance, and Mr. Serjeant Copley was forthwith elected member for Yarmouth in the Isle of Wight, on the nomination of Mr. Holmes. No pledge, promise, or condition of any sort was required, offered, suggested, or imposed.

To return from this brief digression,—the last occasion on which Lord Ellenborough was destined to manifest his undying hatred of ultra-liberalism, was the trial of Hone, who was charged by three different informations with publishing three parodies, entitled ‘The late John Wilkes’ Catechism,’ ‘The Political Litany,’ and ‘The Sinecurist’s Creed.’ He was acquitted on the first, which was tried before Mr. Justice Abbott (Lord Tenterden), who proved unwilling to contend or unequal to cope with Hone. On hearing this, the enfeebled Chief Justice resolved at all risks to preside in person at the two remaining trials. As he took his seat on the second day, Hone shouted: ‘I am glad to see you, my Lord Ellenborough; I know what you are come here for—I know what you want.’ ‘I am come

‘to do justice,’ retorted the Chief; ‘my only wish is to see justice done.’ ‘Is it not rather, my Lord,’ said Hone, ‘to send a poor bookseller to rot in a dungeon?’ If so, he was sadly disappointed; and, not content with one defeat, he resorted to the unjustifiable and ill-judged measure of proceeding with the third case. A third verdict of ‘Not Guilty’ was returned, and the haughty judge was beaten in feeling and courtesy, as well as in argument, when, amongst parallel parodies, one attributed to his father, the bishop, was introduced and commented upon by Hone. ‘For decency’s sake, forbear!’ was the deprecatory exclamation, in a broken voice, of his humiliated antagonist; and Hone instantly waved his advantage by laying aside the parody.

It is popularly believed that Lord Ellenborough was killed by Hone’s trial, just as it is traditionally related that the news of the battle of Austerlitz was the death-blow of Pitt. But we have heard on unimpeachable authority, that of the late Duke of Wellington, that the day after the arrival of the news, Pitt appeared at Stanmore Priory in excellent spirits, and drank his daily quantity (about two bottles) of port mixed with water; whilst Bishop Turner, who was present at the trial and accompanied Lord Ellenborough home in his carriage, relates that he laughed all the way at the hootings of the mob, remarking that ‘he was afraid of their *saliva*, not of their bite.’ The Bishop adds that, passing Charing Cross, he pulled the check-string, and said, ‘It just occurs to me that they sell the best red herrings at this shop of any in London; buy six.’ Whether this was done in bravado or not, it must be admitted to show coolness and pluck.

From this period his strength declined rapidly. On the 6th of November, 1818, being physically unable to attend the court any longer, he reluctantly resigned his office; and on the 13th of the following month he died. Lord Campbell, after repeating the very high eulogy with which he started, says, ‘It was in ‘sarcastic effusions from the bench, and in jocular quips when ‘mixing in society on equal terms with his companions, that he ‘(Lord Ellenborough) acquired his most brilliant renown;’—a curious encomium to pass on a revered predecessor. Nor do these jocular quips improve under the correcting hand of the noble biographer, who is a more trustworthy reporter of a *Nisi Prius* decision than of a joke. Thus, when the late Mr. Preston, having consumed the entire day, inquired when it would be their Lordships’ pleasure that he should resume his argument, Lord Ellenborough said: ‘Mr. Preston, you will be heard in due course on Friday’—naming the next day appointed for arguments on points of law—‘The court has no pleasure in the

'matter:' the sarcasm being veiled in the formal announcement. In Lord Campbell's version Lord Ellenborough is guilty of undisguised discourtesy: 'Mr. Preston, we are bound to hear you out, and I hope we shall do so on Friday—but, alas! pleasure has been long out of the question.' This joke, by the way, was anticipated by Lord North, when, on reading over the appointments of the successors to his ministry in the Gazette, 'It has *pleased* his Majesty to appoint, &c.,' he said, 'His Majesty has not the least pleasure in the world in appointing *them*.'

Mr. Townshend relates that when a barrister began, 'It is written in the large volume of nature,' Lord Ellenborough asked, 'In what page?' and that when the notorious Henry Hunt spoke of some that complained of his *dangerous eloquence*, the Chief Justice mildly observed, 'They do you great injustice, Sir.' By way of putting his mark on these stories, Lord Campbell expands the first sarcasm into, 'Will you have the goodness to mention the page, Sir, if you please?' and the second, 'My impartiality as a judge calls upon me to say, Sir, that in accusing you of that, *they* do you great injustice.'

A company of volunteers having taken refuge from a storm in Westminster Hall, Lord Ellenborough inquired the meaning of the clatter. 'My Lord,' said the usher, 'it is a volunteer *regiment exorcising*, your Lordship.' '*Exorcising!* We will see who is best at that. Go, Sir, and inform the regiment that if it depart not instantly, I shall commit it to the custody of the tipstaff.' In Lord Campbell's version it is *exercising*.

Lord Darnley (Mr. Townshend says, a bishop) having yawned during his own speech, 'There is some sense in that,' growled out Lord Ellenborough; 'but this is encroaching on our province.'

A witness, questioned as to his station in life, said, 'I employ myself as a surgeon.' Lord Ellenborough: 'Does any one else employ you as a surgeon?'

Lord Eldon relates that at one of the royal marriages, there being much talking during the ceremony in one corner of the drawing-room, Lord Ellenborough called out, 'Be silent in that corner, or you shall be married yourselves.' His own wife, a renowned beauty, occasionally tried his temper; as when, on his return from the continent, his carriage was searched and a quantity of smuggled lace discovered in it; or when he flung his own wig-box and wig out of the carriage window by mistake for one of her handboxes. But, on the whole, he enjoyed his full share of domestic felicity, and did not scruple to provide for his family with an eagerness at which modern delicacy would

start. The current story was that the death of Way, who held the office of Chief Clerk of the King's Bench, was announced to him as he was riding in Hyde Park, and that he dismounted at a neighbouring house and signed an appointment to his son, lest he should die before he reached home. Another version is, that he tore off the back of a letter and wrote the appointment in pencil on his hat. He had refused 80,000*l.* for the reversion of this office. The income exceeded 7000*l.* a year, which, till his son was of age, he added to his own salary. He amassed very nearly the same fortune as his predecessor, namely, about 240,000*l.* It is worthy of remark that he was the first judge who set the example of moving to the West End; the utmost stretch in that direction on the part of the legal dignitaries, until he took a house in St. James's Square, being Bedford Square and its vicinity. The innovation provoked a good deal of censure as an affectation of aristocratic habits, and caused considerable inconvenience to the attorneys, who at that period were often obliged to attend the judges at their private residences to swear affidavits and transact other formal business. He was also the first to discontinue the practice of receiving the Bar at evening parties during Term; and Lord Brougham relates: 'I remember being told by a learned serjeant that at the table of Serjeants' Inn, where the judges meet their brethren of the coif to dine, the etiquette was, in those days, never to say a word after the Chief Justice, nor ever to begin any topic of conversation. He was treated with fully more than the obsequious deference shown at Court to the sovereign himself.' This is surely an exaggerated description; although respect for his commanding intellect, and fear of his sarcastic roughness, may account for much of the silence and the awe.

Lord Tenterden presents as marked a contrast as could easily be imagined to his strong-minded, fearless, energetic, haughty, and domineering predecessor. Except under the occasional influence of temporary irritation, he was remarkable for the opposite extreme of caution, diffidence, and even humility; for which his noble biographer accounts by supposing that he was constantly haunted by the consciousness of low birth. It is notorious that he was the son of a barber at Canterbury, described by a contemporary as 'going about with the instruments of his business under his arm, and attended frequently by his son Charles (the future Chief Justice), a youth as decent, grave, and primitive-looking as himself.' With the view of elevating the craft, Lord Campbell appends the following strange note:—

'One of the most intimate friends I have ever had in the world

was Dick Danby, who kept a hairdresser's shop under the Cloisters in the Inner Temple. I first made his acquaintance from his assisting me, when a student at law, to engage a set of chambers; he afterwards cut my hair, made my Bar wigs, and assisted me at all times with his valuable advice. He was on the same good terms with most of my forensic contemporaries. Thus he became master of all the news of the profession; and he could tell who were getting on and who were without a brief,—who succeeded by their talents and who hugged the attorneys,—who were desirous of becoming puisne judges and who meant to try their fortune in Parliament,—which of the Chiefs was in a failing state of health, and who was next to be promoted to the collar of SS. Poor fellow! he died suddenly, and his death threw a universal gloom over Westminster Hall,—unrelieved by the thought that the survivors who mourned him might pick up some of his business,—a consolation which wonderfully softens the grief felt for the loss of a favourite Nisi Prius leader.'

Charles Abbott was educated at the King's School of Canterbury, where he attracted so much notice by his industry, regularity, and quickness in acquiring knowledge, that when he reached his eighteenth year, he was supplied, through the goodwill of his townspeople, with the means of prosecuting his studies at the University of Oxford. He was entered of Corpus Christi College, where he speedily obtained a scholarship. He subsequently carried off a prize for Latin verse and one for English composition, and in due course became tutor and fellow of his college. His original destination was the Church, but it was changed by the advice of Mr. Justice Buller, to whose son he had been tutor for two years; and the recommendation, we are told, was backed by the following quotation from the Year Books: 'It is actionable to say of a lawyer that he is a d—d fool, for this is saying he is unfit for the profession whereby he lives; but *aliter* of a parson *par ce que on poet estre bon parson et d—d fool*.'

After long hesitating between the different branches of English jurisprudence, he selected the congenial vocation of a special pleader, and in a few years formed connexions amongst the attorneys sufficient to justify his assumption of the gown. He joined the Oxford Circuit in 1796, and was found by Lord Campbell fourteen years afterwards 'with a junior brief in every cause tried at every assize town,' but with neither wish nor capacity for leading causes or competing for the higher prizes. The publication of his treatise 'On Merchants' Ships and Seamen,' had already acquired for him a large amount of junior business in Guildhall. Although his return to the Income Tax for 1806 was 802*l.* 5*s.*, he never, we are assured, addressed a jury in London in the whole course of his life; and

when on circuit, from the silk gowns being all retained on the other side, he was now and then forced to lead, he showed the most marvellous inaptitude for the functions of an advocate. The correctness of his understanding simply added to his embarrassment, because it painfully oppressed him with the weak points of his case, whilst he was without language or ingenuity to illustrate, amplify, or expatiate upon the good. His want of boldness, also, bordered on meanness. The assenting nod of a judge to a motion invariably called forth: 'I humbly thank your Lordship;' and Lord Campbell adds:—

'I remember once when he began by making an abject apology for the liberty he was taking in contending that Lord Ellenborough had laid down some bad law at Nisi Prius, he was thus contemptuously reprimanded:—"Proceed, Mr. Abbott, proceed; it is your right and your duty to argue that I misdirected the jury, if you think so."

It is difficult to remain stationary at a middle point in any profession, especially at the Bar, and Abbott was constantly haunted by the fear of being obliged to move into the front rank, until (in Feb. 1816) he was saved from the apprehended risk by being appointed to a puisne judgeship in the Common Pleas. In less than two months, he was transferred to the corresponding rank in the King's Bench; the reason, as he explains in his diary, being that Lord Eldon wished to make a judge of Burrough, who, from age and other defects, was not producible in the King's Bench. When Lord Ellenborough resigned in 1818, he strongly recommended Serjeant Lens as his successor; but Lens was too liberal a politician, and too independent a man, to have conciliated Lord Eldon, or to suit the Government; and Abbott, who had already given proof of high judicial excellence, was made Chief Justice of England. The paragraph in which Lord Campbell describes the Court under this new Presidency is one of those, happily by no means rare, which stamp a distinctive character and confer a peculiar value on his books:—

'The far happiest part of my life as an advocate I passed under the auspices of Chief Justice Abbott. From being a puisne, it was some time before he acquired the ascendancy and the *prestige* which, for the due administration of justice, the Chief ought to enjoy,—and while Best remained a member of the Court, he frequently obstructed the march of business. But when this very amiable and eloquent, although not very logical, Judge had prevailed upon the Prince Regent to make him Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, the King's Bench became the *beau idéal* of a court of justice. Best was succeeded by Littledale, one of the most acute, learned, and simple-

mind of men. For the senior puisne we had Bayley. He did not talk very wisely on literature or on the affairs of life, but the whole of the common law of this realm he carried in his head and in seven little red books. These accompanied him day and night; in these every reported case was regularly posted, and in these, by a sort of magic, he could at all times instantaneously turn up the authorities required. The remaining puisne was Holroyd, who was absolutely born with a genius for law, and was not only acquainted with all that had ever been said or written on the subject, but reasoned most scientifically and beautifully upon every point of law which he touched, and, notwithstanding his husky voice and sodden features, as often as he spoke he delighted all who were capable of appreciating his rare excellence. Before such men there was no pretence for being lengthy or importunate. Every point made by counsel was understood in a moment, the application of every authority was discovered at a glance, the counsel saw when he might sit down, his case being safe, and when he might sit down, all chance of success for his client being at an end. I have practised at the Bar when no case was secure, no case was desperate, and when, good points being overruled, for the sake of justice it was necessary that bad points should be taken; but during that golden age law and reason prevailed,—the result was confidently anticipated by the knowing before the argument began,—and the judgment was approved by all who heard it pronounced,—including the vanquished party. Before such a tribunal the advocate becomes dearer to himself by preserving his own esteem, and feels himself to be a minister of justice, instead of a declaimer, a trickster, or a bully. I do not believe that so much important business was ever done so rapidly and so well before any other Court that ever sate in any age or country.'

Lord Brougham's curious and valuable work, entitled 'Statesmen of Great Britain,' contains a masterly analysis of Lord Tenterden's judicial character; and an admirable sketch written by the late Mr. Justice Talfourd for the 'Law Magazine,' is quoted at length by each of the competing biographers. It seems agreed on all hands that this applauded judge was eminently remarkable for acuteness, knowledge of mankind, clearness of view, perspicuity of statement, perfect familiarity with legal principles as well as with technical rules, and an innate love of justice. He, moreover, took to his duties as labours of love. 'His pasty face became irradiate, and his dim eye sparkled, if a new and important question of law was raised; and he took more interest in its decision than the counsel whose fame depended upon the result.' But the highest faculties of mind were altogether wanting in him; 'for those higher occasions in which a judge may be called to estimate noble motives in their strengths and their weaknesses, to understand

'the deepest passions, and make allowances for generous infirmities, he had no experience, no answering virtue or frailty.' In the trial of ordinary *Nisi Prius* cases, also, he was frequently the unconscious instrument of injustice by checking cross-examination and otherwise restricting the useful functions of the advocate. Under him an *Ersine* would have been an impossibility; and Lord Brougham says that, had his nerves been in the same proportion firm as his dislike to declamation and illustration was strong, a struggle would have ensued in which the eloquence of the Bar would have been extinguished, or have silenced and discomfited the Bench.

'I do not like,' said Curran, after his appointment to the Rolls, 'to appear in the character of a drill-sergeant, with my cane rapping the knuckles of a private, when I become a colonel from the ranks.' Lord Tenterden had no such scruples, and the slightest digression into the realms of fancy, or departure from the point at issue, was the signal for the cane to descend. 'It is asserted in "*Aristotle's Rhetoric*,"' argued a pedantic barrister,—"I don't want to hear what is asserted in "*Aristotle's Rhetoric*,"" interposed the Chief Justice—"It is laid down in the "*Pandects of Justinian*"—"Where are you got to now?" 'It is a principle of the civil law'—"Oh, sir, we have nothing to do with *civil law* in this court.' We agree with Lord Campbell that the pun, if it can be called one, was unintentional; like that of Blackstone, who remarks in his '*Commentaries*,' that 'landmarks on the sea shore are often of *signal service to navigation*.'

As wagers neither prohibited by statute nor contrary to morals, are still recoverable by action, it is difficult to lay down beforehand which of them a judge may refuse to try on the ground of their trifling nature or the resulting waste of public time. Mr. (now Lord) Brougham, who was retained in an action for the recovery of a wager on a dog fight, was proceeding: 'We, my Lord, were minded that the dogs should fight'—"Then I," interrupted the Chief Justice, 'am minded to hear no more of it. Call the next cause.' The attorneys and witnesses were not spared when they were guilty, or suspected, of affectation or conceit. According to Lord Campbell, he was particularly angry if a *shop* was called a *warehouse* by its owner, or the *shopman* dubbed an *assistant*; or (we may add) if a *bagman* was converted into a commercial traveller.

'A gentleman pressing into a crowded court, complained that he could not get to his counsel. Lord Tenterden: "What are you, Sir?" Gentleman: "My Lord, I am the plaintiff's solicitor." Lord Tenterden: "We know nothing of *solicitors* here, Sir. Had you

"been in the respectable rank of an *attorney*, I should have ordered
"room to be made for you."

When Jekyll was asked the difference between an *attorney* and a *solicitor*, he replied, 'About the same that exists between 'an *alligator* and a *crocodile*.' In point of fact, a *solicitor* is a Chancery attorney; almost every attorney is also a *solicitor*; and the reason why the latter designation is preferred is that Chancery business is considered the most respectable.

When Carlile, during one of the prosecutions against him for blasphemous publications, complained that he would have met with more justice in a Turkish court—"More summary justice," undoubtedly, replied Lord Tenterden, "for the bowstring 'would have been round your neck an hour ago.'"

It cannot be added, however, that he was no respecter of persons. He had an instinctive reverence for rank and authority; and Lord Brougham relates that once, when he had addressed to a witness an admonition, not very unusual with him and not very delicately couched, to 'hold up his head and speak out like 'a man,' it was amusing to observe the fall of both countenance and voice, when the witness turned upon the Judge the face of the Chairman of the Honourable East India Company. What was worse, he habitually submitted to the ascendancy of the consummate advocate (the late Lord Abinger), under whom he had so long acted as junior counsel, and was led by him into laying down more than one unsound and mischievous doctrine, which it has been subsequently found expedient to eradicate from the body of our jurisprudence. It used to be told of a member for a western county, that an unerring mode of securing his vote against a bill, no matter the subject, was to tell him that it was incidentally directed against the game-laws. Lord Tenterden was similarly swayed by the suggestion of a fraud. 'I have heard Scarlett jocularly boast,' says Lord Campbell, 'that he got many a verdict by humouring this propensity, just giving the hint very remotely to the Chief Justice, 'and allowing his Lordship all the pleasure and the *clat* of exposing the cheat.'

The partiality in question was so notorious that once, on the favourite's having sarcastically reminded the late Mr. Adolphus that 'there is a difference between the practice here and at the 'Old Bailey,' he was met by the happy retort, 'I know there is. 'There, the judge rules the advocate; here, the advocate rules 'the judge.'

Lord Tenterden had been nine years Chief Justice before he was made a peer. His elevation, if we may trust Lord Campbell, was owing to a concurrence of circumstances and motives

which negative the notion of its being a spontaneous tribute to his worth. On the formation of Mr. Canning's short-lived administration, in 1827, 'it was suggested to the new Premier, by 'Scarlett, long his intimate private friend, and now his Attorney-General elect, that it would be a graceful act in public estimation, and would throw some obloquy on Lord Eldon, whom they 'both heartily hated, and who heartily hated them both, if a peerage 'were given to Lord Eldon's neglected *protégé*, the Chief Justice 'of England.' It would have been better for this neglected *protégé* if another mode of throwing obloquy on the patron had been adopted, for the little the Chief Justice did in the way of Law Reform—the preparation of the Acts which pass under his name—could have been performed by him without his being ennobled, and his appearances as a legislator have left a durable impression of his narrow-mindedness. He vehemently opposed each of the great measures for the advancement of civil and religious liberty brought forward whilst he had a seat in the Upper House; and he was ill-advised enough to conclude his speech against the Reform Bill by exclaiming, 'Never, never, my 'Lords, shall I enter the doors of this house after it has become 'the phantom of its departed greatness.' He kept his word, but his powers of abstinence were not severely tested, since this speech was made in April, 1832, and he died in the November following. His last illness came upon him in the midst of an important trial arising out of the Bristol riots; and this gives plausibility to a statement in which both biographers substantially concur,—that his last words were those with which he commonly concluded an address to a jury. Mr. Townshend's version being, 'Gentlemen of the jury, you may retire;' Lord Campbell, of course, gives them with a variation: 'And now, 'gentlemen of the jury, you will consider of your verdict.'

This alteration signifies little, but we cannot consent to let his Lordship's version of another anecdote remain uncorrected:—

'Sir Peter Laurie, the saddler, when Lord Mayor of London, gave a dinner at the Mansion House to the Judges, and, in proposing their health, observed, in impassioned accents, "What a "country is this we live in! In other parts of the world there is "no chance, except for men of high birth and aristocratic connexions; "but here genius and industry are sure to be rewarded. See before "you the examples of myself, the Chief Magistrate of the Metropolis "of this great empire, and the Chief Justice of England sitting at "my right hand—both now in the highest offices in the State, and "both sprung from the very dregs of the people."'

The slightest consideration might have suggested that Sir Peter would not have referred to himself as sprung from the

very dregs of the people. After expatiating on the excellence of the British Constitution, he proceeded: 'I might instance my humble self—but why should I do so, when there sits my Lord Tenterden, who has seen not, like me, from the respectable class of tradesmen, but, I may say, from the very dregs of the people.'

More than eighty peerages having been founded by the legal profession, it is undoubtedly well fitted to exemplify Sir Peter Laurie's argument, and it may also suggest pregnant reflections on the infinite varieties of fortune and conduct that command or influence success in life. The highborn and the lowborn, the rich and the poor, the proud and the humble, the industrious and the idle, the learned and the ignorant, the honest and the dishonest—all mingle in the race; nor is it too much to say that every calculation of chances may be baffled, and every maxim of worldly prudence confuted or confirmed, by examples drawn from volumes in which the rise of the scion of nobility alternates with that of the barber's boy, whilst Hale and Holt, the most revered of legal worthies, are discovered to have wasted their youth and early manhood in idleness and vice.

It is consolatory to find that, as we approach our own times, this description of biography loses its harsher and more repulsive features. The Revolution of 1688 rescued it from the painful labour of tracing the progress of a Scroggs or a Jeffreys, and the manner in which public opinion is now brought to bear on the administration of justice is a guarantee for its freedom from those eccentricities (to use the mildest phrase) in which, till very recently, what are called strong-minded judges occasionally indulged to its detriment. Lord Ellenborough has been graphically portrayed as 'rushing through the cause-list like a rhinoceros through a sugar plantation;' and his boasted and applauded despatch was commonly obtained by nonsuiting a third of the plaintiffs from some defect of form, and frightening another third into a costly and tedious arbitration. Now, all purely technical objections are precluded, and every cause is patiently heard out, or disposed of with the free consent of the litigants. Lord Campbell has rendered an inestimable service to his profession by bringing vividly before the public the succession of events and changes from which so satisfactory a conclusion will be deduced; and a debt of gratitude is also due to him from cultivated readers of all classes for familiarising them with the grand constitutional questions—including almost all recorded in our annals—in which the great lawyers have prominently figured, sometimes on the side of injustice and tyranny, but far oftener (witness Coke, Selden, and Somers) on

that of liberty and right. Our duty as conscientious critics, and a sense of justice to those by whose labours he has profited, have obliged us to indicate what appears to us to be fair deductions from his claims to originality and impartiality; but, we gladly recognise in the present Chief Justice of England one of the most agreeable and instructive of living biographers; and we bear willing testimony to the varied knowledge, the liberal views, the sound judgment, the pervading kindness of feeling, and the skill in the selection and disposition of his materials, which cannot fail to ensure the popularity of his books.

ART. VII.—1. *Agricultural Statistics of Scotland for 1856.*

2. *Census of Great Britain and Ireland, 1851.*

3. *Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides.* By JAMES BOSWELL, Esq. A New Edition, with Notes and Introduction by ROBERT CARRUTHERS.

4. *Braemar Ballads, with Notes.* By JOHN STUART BLACKIE, Professor of Greek in the University of Edinburgh, 1857.

NOT many false sentiments have had more injurious* or foolish consequences than that to which Goldsmith gave new wings when he sent forth the assertion—

‘A time there was ere England’s griefs began,
When every rood of ground maintained its man.’

Because the cultivation of land is certainly the most primitive, and is imagined, especially by those that have not tried it, to be also the most pleasant and innocent mode of life, it seems to be imagined that there is no natural and insurmountable limit to the number of persons who may live by cultivating any supposed extent of soil—no limit but what has been erected by the cupidity of the rich and the cruelty of the law.

Nevertheless, that there is such a limit, and that it is easy to reach and fatal to pass it, is a fact not only plain to reason and demonstrable by calculation, but of which we have always had in this country most painful illustrations at work before our eyes. In Ireland, lately, a dreadful crash, following a long course of rotting and sinking, most awfully admonished us of this truth, and we have but partially and narrowly escaped an admonition no less solemn in the Scottish Highlands. What are the best possible proportions of agricultural population to acres, is a question of course endlessly diversified by considerations of soil and cli-

mate, although it seems a sort of popular delusion that you can put as many human beings, acre for acre, upon the Moor of Rannoch as upon the Carse of Gowrie; and it is a question which in the end must inevitably in each case be left for settlement among those directly concerned, — though they may err on one side, as was undoubtedly done in Ireland, or on the other side, as is said (we shall see with what degree of accuracy) to have been done in portions of Scotland. It is, perhaps, rather sharp practice to encounter poetry with arithmetic, but it may be useful to hint, by way of illustration, that a rood of ground never yet maintained its man in England or anywhere else. It takes four roods of pretty good ground to maintain a sheep. Although England now maintains at least threefold the population of the time ere her griefs began, it is found that, even in her richest agricultural districts, sixteen roods are required to maintain a man. In Ireland an attempt was made to make every *ten* roods maintain their man — perhaps the nearest approach ever made in these latitudes to the Goldsmithian proportions; and we saw and felt what it came to. In the Scotch Highlands, owing to the application in some districts of checks not applied in other districts, the proportions were and are exceedingly diverse; but although they scarcely ever or anywhere reached the Irish level, it is an unquestionable fact that wherever there was or is the largest number of men in proportion to roods, *there* was or is the intensest degree of wretchedness. If it fares ill with 'the land where wealth accumulates and men decay,' (which proceeds somewhat on the assumption of an impossibility, seeing that wealth can neither be produced nor enjoyed without men,) we ought not to forget that it fares ~~worse~~ with the land where men accumulate and wealth decays. So fared it with Ireland; so fares it even now with portions of the Scottish Highlands; and so would it have fared with all that interesting country and people, but for those changes which it has now become a sort of fashion periodically, *i. e.* autumnally, to deplore and to denounce.

In seeking to show that the cry to which the country is accustomed to listen assentingly or sympathisingly about 'the depopulation of the Highlands,' is erroneous in fact and vicious in sentiment, we may premise that it is not necessary for such a purpose either to approve of all the proceedings of Highland proprietors, or to put on insensibility to the sufferings, the virtues, and the claims of the Highland peasantry. We have formerly (*Edinburgh Review*, No. clxxiv.) indicated a fear that Sismondi, though very often wrong in facts and rash in conclusions, may not have been entirely mistaken in

his position that the relation of chief and clan was radically different from that of landlord and tenant. And although, as it was then expressed, 'the law has run far too long a period in its present course, and has made for itself too decided a channel, to permit of its being now advantageously altered,' it may be right that the recollection of this disputed peculiarity of the case should be carried along with us, and allowed to have its weight wherever it can be seen to press. As to sympathy with the individuals removed from their places of birth, with whatever degree of compulsion, and whether to foreign countries or only to the next parish, who can help feeling even more than facts warrant or reason approves? All that we see is that the change is to them a grief; we need to inquire and consider before we see that it is nevertheless a necessity and a kindness. This sympathy finds loudest expression in those who have seen and inquired least, either as to the past or the present of the Highlands. Professor Blackie, from Edinburgh, seeking pastime for his vacation, and work for his somewhat vagrant muse, marks on the banks of Dee the bright turf and untended tree which 'show where a garden has been,' and straightway his imagination bodies forth homesteads 'once bright with Highland cheer' and filled with an industrious and thriving population, all made to give place to an artificial desolation for the pleasure of some English Nimrod. But what if there never was anything there but wretchedness and rapine—if the solitude was made long before the English invaders sought it, and if (keeping here to the particular case unluckily lighted upon by Professor Blackie, in his poetical flight) there happened never to have been in that district either evictions or Highlanders? The tourist, steaming through the Hebrides some summer day, when an emigrantship is waiting at her station, sees boat-loads of the departing people, with tear-soiled countenances and hanging heads, shooting out from the dusky shores of Mull, or from beneath the riven peaks of Skye; his ear is assailed with wailings, as if in reproach to Heaven, sent up from women crouching with covered heads on the outermost rocks; and he is amazed, saddened, and indignant. But what if he knew that these people are only doing now, with tears and struggling, what has been done willingly and long ago by the population of other and happier districts, and is being done at this day in every other class and almost every family of the British community? What if he knew that they are leaving behind them chronic and hopeless misery—a misery that has lasted from time immemorial, and threatened to last in all time to come? What, in short, if it can be shown, not by mere argument, but from the teaching of all experience there and else-

where, that the 'Depopulation of the Highlands,' though in particular instances it may have been accompanied with more or less haste and harshness, ~~is~~ on the whole, and so far as it has yet gone, and much further than *that*, a work of necessity and mercy?

The sum of the popular belief or outcry regarding the Highlands seems to be, — that those regions once contained a large population, happy in peace and servicable in war; that, without necessity and against true policy and profit, that happy population has been forcibly and unduly reduced; and that this cruel process is at present undergoing aggravation in order to make artificial solitudes for the sport of strangers. The sum of what the facts, so far as we can find them, establish, is, that the population never was otherwise than socially wretched; that the removal of a portion of it, by one means or another, was absolutely necessary; that, after all, the population of the Highlands is at this moment greater than ever; that it is in many places greater than it ought to be, or than population is in districts much better fitted for employing and sustaining human beings; that the changes of position or employment undergone by portions of the population in some Highland counties are only similar in character and extent to what has taken place in non-Highland districts, not subjected to any compulsion; that the so-called 'cleared' districts were manifestly fitted by nature rather for Sheep than for Men; and that the Deer is no more of an intruder, and is less of a depopulator, than the Sheep.

When we are called upon to lament the removal of a population, it is not only a proper beginning, but comes pretty near to a proper end of the inquiry, to ask whether the condition of that people at home has been such as in all probability to render the change they have made, or any change, for the better or for the worse. Now, it is a fact that, while, in these latter days, we are summoned and commanded to mourn over the diminution of a happy people in the Scottish Highlands, every morsel of evidence in existence, from the earliest records, down through the description of the first travellers, to the details of the last potato failure, or the latest Report from the Poor-Law Board or the Destitution Committee, is to the effect that, without exception or interval, the mass of the Scottish Highlanders have always lived a life of as great penury and privation as can be imagined or endured. This is not a point on which there is doubtful or conflicting evidence — there is not a single word of testimony to the contrary. All the now prevalent talk about former happy times is not only purely imaginative, but quite modern. The 'Times,' in its last periodical outburst on the

subject, talked of 'busy communities swept away that primitive nature may resume her stern sway.' But we seek in vain for any witness that ever saw the communities busy, or nature otherwise than stern. Professor Blackie demands the 'restoration of the former prosperity of the Highlands.' But what less fervid and more correct people ask, is to be told when this prosperity existed, and what were its form and signs. It must be admitted, however,—and the fact is curious,—that, though there is not to be found among the evidence of former days any statement that the Highlands were then, or had ever before been, in a state of prosperity, there is to be found almost everywhere an assumption, surviving still in increased vigour, that, but for some mistake or mismanagement of somebody or another, they might have been, and might easily hereafter become, a scene of fertility and industry. They never were, but always were to be, blessed with riches and happiness. The wilderness was always hereafter to blossom as the rose, though it had previously been, and still continues to be, productive only of moss and heath. An Act of the Scottish Parliament, in 1597, has a rather amusing specimen of this delusion, if such we may venture to call an expectation which remains alike unfulfilled and unexploded three centuries afterwards; and the extract we give is, we may point out, deserving of consideration as strongly militating against the theory of Sismondi as to the nature of the tenure on which the chiefs held the land:—

'Considering that the inhabitants of the Hie-lands and Isles of this Realme, quhilkis ar for the maist parte of his Hienesse annexed propertie: Hes nocht onclie frustrate his Majestie of the yeirlic payment of his proper rentes, and dew service properlie addebtet be them to his Majestic, foorth of the saidis Landes: Bot that they haue likewise throuch their barbarous in-humanitie, maid, and presentlie makis the saidis Hielandes and Isles (*quhilkis ar maist commodious in them selues, als weill bee the fertilitie of the grounde, as be rich fishinges bee sea*), altogidder vn-profitable, baith to themselves, and to all otheris his Hienesse Leiges within this Realme: They neither interteyning ony civill or honest societie amangst themselves, neither zit admitting vtheris his Hienesse Leiges, to trafficque within their boundes, with safetie of their lives and gudes. For remeid quhairof, and that the saidis in-habitanteris of the saidis Hielandes and Isles, may the better bee reduced to ane godlie, honest, and civill manner of living: It is Statute and ordained, that all landes-lordes, chieftaines, and leaders of Clannes, principall house-halders, heretoures and vtheris possessours, or pretendand richt to ony landes, within the saidis Hie-landes

‘and Iles, sall betuixte this and the xv. daye of May nixt to cum, compeir before the Lordes of his Hienesse Checker, at Edinburgh, or quhair it sall happen them to sit for the time, and there bring and produce with them all their infestmentes, richtes and titles quhat-sum-ever, quhairby they claime richt and title to ony parte of the landes or fishinges, within the boundes fore-saidis.’

It will be seen that in those old days the doctrine was, that the Highlands would have flourished had it not been for the Highlanders. In the present day the doctrine is, that the Highlands cannot flourish for want of Highlanders. We may add, in passing, that in the same reign there is an Act to the effect that ‘all sik notorious thieves as wer borne in the lands of the Heilans that hes lang continued inobedient sal be remooved to the parts quhair they wer borne,’ unless they can find surety to behave ‘as Lawlands and obedient men.’ It thus appears that in those days the Highlanders would not stay at home when they were bidden, while in these days they will go nowhere else but on compulsion of famine or of law.

In the very old times, the Condition-of-the-Highlands question, though always one of great solicitude to whoever had care of the public safety, did not include much consideration of the bodily comforts or misery of the mass of the people. Nor would it be useful for any present purpose to begin further back than the date of the earliest traveller who inquired and reported, — ‘M. Martin, gent.,’ — who wrote his well-known and little-read work, ‘Description of the Western Islands,’ somewhere before 1700. Martin was an honest but credulous man, thoroughly to be believed about anything he had seen, but with an infinite aptitude for believing things he had not seen, such as ghosts, fairies, and the second-sight. Like almost all his successors, he was possessed of the fond imagination that, but for somebody or another’s fault, the Highlands would have been quite a different country from what they had ever been, or were when he saw them, or have ever since become.

‘The north-west isles,’ says Martin, ‘are most capable of improvement by sea and by land. . . . If the natives were taught and encouraged to take pains to improve their corn and hay, to plant, enclose, and manure their ground, drain lakes, sow wheat and pease, and plant orchards and kitchen gardens, they might have as great plenty of all things for the sustenance of mankind as any other people in Europe.’ And he is further of opinion that there is good store of gold-dust in North Uist and Harris — ‘The teeth of the sheep which feed there are dyed yellow’ (this last piece of circumstantial

evidence is, if we remember right, a suggestion of Hector Boethius). Here we see, nearly two hundred years ago, the same story which is still being told, less romantically, but not more rationally — immense capability and no results; orchards might blossom and wheat-fields wave where there was and is but a black and soaking wilderness; if the people would only ‘take pains,’ they might make Lewis a combination of Norfolk and California, might ‘drain lakes’ — and remove mountains; —and, more characteristically still, the people *would* take pains, and all these magnificent consequences follow, if only some other people, unnamed and unimaginable, would teach and encourage them. Till long after Martin’s days, they had, it must be admitted, no teaching but experience and no incentives but misery behind, and, according to all popular authorities, plenty and comfort before. Since then, however, they *have* had a considerable amount of teaching and encouragement; an attempt to perform a good deal of what Martin promised has been made on the very spot from which he wrote as above; and Sir James Matheson has made Martin’s favourite island of Lewis the subject of a truly stupendous and princely expenditure; and yet the results are the same, and, what is much more strange, so are the popular cry and belief. Martin’s amiable optimism is, however, valuable, as giving increased credit and force to his account of the actual condition of the people of whose future he had such golden dreams. Speaking of the Lewis, he says: — ‘The late years of scarcity brought ‘the people very low, and *many of them have died of famine.*’ Speaking of another island, he says: — ‘About fourteen years ago, a swarm of rats, the theft of a bull [by some voyagers], ‘and the want of supply from Lewis for a whole year, occasioned ‘the death of all the ancient race of people.’ Of the people of the Hebrides generally, ‘Many of them want employment;’ and of the Highlands generally, ‘It is too well known, that ‘many also of the Highlanders on the opposite continent want ‘employment.’ But here is something more remarkable, and yet which has now become more familiar still: ‘Many of the ‘people, from want of subsistence *at home, are forced to seek their livelihood in foreign countries,* to the great loss as well as dishonour of the nation.’ The time of which Martin speaks was, not only long before any of the causes to which distress and depopulation are now ascribed had come into existence, but twenty years before the first of the two rebellions which led to the breaking-up of the peculiar institutions of the race. What Martin saw was the Highlands in their purely Highland condition — the condition which Edinburgh professors and London

newspapers somewhat ignorantly worship. Further, the population of the Hebrides was in Martin's time 40,000; and the people were starving and emigrating, and other people were lamenting. The population is now above 100,000; and the wonder and lamentation that all the people cannot live just where they were born has grown louder and more bitter. There seems, indeed, to be nothing new in this Highland question; the modern mistakes and clamours being but caricatures of the ancient ones.

For a number of years following Martin's visit, we have no competent witness, nor indeed any written testimony, on the condition of the Highlands; and for a considerable portion of that time the great body of the people were engaged in civil war. Between the two rebellions of 1715 and 1745 we have the excellent book (so accessible and readable that we shall barely refer to its general purport) ascribed to Captain Burt, an English officer of engineers, whose visit, or rather residence, took place about 1730. Burt was far from an ill-disposed or unkindly witness; on the contrary, though amazed and horrified at the condition of the people, he shows a strong leaning towards them as being capable of much better things if they had 'the opportunity.' He disputes, from his own experience, what he calls 'the received notion' that the Highlanders are lazy; adding, 'but why should a people be branded with the name of idlers in a country where there is generally no profitable business for them to do?' He has also the remark: — 'The people are always boasting of what their country *could* produce.' But what does he tell us as to the actual productions as he saw them? Even the men (and on this point at least the English soldier may be considered a competent judge) he describes as 'of small stature' — the tallest and strongest of them are those we are accustomed 'to see in the Lowlands and England:' and of the physical condition and appearance of the women, he has a still more unfavourable account. He found that they had no potatoes in the Highlands in those days, though we have since seen them come to have nothing else. In spring, he says, they run short of oatmeal, and keep themselves alive partly by bleeding their cows; in summer, they move up the hills in search of pasture for their wretched cattle; in autumn, they are a little better for a few weeks, the women, however, doing all the work; in winter, 'nothing can be more deplorable than the state of this people.' He describes the landlords (all native chiefs, and no English 'lordlings') rousing off the tenants' corn upon the fields for rent. He attended the great markets at Inverness, where the best of all the productions of the country — human, bestial, and vegetable — were of course to be seen; and his

exclamation after the spectacle conveys at one stroke the substance of his evidence: — ‘ Good God ! ’ you could not conceive ‘ there was such misery in this island ! ’

Sir Walter Scott brought to light a MS. by one of the family of Grahams of Gartmore, whose Highland experiences were a few years subsequent to those of Burt, and who wrote in 1747. This document confirms every feature of Burt’s descriptions with remarkable completeness. ‘ The commonalty,’ says Graham, ‘ are of a smaller size than the people of the ‘ low country ; . . . they will feast upon a meal that would ‘ starve most other people ; . . . the tacksmen, as well as the ‘ gentlemen, are generally larger bodied men than the inferior ‘ sort.’ This physical disparity between the two classes, which seems to have struck all strangers, was obviously, in the main, the effect of deficient food. Graham also notices their habit of eking out their subsistence by bleeding their cattle. The following passages are fair samples of his descriptions : —

‘ *There is not business for more than half the number of people now there ; the agriculture, the pasturage, the fisheries, and all the manufactures in that country, can be sufficiently managed by one-half of the number. The other half must be idle and beggars, while remaining in the country ; that is, there are no fewer than 115,000 poor people, and of them there are 28,750 able-bodied men between the ages of 18 and 56.*

‘ *There are in the country 57,500 souls, who live so many of them upon charity, and who are vagrant beggars through the Highlands and the borders of it. Many of them live an idle sauntering life among their acquaintances and relations ; others get a livelihood by black-mail, by which they receive certain sums of money from people of substance to abstain from stealing their cattle ; and the lowest class of them gain their expense by stealing, robbing, and committing depredations.*

‘ *Their huts are poor, mean, smoky, and cold, without any door or window-shutter, and without any furniture or utensils, and which a man may build in three or four days.*

Graham’s statistics must have been to a great extent guess-work ; but there can be no doubt of his being accurate on the point that there was not employment then for half the people — an important fact, when added to the other fact that at present the population is at least double, while the means of living has rather diminished than increased ; the cessation of black-mail, cattle stealing, and predatory war, being more than a counterbalance to any increase, actual or possible, afforded by either extension or improvement in the cultivation of the soil.

The period at which we have now arrived, — that following the last rebellion, was one of transition in the Highlands, transition

from a military and predatory system, to, or rather towards, peace and industry. The chiefs were becoming mere landowners; the clans mere tenants and labourers; and a class of which we have not yet spoken, the tacksmen, hitherto the captains of the clan, were becoming mere 'middlemen,' squeezed by the chiefs for rents, and squeezing in proportion the miserable population below them, from whom the rents were extracted. Hitherto, the chief employment of the Highlands had been war, and their most valued production 'man and steel, the soldier and his sword.' But that trade being now prohibited and impracticable, the population had to try to live, like their fellow subjects, on the fruits of labour and property. In Pennant (1769), we have a valuable witness as to the condition of things, and especially of men, in that period; and in stating his evidence it is not perhaps necessary to do more in the way of exposition than to beg recollection of the fact already exhibited, that, under the system then mouldering away, the condition of the Highland population had been one of intense and unvarying wretchedness. Pennant continues the same tale through the transition period, with added touches:—

'The poor are left to Providence's care; *they prowl, like other animals, along the shores, to pick up limpets and other shell-fish*, the casual repast of hundreds, during part of the year, in these unhappy islands. Hundreds of them only drag through the season a wretched life, and numbers unknown in all parts of the Western Islands [nothing local is intended] *fall beneath the pressure*, some of hunger, more of putrid fever, the epidemic of the coast, originating from unwholesome food, the dire effects of necessity.'

'The produce of the crops very rarely is in any degree proportioned to the wants of the inhabitants; golden seasons have happened, when they have had superfluity, *but the years of famine are as ten to one.*'

Special attention may be asked to Pennant's account of the district of Assynt, in Sutherland, as it existed long before, but also quite up till the period of those clearances which the public has been so long and so loudly called on to bewail:—

'This tract seems to be the residence of sloth; the people almost torpid with idleness, and most wretched; their hovels most miserable. . . . Till famine pinches them they will not bestir themselves. They are content with little at present, and are thoughtless of futurity, perhaps on the motive of Turkish vassals, who are oppressed in proportion to their improvements. Dispirited and driven to despair by bad management, crowds were now passing emaciated with hunger to the eastern coast, on the report of a ship being there laden with meal. Numbers of the miserales of that country are now migrating. They wander in a state of desperation: too poor to

pay, they madly sell themselves for their passage, preferring a temporary bondage in a strange land to starving for life on their native soil.'

Even in Sutherland, therefore, it appears there was migration and emigration nearly a hundred years ago, and the people were selling themselves to obtain what the owners of the soil have for the last quarter of a century been reyled for offering free.

Though Assynt is still, from its soil and climate, one of the poorest parishes in Scotland, the population are now well-housed, well-clothed, fed, and occupied.

'The tenants in Lochaber must content themselves with a very scanty subsistence, without the prospect of saving the least against unforeseen accidents. The rage of raising rents has reached this distant country: in England there may be reason for it, where the value of the land is increased by accession of commerce, and by the rise of provisions; but here (contrary to all policy) the great men began at the wrong end, with squeezing the bag before they had helped to fill it by the introduction of manufactures. In many of the isles this already shows its unhappy effect, and *begins to depopulate the country*; for numbers of families have been obliged to give up the strong attachment the Scots in general have for their country, and to exchange it for the wilds of America. The houses of the peasants in Lochaber are *the most wretched that can be imagined*.'

Of Skye:—

'Migrations and depression of spirit have, since 1750, reduced the number of people from 15,000 to between 12,000 and 13,000 [it is now about 23,000]; 1000 having crossed the Atlantic, others sunk beneath poverty, or, in despair, ceased to obey the first great command, to increase and multiply. . . . In that year (1750) the whole rent of Skye was 3500*l.*; by an unnatural force some of the rents are now doubled and trebled.'

He then speaks of the tacksmen emigrating and sending home good accounts which drew out others after them,—'the tacksmen from motives of independence, the poor from attachment and from *excessive misery*.' He also indicates some facts which reduce both the wonder and the regret at the emigration of the tacksmen—'There is certainly much ill-management in the direction of the farms. A tacksmen of 50*l.* a year often keeps twenty servants, the laziest of creatures, for not one of them will do the least thing that does not belong to his department.' There is extant a letter from an intelligent clergyman of that period, the Reverend D. M'Queen, of Kilmuir, Skye, on which we do not draw, mainly because it corroborates, in so striking a manner as to read like repetition, the statements of Pennant regarding the mismanagement of the

tacksmen, the misery of the people, and the desire for emigration.

The memorable Hebridean visit of Johnson and Boswell was made in the autumn of 1773. Their testimony as to the condition of the people is not copious, neither of them being much addicted to such inquiries. But the little that there is of it reads like a repetition of Pennant's tale. Johnson passes over the general question with such phrases as 'the annual distress of the Hebrides.' But his interest was centred in the tacksmen, whose case as against the landlords he very warmly espoused. Some valuable facts and suggestions regarding the changes in progress at the time of Johnson's visit—the abdication, so to speak, of the tacksmen, the increase of rents, the unaltered misery of the people, and what Boswell calls 'the present rage for emigration'—will be found conveyed in an elegant and compendious form in the preface and notes supplied by Mr. Carruthers of Inverness to the latest edition of Boswell's '*Journal of a Tour*.' Johnson's error, in his zeal for the tacksmen, was in forgetting that under the system he desired, to perpetuate there had been the worst of husbandry and almost no rent, and that the mass of the people had remained utterly wretched and neglected; and also in not foreseeing, what Irish experience has made plain to us, that those tacksmen would never become a middle class of such a character as to form a social element either strengthening or refining. The changes which Johnson denounced went on, the tacksmen emigrated in large numbers, and the example influenced a considerable portion of the classes under them. To such an extent did the emigration proceed, that the chiefs or lairds took alarm, and even so late as 1786 solicited the Government to prohibit the sailing of the emigrant ships. The difference between those times and the present as to the light in which the Highlanders regarded emigration is an apparent mystery—on which some light, however, is thrown by Mr. Carruthers' remark, made in speaking of a subsequent period, when the people refused to emigrate:—'The more active and enterprising part of the population was gone.'

Very shortly after Johnson's visit we have a witness of a humble character, but whose word on such subjects is better perhaps than that of any man taking his view from a higher point,—an English manservant, who came to the North, in 1781, with a Highland officer, and left a MS. journal of his experience during a twelve years' service, from which we take two or three sentences:—

'The gentlemen farmers in the Highlands, who rent of the laird a farm of 60*l.* or 70*l.* a-year, have poor sub-tenants under them, some-

times twenty or thirty families on such a farm. These are the most abject and servile creatures that can be. . . . These people are continually employed in fruitless labour which can never free them from want. . . . I am sure a farmer's servant in England, with proper food and wages, will do more work than four of their stoutest men. They also spend much of their time in telling stories and singing doggerel rhymes and nonsense; for when they used to explain them as well as they could in English, I could not perceive that there was much sense in their songs. Neither time nor season will make them exert themselves the more, though the loss of what they are about should be the consequence. There is a great want of method in their management, and it keeps a number of idle fellows about a farm-house who could be dispensed with, but then the system in time of war gives the gentlemen more consequence. The heads of clans obtain leave to raise regiments, and are successful, though many of the men are taken sorely against their will.

After having seen, from Martin, that at the end of the *seventeenth* century the chief social feature in the Highlands was famine, and that another feature was emigration, we have now seen (and could add a large amount of confirmatory evidence) that in the end of the *eighteenth* century these, not altered for the better, were still the features most obvious to view and comment; while we have not seen or heard of the existence of any of those causes to which Highland misery and emigration are now ascribed.

At this time indeed causes of the very opposite nature were at work. After the tacksmen had partly emigrated, the system of small arable farms was very considerably extended,—these, of course, being now held directly from the landlord, which was so far an improvement. Indeed, the small cultivators now displaced the tacksmen, just as we have seen the opposite process at work in our own day. Let us, therefore, take a witness as to the condition of matters during the very height or prosperity of that system to the restoration and extension of which we are now asked to look for the regeneration of the Highlands. Dr. Jamieson, the Scottish antiquary, and editor of Burt's Letters, was an enthusiastic admirer of the Highland character, and denounced, with due vehemence, all their alleged oppressors; but here is his description of the condition of the small farmers at this period, when they had displaced the tacksmen, and when emigration was still the fear and not the hope of the landlords:—

‘In many parts of the Highlands at present, the poor, oppressed, and rack-rented peasants live for nine months of the year upon potatoes and salt, and upon meal of oats and barley during the other three. Those who live in the inland glens cannot procure fish; milk and butter are very seldom within

‘ their reach, and there is no beer in the country. Butchers’ meat they never taste, except, perhaps, at Christmas.’

If there ever existed that ‘ former prosperity ’ of which ‘ The Times ’ and Professor Blackie speak, it must have been at this time, and this must be its description; for besides that we have found it at no other period, this was the period when there flourished, in unchecked vigour, that system by which the former prosperity is proposed to be restored. It may be remarked, however, that every word of Dr. Jamieson’s description may be found repeated, with painful fidelity, in the last reports of the Poor-Law Board, or will be found applicable, without modification, to what any tourist may have seen this autumn in the huts and crofts of the western coasts.

As we are now at the culminating point of the old Highland systems, it may be as well again to call to mind, that all which we have been seeing was before sheep, before deer, before English or Lowland visitors or proprietors; that it was all under the arrangements now sought to be restored; and all the work of the men whom Professor Blackie on one page laments,— ‘ the chieftains are gone, the kind lords of the glen,’ and previous to the time when the same ‘ kind lords,’ according to the same authority, but on another page, ‘ bartered the rights of the ‘ brave Highlandmen ’ (the two lines, it will be seen, though placed apart, happen to be rhyme, if not reason). Those were the fruits of the tree which we are asked again to plant; those were the days when, in the most exclusive sense, the Highlands were for the Highlanders.*

Perhaps we are bound to meet the statement that, though the system produced nothing but wretchedness before, it might, in better times like the present, have proved a great success; and we are quite sure to be told about the success of small farming in Belgium, Lombardy, and elsewhere. We might be content with replying, that to have proved that a certain system, warranted to produce happiness, did produce only wretchedness throughout whole centuries on the very spots on which it is proposed to repeat the experiment, is to come pretty near to demonstration. But it is open to add, that there is unfortunately sufficient evidence even in our own day, in the Highlands and elsewhere, that in those regions the system would and will produce for ever just the same results as it has always produced before; and that, to make comparison in agricultural matters between a country having a soil, climate, and race like those of the Scottish Highlands, and such countries as Belgium and Italy, is to set at nought some of the plainest laws and most unconquerable facts of Nature.

When told that the small-farm system would have been working well in the Highlands if it had been left alone, it is fair to inquire whether there ever was on the face of the earth a case in which that system worked well under anything that can be called similar circumstances. Unhappily there is always at hand in such questions the compendious and conclusive case of Ireland. In that country, before the famine, the proportion of persons employed in raising food was about 650 in the 1000 of the actual population; in Great Britain about 280. There was one person for each two and a half acres, which was a higher proportion than in England with its finer soil and its enormous cities, manufactures, and mines. The rural population per square mile of cultivated land was 97 in England and 325 in Ireland,—that is, cultivation in Ireland was carried on with more than three times the amount of labour required in England. Well, which system produced the best cultivation and the most comfortable or least wretched cultivators? English agriculture might not have reached perfection (it certainly was inferior to the agriculture of those portions of Scotland where the small-farm system did *not* exist), but Irish agriculture was a laughing-stock and reproach. The English agricultural labourer was, alas, not an enviable man, but both in food and lodging he was several times better than the Irish petty farmer. And this is proved to be one of the inevitable results of the small-farm system. The farmer under it sinks to a condition below that of the labourer under the large-farm system. Arthur Young, writing at a time when there existed in England ample means of comparison, says—‘In England there are no persons who work so hard and fare so ill as the small farmers.’ In some districts of the Scotch Lowlands there used to be many more occupiers and fewer labourers than there are now; but in these districts the labourer now is better off than the small farmer was then, or is now wherever he remains. And while under the large-farm system the labourer is better off than the farmer is under the small, there exists under the former system what has no existence under the latter, an agricultural middle class with education and capital. Or restrict the view to the Highlands themselves,—we still have there specimens of the one system as well as of the other. Take, for instance, the Island of Skye, where there has been a considerable amount of emigration, but where the system of small farming has been left undisturbed by any opposition but the potato rot and the general reluctance of nature. The population of Skye is as one person to 17. of annual rent. In England, though the majority of the population live otherwise than by agriculture,

the proportion is 1 person to 5*l.* 5*s.*; in Scotland generally it is 3*l.* 14*s.*; even in Ireland it is 1*l.* 13*s.*; and in Inverness-shire, of which Skye forms a part, it is upwards of 2*l.* The occupants of more than 30 acres are only 41; of less than 30 and more than 8, about 180; of less than 8 nearly 2000; whilst there are cottiers with small lots, to the number of about 1700. Here is the system pretty nearly in perfection,—and what are its fruits? Skye, from end to end, is a population of paupers, to which the descriptions of Martin and Pennant apply in every tittle, and which two or three years ago made a nearer approach to the horrors of Skull and Skibbereen than any other district of the three kingdoms. Compare with Skye or similar districts the population of intelligent and well-paid shepherds and foresters in those districts where the small-farm system has been held in check or brought to an end. There are not, it is true, so many shepherds as there were cottiers; but surely it is better that a district should enable a few to live like men, than a multitude to starve like wild animals.

It may be said or supposed that in Skye and the other places where the small-farm system remains, the system has not had a fair chance, from the want of enterprise or of kindness on the part of the landlords. As to Skye, at least, this supposition is almost quite the contrary of the fact. The landlords in that region happen to have done much, and to have lost all. The late Lord Macdonald spent 100,000*l.* in improvement, and his son, the present peer (it would be affectation to refrain from mentioning a fact so well known), was lately obtaining literally not one shilling from the whole of his far-stretching territory. Macleod of Macleod not only refrained from clearances, but split up his large farms into small ones, with the view of employing the population. He did not get rent, nor the people food—in painful truth, the tenants starved and the landlord was ruined. In what we may call the Principality of Lewis, Sir James Matheson, with the same designs, has spent sums which sound almost fabulous—the condition of the people is in no whit improved socially or morally, and it is no secret that, as for pecuniary return, the proprietor might as well have sunk his treasure in the sea as in the bogs. A similar experiment has been made within these few years on Sir F. Mackenzie's property of Gairloch, on the western coast of Ross-shire, it being attempted in this case not only to improve the small holdings already in existence, but to extend the system over other portions of the estate. The results have been great loss of money to the proprietor, and disappointment to the population; the tenants, in truth, having been unable to produce enough to

keep themselves in life, much less to pay the landlord's rent. People who sit in London and Edinburgh, crying out that the Highland landlords should 'encourage cultivation,' and so 'enable their people to live at home,' should take into consideration these facts, as to what landlords have done and suffered, as well as those we have been looking at, as to what was habitually done and suffered by the Highland people that *have* lived at home.

It is just, however, to add that in one case the low-country theorists did actually put their own hands to the plough, or rather into their pockets. The population of a district called Sollas, in Uist, being in great distress, and having ceased to pay rent, their landlord, Lord Macdonald, determined in 1849 to aid them to emigrate, by relinquishing arrears, paying their passage, and letting them sell their stock for their own behoof. They refused to move, and twice deforced the officers, but ultimately assented to emigrate in the following year. In the meanwhile, in 1850, a committee in the town of Perth, which had on hand 3000*l.* collected for the Highland Destitution Relief Fund of 1847, resolved to form these people into a 'settlement,' Lord Macdonald assenting, and giving them the choice of any land in the island not under lease. The tenants, about 60 in number, removed to the selected place in autumn 1850, provided by the Committee with an agricultural overseer. In the following spring a large crop of oats and potatoes was laid down. The oats never advanced above a few inches in height, and ultimately withered and died, and the potatoes gave little or no return. A great part of the land so dealt with has never since been touched, and it is now even of less value than before, having ceased to produce even heather. This result, however, we are bound to mention, was at the time, and perhaps still, popularly ascribed, like all Highland failures, to the fault of those in authority. A new overseer was therefore sent, and remained about a year and a half; but in 1852 a third of the people, becoming painfully impressed with the truth of the matter, went off to Australia. In 1853 a third manager was sent 'to teach and encourage;' but as the money was now running short, he had little to give but advice, and as the people could not subsist on *that* any more than on the produce of their lots, they went off to seek employment elsewhere—and so ended what was called 'this interesting experiment;' but of which it seems to be now thought inexpedient to say anything at all. The results were to spend 3000*l.* in making worse a piece of the worst possible land, and in prolonging the delusions and sufferings of the local population, but also in supplying

one more proof of the extreme difficulty or impossibility of accomplishing, and the great mischief of attempting, what so many paper authorities in Highland matters assume as alike easy and beneficial.

But why should the system not succeed in the Highlands when it has succeeded in various countries of Europe? If it were not taking us somewhat out of our way when we have a considerable journey still before us, it might not be difficult effectively to meet the question of what is meant by the success of the system in those other countries. In the first place, there seems a rather elaborate confusion between small proprietors and small tenants; and, in the second place, there is a want of evidence as to whether even the small proprietors of those countries are a better fed or a better clad race than our agricultural labourers at home. As to the first of these points, M. Passy, it is true, ('*Journal des Economistes*') deals separately with the case of small *tenancies*, in Spain, Italy, Belgium, and France; but it is only an attempt to show that they pay higher rents than large farms in the same countries. He does not seek to show that the labouring tenants are better paid than the labouring wage-receiver. On the contrary, by way of strengthening his argument in favour of the higher rent-producing powers of small farms, M. Passy remarks that these high rents are obtained 'in spite of the habitual misery of the peasants that pay them.' Then as to France, which is for the most part under small occupants, chiefly proprietors, we know that — while the decision of Arthur Young that the soil and climate of France are, relatively to agriculture, far superior to the English soil and climate, remains unquestioned — the acreable produce of France is in value only about half that of England; that France has lately had two national famines within ten years; and that the condition of the French peasantry — owners, tenants, and labourers — is on the average apparently no better than the average of the English labourers. But suppose it true that small tenancies are successful in such countries as France and Italy, it by no means follows that they would be successful in a country such as the Scottish Highlands. If, as is really the case, the soil on the north-west coast and islands of Scotland yields only twofold, while that of Belgium and even England yields eightfold, we get, without going further, a very clear view of the fact that while in those other countries a man may be able, in Skye and Ross he may not be able, to obtain from the same quantity of land, nor from as much land as he can cultivate, enough to form a subsistence. Mr. David Loch, 'Inspector of Fisheries in Scotland,' who made a tour through

the Highlands about 1778, and afterwards published a very curious volume of essays, makes a remark which is fully as accurate now as it was then:—‘I am confident it would be more advantageous to the people to bring their corn from the remotest corner of Europe, than raise it at the expense attending it in these islands; for their labour is totally in vain, inasmuch as the coldness of the climate, the wetness of the soil, and the frequent falls of rain, destroy their crops nine years out of ten, and even the produce of the tenth year is an object of little consideration.’ Nor is the mere scantiness of produce the only evil arising from the sterility of the soil and the severity and uncertainty of the climate in such regions. Much more labour is required than in the better climates, and much less is practicable. M. Passy very candidly remarks:—‘If the small farms of Spain and Italy exhibit so great a superiority in point of produce, they are not indebted for this to any peculiarity of size, but to that of climate. Owing to its fostering heat, *the different crops succeed each other almost without interruption; the cultivator has little or no resting time*; and wherever water is to be had, the earth never fails to yield a produce greatly surpassing in abundance anything known in the rest of Europe. There is, accordingly, betwixt these two countries and others not having the same advantages, whether of climate or species of production, *no comparison possible*.’ The Highland small farms, in fact, not only but half-feed, but they only half-employ, the cultivators. They have seed-time and harvest, and the interval is idleness. As it was too vigorously expressed by a person of long and painful Highland experience—they are one-half the year turning manure into potatoes, and the other half reversing the process. Their case is worse than that of the Laplander, with his ‘long night of revelry and ease;’ for during as long a night, or time of compulsory but not unwelcome idleness, they have the ease without the revelry. And this peculiarity of their mode of living again induces sloth in a race whom that vice most easily besets. We are not going, in a discussion like this, to pronounce opinions upon a whole race in mass; but the extent of the differences of races as to habits and aspirations cannot be quite passed over, and may be seen without going further for comparison than to the Lowlanders and the Highlanders of Scotland,—the one proverbially the most industrious and acquisitive, the other as proverbially the most idle and neglectful. How otherwise, indeed, but by that difference of race, and by the aggravation it receives in the case of the Highlanders from the source just mentioned, shall we account for the facts that a distinctly marked portion of the greatest manufacturing and commercial country in the

world has remained unchanged for the better in habits and condition, and that defined districts of the wealthiest country in the world have remained for centuries in unmitigated poverty?

Another evil of the small-culture system, not only in such a country as the Highlands, but, though perhaps in a less degree, in countries less unsuited for the system, is, that the population reach, and very seldom rise out of, a dead level. They do not accumulate wealth, and they do accumulate numbers. If not always, as in the Highlands, eating all they produce, and yet not eating enough, the whole body is kept so near to the lowest point of subsistence from generation to generation, that they neither advance in civilisation as a class, nor contribute by interchange to the progress of the other classes of the community. On this point we know that Passy and other French economists,—warm advocates of small farms, but in truth speaking of small *properties*, and having in view French climate, soil, and habits,—maintain the opinion which M. Passy thus expresses:—‘The more numerous the agricultural families are, the more dense the agricultural population, the more their demands go to swell the amount of work among the manufacturing operative class.’ That, however, surely depends entirely on whether the agricultural families are working to profit. A weaver working profitably is a better customer to the shoemaker or the tailor, and they again to him, than the agriculturist earning only bare bread. The ‘dense agricultural population’ of Skye or Kerry are not such good customers to the manufacturing operative as even the Lothian ploughman, or that last type of agricultural man, ‘the Dorsetshire labourer,’ and is still further behind the shepherd or the forester. In Sutherlandshire, the extreme case of clearances, there was scarcely a single shop in all the county before the changes; there are now fifty groceries, with other things in proportion. There are Acts of the old Scotch Parliament ‘anent the bigging of burrowes—townes in the iles and hielans,’ designed to promote or enforce the establishment of operative or manufacturing communities for the supply of Highland wants; but as there was no demand, all such schemes came of course to nothing, or worse. The same results are seen in Ireland, wherever ‘the agricultural population is densest,’—no middle class, no trade, no towns, no shopkeeping, no money but for the rent. Read, for instance, the account of Inglis and other travellers, of the shops, or rather the absence of shops, in the hamlet of Galway, the capital of a county of one million and a half of acres and nearly half a million of population, where Thackeray, at the hotel window,

overheard from the young girl the sublimely pathetic boast—
 ‘I once had a halfpenny.’

Perhaps it is now possible to pass on to the Sheep era with less chance of being indignantly refused a hearing. We have seen that the change, to whatever it led, was at least one *from*, not prosperity, but inveterate and increasing poverty. We have seen, too, that the misery which had lasted from of old was certain to be aggravated by the cessation of the warlike and predatory employments which had previously furnished a part of the national subsistence. The change indeed which that cessation necessitated, had taken place long before in other districts of Scotland. The union of the crowns placed the Border counties in pretty much the same position as that in which the suppression of the two rebellions and the establishment of a settled order of things placed the Highland counties, more than a century and a half afterwards. But the Borderers, whose modes of life had previously been but too similar to those of the Highlanders, (one of the old Scotch Acts, already quoted, classes along with the Highlanders, as ‘notorious thieves,’ such men ‘as wer borne in Liddis-daill, Eskdaill, Eus-daill, Annan-daill, ‘and the landes sometime called debateable,’) took themselves quietly off to industrious employments in their own or in other districts. When the same circumstances came upon the Highlanders, the means of encountering it were greatly increased, as compared with the time when the Borderers had to seek a new mode of life; but the mass of them have not even to this day acknowledged, either verbally or practically, the necessity which they nevertheless so painfully feel. A change, however, was not the less inevitable; and being so, there could not be conceived any change more obvious and natural than one to sheep-husbandry, which had been long before resorted to in all resembling districts. Such a country as the Highlands is obviously designed by nature for sheep—they thrive there, where men and women never did thrive. The Highlander himself, too, is by inclination and aptitude much more of a shepherd than of a ploughman. Yet the talk on this subject has been in a strain as if the sheep were a ravening and useless intruder, and the shepherd some corrupted and corrupting product of modern vice and luxury, come to supplant a primitive and innocent race. Nevertheless, reason does not enable us to see that the sheep is out of place on Highland hills, or that the Highland shepherd is a vicious and unworthy successor of the red-handed ‘rievers’ and starving potato-grower; Scripture, too, seems on our side—‘And Abel was a keeper of sheep, but Cain was a tiller of the ground.’

Before looking at the actual extent and nature of the alleged depopulation, it may be necessary to mention that we have purposely omitted detailed reference to two subjects, forming, it may be argued, part of the Highland question; one in operation at a comparatively early period, the other at a period to which we have not yet arrived—the decay of the kelp manufacture, and the failure of the potato. The reasons for the omission are, mainly, that we have been desirous to exhibit the Highlands from first to last in their ordinary rather than in any exceptional condition, and partly because these two topics have been, in various forms, subjected to ample and comparatively recent discussion. The kelp manufacture existed in its full productiveness only during a few weeks of a few years; and we have been dealing with the general condition of the country alike before, during, and after that period. The potato failure was an important event in itself and in its consequences; but it only, after all, slightly hastened what had been long approaching and inevitable. We have seen that the population were in chronic misery before the introduction of the potato; that their condition was at best no better after the Highland system, as to the cultivating population, became ‘based on the potato;’ and there is abundance of popularised or accessible information (especially in the masterly Report laid before Parliament by Sir John McNeill in 1852), as to what took place when that foundation rotted away. It is enough for the present purpose to know that, at all periods and under all systems, the amount of food in the Highlands was, whatever the divisor, reduced to the smallest share capable of sustaining human life.

What, then, has been the actual extent of the alleged depopulation whose necessity we have been trying to make apparent? The plain prose tale which the Census Returns tell us regarding the three most purely Highland counties is very considerably different from what is sung in Professor Blackie’s Braemar Ballads, and on less poetical pages. Since the beginning of the century the population of the county of Inverness has increased from 72,672 to 96,328; Ross and Cromarty from 56,318 to 82,625; and Sutherland from 23,117 to 25,771; the increase in the three counties taken together being one from 152,107 to 205,000. We have thus the facts, that in the counties said to be depopulated, there are at this day 50,000 people more than ever there were before, and that during the period in which the depopulation is said to have taken place, there has been an increase of 30 per cent. With these figures before us, we are forced to ask, what does ‘depopulation’ mean? When the Irish Census shows us a decrease of 20 per cent. between

1841 and 1851, we see something that can be called depopulation, whether it be for good or for evil; but when the Highland Census shows us an *increase* of 30 per cent., it is more than difficult to see what appears to be popularly taken as undoubted.

But even among the comparatively few who appear to know or have consented to acknowledge this fact, it has actually been argued that the Highland population, though it has increased, has not increased so fast as the population of other districts. There is no doubt of the fact, and just as little that it is not matter for wonder or regret, but for thankfulness. It was simply impossible that the population of such districts could increase at the same rate as other districts; and an increase of population at a greater rate than the increase of the means of maintaining a population, is not a sign of prosperity but a forerunner of disaster. For the century preceding the famine of 1847, the population of Ireland increased 400 per cent., that of Great Britain only 250 per cent. But did any man ever say, or, at least, will any man say now, that the meaning of these facts was, that Ireland was prospering and England suffering depopulation and decay? There is only one difficulty in the way of showing in figures that, in proportion to the means of subsistence, both the increase and the amount of population exhibited by the Highland counties are greater than in any other district—that difficulty is in the entire want of any other counties or districts equally ill-supplied actually and naturally with the means of subsistence, with which to make comparison. But we have plenty of margin to spare. Taking the three Lowland counties of Haddington, Berwick, and Dumfries, we find that since the beginning of the century their per centage of increase has been only 28, while that of the Highland counties has been 30. When we remember that Haddingtonshire has the finest wheat culture and the highest rented land in the three kingdoms, a large mining population, several considerable towns and thriving watering-places, and a fishing station more productive than all the Highland fisheries put together; that Berwickshire is little behind in any of these respects; that Dumfriesshire has a large county town, thriving seaports, and fertile straths; and when it is remembered, on the other hand, that Ross, Sutherland, and Inverness have (excepting the corn district of Easter Ross) neither fertility, minerals, shipping, nor (with the exception of ‘the Highland capital,’ Inverness) anything that can be called a town,—it would appear that, if we must lament about depopulation at all, it ought to be the depopulation of the Lowlands, or else the *over* population of the

Highlands. It is still more difficult to get anything like a fair comparison as to the density of the population at its present amount; but following the Census in laying aside in both cases the 'town population,' any person examining the returns will see, among such other facts, that the county of Inverness is more densely populated than Selkirk, and Ross as densely as Peebles. Or leave acreage, and take value. The proportion of the annual value of real property to each person in the counties of Inverness, Ross, and Sutherland is respectively 40*s.*, 37*s.*, and 30*s.* — average less than 36*s.* The average of Scotland generally (*i. e.* including the Highland counties) is 74*s.*; so that in proportion to property, which is a pretty fair measure of the means of sustaining a population, 'the depopulated Highlands' are at this day twice more populous than the average of the country of which they form a part.

Here, however, we have to encounter, which we do very willingly, the cry, that though there may be more people in the Highlands than before, still the Highlands *are* 'depopulated,' because the people have been removed from the glens to huddle together in villages on the coasts. In the first place, we protest utterly against the assumption, that such a change is necessarily adverse to the interests of the population among whom it takes place. Though the people are differently placed and occupied, it does not follow that they are worse placed or less profitably occupied; on the contrary, the assumption is the other way, as we have seen that the change could not, on the whole, make the latter state of these poor people worse than the former. In the second place, we say that this change, the shifting of population, is not so great as has been supposed*, nor

* In support of this position, we adduce, first, a very comprehensive piece of evidence from the admirable Agricultural Statistics, now annually procured by the Highland Society. Among the statistics is a table showing the number of occupants, and the number of acres under any kind of rotation of crops, grass included, in each county. In the Lowland counties, the tables include all occupants down to 10*l.* of rent, but in the Highland counties down only to 20*l.*, the number below that amount, in the Highland counties, being found so great that the collection of their statistics was considered too laborious and expensive. As the popular belief is that the characteristic of the Highlands, as compared with the Low country, is enormously large farms, even this fact should be sufficient to surprise, if not to silence. But we get a good deal nearer the truth by means of the following table, which we construct from the Highland Society's Returns, showing the number of acres to each occupant in each county of Scotland, which must be read in mindfulness of the

greater than has taken place in non-Highland districts, which have got and asked no sympathy.

In dealing with the rather curious or unsuspected fact, that the *shifting* of the rural population is a change which has taken place in the Lowlands as well as in the Highlands of Scotland, we have, of course, to proceed by parishes, the smallest area for which the facts are separately procurable, and quite small enough for the present purpose. There is no denying, and no temptation to deny, that some Highland parishes show a smaller population than they once did; but there is also no denying a

fact, that in those counties marked with an asterisk only 20% tenants have been reckoned:—

Aberdeen	-	-	-	65 $\frac{3}{4}$	Kinross	-	-	-	111
*Argyle	-	-	-	44 $\frac{3}{4}$	Kirkcudbright	-	-	-	85 $\frac{3}{4}$
*Arran	-	-	-	42	Lanark	-	-	-	70
Ayr	-	-	-	79	Linlithgow	-	-	-	114 $\frac{1}{2}$
Banff	-	-	-	65 $\frac{3}{4}$	Nairn	-	-	-	68 $\frac{1}{4}$
Berwick	-	-	-	199	*Orkney	-	-	-	92
Bute	-	-	-	87	Peebles	-	-	-	119 $\frac{1}{2}$
*Caithness	-	-	-	96	Perth	-	-	-	72
Clackmannan	-	-	-	81	Renfrew	-	-	-	62 $\frac{3}{4}$
Dumbarton	-	-	-	67 $\frac{1}{4}$	*Ross and Cromarty	-	-	-	83 $\frac{3}{4}$
Dumfries	-	-	-	88	Roxburgh	-	-	-	127
Edinburgh	-	-	-	117	Selkirk	-	-	-	70
Elgin	-	-	-	70	Stirling	-	-	-	65
Fife	-	-	-	114 $\frac{1}{2}$	*Sutherland	-	-	-	70 $\frac{3}{4}$
Forfar	-	-	-	103	Wigtown	-	-	-	112 $\frac{1}{4}$
Haddington	-	-	-	219 $\frac{3}{4}$	Zetland	-	-	-	28 $\frac{3}{4}$
*Inverness	-	-	-	57 $\frac{3}{4}$					
Kincardine	-	-	-	72 $\frac{1}{4}$	Average of Scotland	-	-	-	82 $\frac{1}{2}$

Even though the same divisor had been used in all these cases, we should have had the result, it will be seen, that the average size of a cultivated holding in the four Highland counties of Argyll, Inverness, Ross, and Sutherland is 64 acres; while the average of Scotland at large is 82 $\frac{1}{2}$, and the average of the Lowlands taken separately, greatly higher. But as only 20% occupants have been reckoned in the Highlands, while the statistics comprise the 10% occupants in the Lowlands, the disparity is in reality much greater. We believe that to include the 10% occupants in the Highlands, would have somewhere between doubled and trebled the numbers used as a divisor. On the whole, therefore, of course also adding the 10% holdings to the acreage, it may be pretty safely stated that the average size of a Highland tillage farm is about 30 acres, while that of a Lowland one is at least 90 or 100; so that in the counties where the small-farm system is popularly supposed to have been extinguished, the farms are only a third of the size of the farms in districts where the soil yields several times more abundantly.

fact which has too much escaped observation, that the same result is exhibited by very nearly *a half* of the parishes of Scotland, without distinction of Lowland and Highland. The number of 'parishes and parts of parishes' (a parish is sometimes in more than one county) into which Scotland is divided by the Census, is 981; and of these it appears that no fewer than 479 had a smaller number of inhabitants in 1851 than at some former period since the commencement of the century. Excluding the city or town parishes, it appears that rural parishes comprising *two-thirds* of the surface of Scotland show a smaller population now than formerly. It is perhaps still more remarkable that literally *every* county in Scotland shows parishes in this condition. Some of the most fertile of the Lowland counties show a decrease in more than half of their parishes; as Haddington, in 13 out of 25; Berwick, in 16 out of 32; Roxburgh, in 21 out of 34. The three Highland counties of which we have been speaking stand thus—Inverness, a decrease in 22 parishes out of 35, Sutherland in 9 out of 14, Ross in 17 out of 29. The proportion of decreased parishes in Inverness is almost exactly equal to the proportion in the fertile southern county of Roxburgh; and, though Ross and Sutherland show a proportion of decreased parishes greater than the chief wheat-growing Lowland counties, their proportion is not so great as that shown by some of the less fertile, but still busy and productive counties in the south, such as Kinross, with a decrease in 5 out of 7 parishes, and Peebles, with a decrease in 13 out of 16. It may be added, that what is reckoned the most fertile district of Scotland, the Carse of Gowrie, shows a decrease in every one of its parishes. And yet there has been no lamentation over *this* 'depopulation,' while tears and ink have been copiously poured forth in compassion for the alleged depopulation of districts not one tithe so well fitted to be populated.

In further illustration of the wildness of the assumptions about Highland depopulation, we may, quitting the division both by parishes and counties, make a comparison between certain definable districts in the northern and in the southern Highlands. The number of acres to each person in the islands of Skye and Lewis is 16; in the border county of Selkirkshire it is 42! By what possible process of reasoning, or even of sane sentimentality, are people to lament that the quaking bogs of the Hebrides sustain a population only three times greater than the green hills and smiling haughs of Ettrick and Yarrow?

What are the causes of these remarkable changes in the *locale* of the population of Scotland generally, is a question not quite within the scope of this discussion; nor, indeed, can

any very satisfactory explanation be produced. It has been suggested, that many of the shopkeepers and tradesmen who live by supplying the agricultural population, have, mainly by the improved means and increased habit of travelling, been induced to remove from the rural villages to the towns; and the fact undoubtedly is so, and goes some length towards an explanation. But it could also be maintained, with a good array of proofs, that the improved modes of cultivation, such as the Lowlands of Scotland have attained to within these fifty years, can be carried on with even a diminished amount of manual labour. It is enough for the present purpose to know that, in whatever degree from different causes, the same change that is lamented in the Highlands has taken place in the Lowlands without having even excited remark. In both cases, a certain proportion of the population has shifted its position, and doubtless to some extent its employments. It is hard to see why the fact that many of the Highlanders made the change late and reluctantly, should give their case an importance, and entitle it to a sympathy which has been denied to those who, under incomparably less pressure of any kind, willingly and gradually, as occasion arose, sought out other homes and better fortune.

Even England, both in its censuses and in its history before the time of censuses, supplies parallels in abundance both to the facts and, which is often quite different, to the popular beliefs, of the Highland question. The last Census shows an actual *decrease* of population in several English and Welsh counties—such as Wilts, Merioneth, Montgomery, and Radnor—which is not exhibited by any of the Highland counties; and in several others of the English counties, which have not actually decreased, the rate of increase has been considerably *less* than that which in the Highland counties is accepted as a proof of decay and expulsion. Yet nobody talks or agitates about the depopulation of Wiltshire, though that is a question affecting a population more than half that of the whole Highlands, and much more than double that of the Hebrides, which have been the chief scene of the changes in dispute. In English history there are several instances of the self-same outcry about ‘depopulation’ which we are now hearing from or rather about the Highlands, occurring at intervals from very early times down to the days of Goldsmith, who wrote of England ninety years ago just as Professor Blackie tries to write of the Highlands now. Goldsmith had, quite as plainly as Professor Blackie—

‘Seen opulence, her grandeur to maintain,
Lead stern Depopulation in her train;

And over fields where scattered hamlets rose,
In barren solitary pomp repose.

Forced from their homes a melancholy train,
To traverse climes beyond the western main.

There is no doubt that from about a century before Goldsmith's time there had been a considerable shifting of the English population, very similar, though more gradual because voluntary, to that which has taken place in districts of the Highlands — not to promote the 'barren solitary pomp' of the great, but to better the condition of the poor, the same influence being at work which has *sucked* the Highland population of Argyllshire, bordering on the Clyde, to the busy, prosperous, and accessible districts of Glasgow and Ayrshire. After the discovery of the minerals north of Trent, or rather the discovery of their value, extensive migrations took place from the midland and southern counties of England to the northern; by which means the northern counties, which, at a former period contained only one-seventh of the whole population of England, now contain more than two-sevenths. But nobody now-a-days writes either prose or poetry to show that Northumberland, Durham, and Yorkshire have thriven by the 'depopulation' of the rest of England; although, with far fewer facts to proceed upon, many people find no difficulty in concluding that, because Lanark and Ayr show a greater proportion and increase of population than Inverness and Ross, the 'depopulation' of the Highlands is a demonstrated and melancholy fact.

It is not only folly but cruelty to encourage the idea that there is anything to be resisted or mourned over in the removal of human beings, or of any kind of beings, from places where they have happened to be born to places where they can better employ their powers and supply their needs. The instinct which prompts to such removals is common through all nature. The seals of a Highland loch, or the deer of a Highland hill, do not go on increasing indefinitely if there is not a proportionate increase in the quantity of their food, but move off to where food is more abundant. It is the same with men; and their readiness to remove is ordinarily just in proportion to their intelligence and energy. Let us look, if possible, with untearful eyes, at the case of Highland migration and emigration, and see whether, if there is any cause to weep, we do not need our tears for griefs nearer home. Take the middle or even the upper classes of all other districts—removal or 'swarming off' is the rule, and stationariness alike exceptional and undesired. Even in cities, where employment is greatest in amount and variety, and most

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rapid in growth, the first thought of perhaps a majority of parents is, not how the sons are to be kept at home, but how they are to be better provided for elsewhere. The country family again strives to send its sons to, at the nearest, some large town, and its efforts are more probably directed towards India, or, failing that, to the other side of the Atlantic or of the globe. Or take town artisans, earning 20s. or 30s. a week, with avenues open all round them through which they may, if competent and fortunate, make their way to the position of employers and gentlemen, as they see that multitudes have done before them,—such men, by thousands every year, pack up their tools and are off to Melbourne, New York, or Toronto, simply because they know or hope that they will there get still better wages, and have still better chances of rising in the world. And nobody doubts that the sons of the squire or the merchant, or that the artisan, has done a very sensible, manly, and probably necessary thing. Or take even the higher or more intelligent class of the Highlanders themselves—they are the most migratory people amongst us. If it is the peculiarity of the Highland farmer to keep his family at home, it has always been equally the peculiarity of the Highland chief or proprietor to send them abroad—as witness the Campbells and Frasers, and various Macs, who, to the mutual honour and advantage of all parties, so thickly stud the lists of the Army and the Hon. East India Company's Service. In fact, in proportion as the Highlander has means and intelligence is he free from that unhappy propensity to prefer a miserable to a prosperous home, which we are now-a-days called on to admire and encourage. We have already seen that in the time of Dr. Johnson and Pennant, the best of the Highland population had a 'rage for emigration;' giving up, as Pennant rather oddly expresses it, 'the strong attachment which Scotchmen in general have for their country, by exchanging it for the wilds of America'—as if it were not notorious that the way in which Scotchmen have peculiarly shown attachment to their country, has been by going to other countries and winning wealth and honour for their own. We might take even the class of small cultivators in other countries than the Highlands. Arthur Young tells us that 'many croaking writers in France have repeatedly announced the depopulation of the kingdom;' an announcement which, he explains, had no other foundation than the fact that a certain proportion of the families of the small cultivators 'finding a want of sufficient nourishment at home, emigrate to the towns.' We are, however, clamorously called on to believe that there is to be one exception to this instinct and practice of self-interest and self-preservation. If a small propor-

tion of the Scottish Highlanders—who, like their forefathers from time immemorial, are in the deepest misery and hopelessness at home—become by any means necessitated to do what thousands of their countrymen do every year willingly and with incomparably less occasion, a wail is set up as if a dreadful cruelty had been inflicted, and as if our glory were departing. It will be said that the Highlander is, more than the rest of his countrymen, attached to the place of his birth and the graves of his fathers—that even the cold, hunger, and nakedness which are his lot ‘but bind him to his native mountains more;’ but that sentiment, though true and pleasing, becomes, when carried too far, a vice and a misfortune,—the fruit of a mere numbness of soul, not to be admired and promoted, but lamented and remedied.

Not only are the Highlands, beyond any other district in the three kingdoms, in circumstances which most necessitate emigration; but the Highlanders, more than any other section of the population, derive benefit from the change—not that Highlanders always, though often, are the most successful of our emigrants, but that, measured from the starting-point, their advancement is ordinarily the greatest. Whatever questions may be raised as to whether Highlanders would be better with a large-farm or a small-farm system at home, there is no question that the Highlander produces more and enjoys more anywhere else than at home, whatever his position there may have been. ‘No ordinary misfortune,’ says Macaulay, ‘no ordinary misgovernment, will do so much to make a nation wretched, as the constant effort of every man to better himself will do to make a nation prosperous.’ It was the want of this effort, arising from the want of opportunities and materials for effort, and from the corrosion of obsolete ideas and unfitting customs, that made and kept the Highlander at home what we have seen and still see him. But take the Highlander away from the depressed and dreary level of poverty which has spread illimitably around him all his life, and place him where he can see better things and the road to reach them, and he does not show himself behind the other sections of his countrymen. Those who have been hopelessly striving in regions which they must have left as wildernesses to their children, as they had received them from their fathers, become elsewhere busy and prosperous men, transforming wildernesses into fields and cities. Our empire and our race would not have been what they are if there had not been a large proportion of our people with no taste for pining at home to be fondled by poets and newspapers. It is well for the Highlanders that they have contributed largely to the growth

of Britain abroad, and it would have been better for them and for all of us, for the mother-country and for her thriving children, had they contributed still more. In Canada West, between 1829 and 1854, the population rose from 196,000 to 1,237,000, and the value of property from $2\frac{1}{2}$ to 50 millions. That, and similar work elsewhere, was done by men who could not have accomplished a half or a tithe so much for the world, or for themselves, in the places from which they came, especially if these were Highland places. What we see in Canada and elsewhere is one side of the picture; the other side, with grossly exaggerated shades, is what we are asked to look at in 'the depopulation of the Highlands.' Canadian Ottawas and Hamiltons cannot grow so fast but through Scottish Lochabers and Glengarrys growing less fast. And is there any reason to regret, or to abstain from rejoicing, that it is so? The growth of Lochabers would be the growth of misery and idleness; the growth of Ottawas is the growth of happiness, industry, and wealth. To lament the 'depopulation' of Lochaber is to lament the peopling of Canada—to lament over the 'depopulation of the Highlands' is to lament over the growth of our colonial empire, and over an exchange from subservience and misery to independence and prosperity.

Even, however, after it has been shown that the changes lamented have been a benefit (not to say a necessity) to the Highlands, and more especially to the Highlanders, we are told not to look only at such considerations, but also at the deduction which the depopulation of the Highlands makes from the military resources of the nation. Indeed, of late years, this has generally been the key-note of the outcry—the Highlands have been, or are being, destroyed as a 'nursery for soldiers.' As this cry comes from the same people who in the same breath contend for the justice and expediency of the Highlanders staying at home, it is open, in the first place, to the charge of inconsistency. Surely the very worst kind of emigration is that which takes away the *men* of a people to foreign countries, on a service in which their *families* cannot accompany them, in which they cannot acquire the means of future subsistence, and in which they are pretty certain to lose whatever they may have possessed of industrious tastes and habits. It is hard to understand why the same people should deprecate the prospect of men going with their families to Canada and Australia, and attaining to a state of comfort they never before knew, whilst they hold it to be a paramount object of national interest that these same men should go and be 'shot at for a shilling a day,' on the banks of the Jumna or the Belbek.

If it is intended to make the Highlands a military nursery, in which soldiers are to be specially or artificially bred, the questions arise, whether such a system is either desirable or practicable, and at whose cost it is to be maintained. Indeed, to speak of the Highlands as valuable for such a purpose, infers that they are to be, at least practically, valueless from other purposes; for the Highlands contain, after all, but a seventieth part of our population; and it is absurd to think of obtaining from so small a proportion of the population any considerable proportion of the army, unless on the supposition that the men of that section of the population are specially destined for that use; and even then the number of soldiers obtainable from such a source could not be considerable. At all events, it is absurd to argue at the same time for keeping the Highlanders at home as small farmers, and sending them abroad as soldiers.

But, in the second place, it is quite a mistake to conclude that the Highlanders are, or ever were, a military race in the modern sense or under the modern system. They followed their chiefs when their chiefs had influence, and when chief and clan had the same objects; but they were never more, but rather less, than other portions of the population at the call of the recruiting sergeant. In the periods when there were wars of feud and of plunder, they followed their chiefs, having the same quarrels and participating in the spoils. At the end of the last century there was a slight revival of the military influence of the chiefs, or rather a renewed exercise of that influence, when the Government granted commissions to whosoever raised a certain number of men, which led the proprietors, especially those blessed with sons, to use all available persuasion with the people on their estates to enlist. The persuasion, however, was often of a very questionable character; and there is an illustrative, and we believe true, anecdote of an officer who had been sent up to a Highland district to receive the recruits, asking, 'Where are the volunteers?' and receiving for reply that they were tied with ropes in the barn. But this was the last exercise of the old influence of the heads of clans; and ever since a Highland soldiery, if by that is meant a soldiery raised in the Highlands, has been a myth. Although many Highlanders may be enlisted in the streets of Glasgow or Edinburgh, it is a fact plain to all who know the country, that the recruiting sergeant finds he can do nothing among them in the Highlands. We need not go further back for evidence of this than to the late demand for soldiers during the war against Russia; and we might take indifferently either the changed or the unchanged districts. For instance, the island of Skye furnished an extraor-

dinarily large proportion of soldiers at the end of last century, under the influences we have explained. The people there live now on the same spots and by the same means as before; they are equally poor and very idle, and they are much more numerous, having increased forty per cent. since the period just spoken of. But recruiting in Skye was known to be hopeless three years ago, as it had been for many years before.

In the counties, again, in which there have been clearances, the population nevertheless is, as we have seen, greater than ever; and if those who lament the effects of the shifting of the population from the glens to the coasts, and so forth, have reason for their lamentations, the people should be found in greater poverty, and therefore more ready to enlist; but the facts and the results were found to be quite opposite. Take even the case of the militia,—a force which, being locally raised, locally officered, and locally and only temporarily employed, would seem to be the sort of military service most inviting to a population having the habits and tendencies of the Highlanders of the present day. It is a fact, ascertained beyond all possibility of doubt, that, despite special efforts made by local influence, only the merest dribble of militiamen was contributed by the really Highland districts, and especially by those Hebridean districts which were formerly the most productive of soldiers, and where the population has been left almost entirely undisturbed both as to employment and increase. For instance, on an examination of the lists of the Inverness-shire militia, we find that the great recruiting districts of the Highlands supplied only 9 men—Skye, 3; South Uist, 3; North Uist, 2; and Harris, 1. The three men from Skye, persuaded to enlist in the militia of their own county under the officership of their own ‘chiefs,’ were, we believe, the result of several weeks’ exertions by two officers sent on a special mission to those regions, as having the greatest influence and knowledge regarding the population. In short, the military fervour of the Highlands has long since become a mere tradition, having passed irrecoverably away with the social system from which it derived the peculiarities it once possessed. If fewer Highland soldiers can now be got than in former times, it is not because there are fewer Highlanders,—for there are three for two that there were at the time of the recruiting for the French and American wars, even in those counties against which the system of clearances is chiefly charged,—but because Highland soldiers were formerly manufactured by a process no longer applicable, and that the domestic conditions of the people in the Highlands has greatly improved.

There remains the question of Deer-Forests. It may be tolerable, some say, to cover the hills with sheep, but not to restore the places of human habitations to the dominion of wild animals. The same writers who lament the alleged substitution of sheep for men are equally pathetic about sheep having been supplanted by deer. In going through a deer-forest in Aberdeenshire, Professor Blackie bitterly exclaims, 'Those hills once fed hundreds of fine sheep!' forgetting that he had previously denounced the fine sheep as innovators and exterminators. We have made this topic separate and last, because, besides that the system has its own peculiar evils and benefits, it has, in reality, little or nothing to do with that question of depopulation whose extent and effects we have been discussing; the deer being, notwithstanding a popular mistake to the contrary, not an aggravator, but often an ameliorator of the ravages upon men ascribed to the sheep.

First, it seems necessary to recall to mind that Highland deer-forests are not modern, but among the most ancient of all Highland things. Why, in those old times in which must have existed that Highland prosperity of which we *now* read, all the districts of the Highlands naturally suited for the purpose were deer-forests—and deer-forests, too, which were not, any more than those of the present day, for the general benefit of the inhabitants, but only for 'aristocratic amusement.' The deer were there before the sheep, and (the two species are bad neighbours) were driven away by the new comers; so that, if the deer is here and there regaining his 'ancient solitary reign,' he is only recovering a fraction of what was once his own, and of what is indeed of no use but to himself or the rival quadruped. Of the territories fitted for sheep a far larger proportion was formerly occupied by deer; that proportion gradually lessened to make way, not for men, but first for cattle, then for sheep; and the use of the deer thus occupying a large proportion of the hill countries was reserved—with a rigour varying according to the age from the most barbarous cruelty to something much more severe than any law or custom now existing—for the 'nobles and barons.' The Crown alone possessed an extent of forest, sacred chiefly to deer, of very much greater extent than the territories now devoted to that purpose, and the severest penalties, including death, were enacted, not only against the killing of deer and against trespass or passage, but against cultivation. Among the districts, for instance, which were in this condition for centuries, and until a comparatively recent period, were the forests of Braemar, Cromar, and Strathdee, where Professor Blackie assumes that deer are exotics introduced a few years

ago for the pleasure of the English 'lordlings;' and indeed a considerable portion of these districts were not only deer-forests for centuries, but have continued so without interval. The Crown also granted to subjects rights of forestry (in addition to those comprised in the ownership of the land), which carried the same monstrous powers as were possessed by the Crown itself in such matters; and some of these grants were made so late as within the last century. Nor did this legislation in favour of deer-forests practically fail, like so many of the laws of those days, to reach the Highlands; laws for the preservation of their own deer suited the Highland chiefs much better than laws for the preservation of other people's cattle,—so that, besides giving unobstructed course to the law, they formed mutual contracts binding themselves to protect the game, and especially the deer, on each other's estates, as well as each man on his own. Martin, writing of Harris about 1700, says, 'There are abundance of deer in the hills and mountains here, commonly called the Forest, which is eighteen miles in length, from east to west. And there is none permitted to hunt them without a license from the stewart to the forester. There is a particular mountain, and above a mile of ground surrounding it, to which no man has access, the place being reserved for *Macleod himself*, who, when he is disposed to hunt, is sure to find game enough there.' Professor Blackie (whom we only take as the most clever and prominent of the class that has rashly drawn the pen on this topic), in contemplating the deer in Braemar, laments not only over the departure of the sheep whom he had come to curse, but over the 'kindly chief' supplanted by those whom he thus deplorably describes:—

'A London brewer shoots the grouse,
A lordling stalks the deer.'

But we are by no means sure that, in a question of choice between the ancient and the modern classes of deer-shooters, the human inhabitants of the deer districts are not likely to be as much benefited by the lordling or even the brewer coming to spend money, as they were by '*Macleod himself*' coming to collect it.

The main complaint now is that there has been public loss and injury, local and national, inflicted by the restoration of deer in some districts formerly given up to sheep. In a few districts—we believe literally in not more than two or three—a wretched hill-side population has been removed, or rather shifted, for purposes connected with deer; but the main charge is that deer have been substituted for sheep. Wherein, then,

does the evil of this change consist? It carries still further, we are told, the process of Depopulation. 'Any district of the country,' says Professor Blackie, 'that the noble proprietor chooses to turn into a preserve for deer, is necessarily robbed even of that smallest amount of population, consisting of half-a-dozen shepherds and their dogs, which gives a feeble aspect of human life to these immense solitudes.' The 'Times,' paraphrasing in prose the poet's dream, informs us that 'the large tracts of country used as sheep-walks are not entirely deprived of population, since at least numbers of shepherds are required: but the deer-forests are in a very different case; red deer being more timid than sheep, the tracts on which they feed are made still more desolate than the sheep-walks.' All this proceeds simply on a mistake, arising from an entire want of inquiry into the facts pronounced upon. Deer-forests, as compared with sheep-walks, are not more, but less, inimical to or incompatible with the neighbourhood of a population of small cultivators, and they employ, even directly, not a smaller, but rather a greater, number of persons. It is essential to a sheep-walk in these mountainous districts, that a large extent of low or valley land should be set aside for the grazing and sheltering of the animals during winter when the hills become uninhabitable. The capabilities of any hill district for feeding sheep are limited by the extent of this kind of ground annexed to it, or within reach; and the deficiency or absence of this requisite operates in many cases to reduce the number of sheep greatly below what the hills could otherwise maintain, and in not a few cases has operated, against the proprietor's inclination, in leading to the substitution of deer. It is owing to the existence of this necessity that sheep become a cause of the so-called Depopulation—the animal requiring not only the hills in summer, but the cultivable spots in winter. The mountains which are the usual *habitat* of the sheep (and of the deer) were never actually dwelt upon by men and women; but the ground which is necessary to maintain the sheep for some weeks in winter is the ground which was formerly under a rude tillage by that cottier population whose social condition we have been tracing. Sheep which feed in summer on the hills must be provided with green food or turnips in the winter months. For this purpose they are driven great distances to the low farms on the coast; but deer do not make this demand for cultivable land, and can, and in many places do, co-exist with a glen population such as is incompatible with the presence of sheep. When for the purpose of a deer-forest the hills are cleared of sheep, the lower parts of the farm previously indispensable as wintering ground, not being needed for the deer, become

available for crofts or small holdings; and in some cases that change has been effected, and cultivation partially restored.

Further, taking only the persons directly employed on a deer-forest as compared with a sheep-walk, the difference between the two systems, though not great, is opposite to that so readily assumed. It is not practicable to state this part of the question by the proportion of acres to persons,—that is, the number of foresters as compared with the number of shepherds required on any given number of acres,—because, in both cases, that proportion is regulated very variously by the nature or 'lie' of the ground; but take almost any one district or farm, which has been under sheep and is now under deer, and it will be found that at least as many hands are required for its management as a deer-forest as were required when it was a sheep-walk. Indeed, the ordinary calculation is, that what formed a 'hirsell' on the sheep-farm—i. e. a tract of ground capable of being watched and managed by one shepherd—requires at least one forester or watcher when made part of a deer-forest. In short, a deer-forest, as compared with the same ground occupied as a sheep-farm, gives at the least as much employment, and admits much more of the neighbourhood of tillage. Even if this were all, it would be difficult to perceive the loss or injury, local or national.

The quantity of food, it may be said, is diminished. But that objection overlooks, among other things, that deer as well as sheep are food, and are killed and eaten. The disparity between the amount of venison and the amount of mutton producible on any given territory is not great, though it would be affectation to attempt to state it with arithmetical precision. On such rough data, however, as are procurable, it may be stated, that the land which feeds 5000 sheep feeds 1500 deer, which would seem to be not far short of the same amount of an edible commodity. The proportion of deer that must be killed annually, in order to prevent an overstock, is calculated at 20 per cent.; wherever that proportion is not reached, as is too often the case, there is a deterioration of the size and symmetry of the animal. This, indeed, seems about the proportion of most animals which requires to be killed or removed from grazing grounds. In the traffic tables, given in evidence for railways penetrating into or touching the Highlands, 20 per cent. of the total of cattle and sheep was estimated to be the proportion annually removed. Even, however, though venison were not food, or though it were clear that that kind of food is not producible on the same extent and quality of land to much the same amount as another kind of food, the supposable difference of productiveness could form no adequate ground for

infringing by law, or even calling in question by popular agitation, the natural freedom and rights of property. Besides, the idea that the system can be extended indefinitely, is founded on error, or rather on thoughtlessness. It is as great a mistake to imagine that all the Highlands are fitted for feeding deer, as that they are all fitted for feeding human beings. The annual value of the counties of Perth, Argyle, Banff, Moray, Inverness, Ross, Cromarty, and Sutherland, is above 2½ millions sterling; and calculations made by those having the best information,—though of course information on such a point must be very imperfect,—seem to show that in these counties the land at present used as deer-forests, ‘clean of sheep,’ is of about the annual agricultural value of 13,000*l.*, and that not so much in all as double that value is available for such purposes. It is indeed ridiculous that this great country, with her enormous and increasing productiveness in every agricultural commodity, and especially in sheep, and with her ports open to the agricultural products of all the world besides, should be gravely asked to alarm or concern herself about a few square miles of her most remote and worthless territory being turned from the production of a certain number of pounds of mutton to that of perhaps not quite so many pounds of venison.

It seems never to be thought — indeed the contrary is almost always assumed — that if deer-forests were not the most remunerative use of certain kinds of land, they would not be preferred to other uses. The system is ordinarily talked of as eminently uncommercial or thriftless; but in truth commercial considerations — an increase in the rental of the land — form the chief motive in operation. Such land as is fitted for deer is at present certain of bringing much higher rent as a deer-forest than as anything else. For instance, a sheep-walk in Ross-shire, which had never as such been let for more than 400*l.*, was lately occupied as a deer-forest by Mr. Latouche at a rent of 2200*l.* This doubtless was an extreme instance; but it is not going to an extreme to say that a tract of land in the Highlands fitted for a deer-forest will at present bring, if turned to that purpose, nearly treble the rent that could be extracted from it under any other system. Some idea of what the Highlands have gained in value by ‘sporting rents’ may be formed even from such general facts as these — that the rent paid for deer-forests in the districts north of the Caledonian Canal, with two or three forests in the counties of Banff and Aberdeen, is very considerably upwards of 20,000*l.* a year. The value of the forests retained in the hands of the proprietors is not so easily ascertained; but we might safely take it as amounting, in the same

districts, to at least half the value of the forests let to tenants. In the counties of Perth; Argyle, Stirling, and Dumbarton, there are, probably, let and unlet together, deer-forests to the annual value of 10,000*l.*,—making in all 40,000*l.* of annual rental for lands which, if devoted to any other purpose, would not produce more than a third of that rental. In the districts north of the Caledonian Canal, we find the rental for ordinary or grouse shootings *let*, to be fully 30,000*l.*, all in *addition* to the rental which the same land still brings for sheep and other agricultural purposes.

We can see the benefit to proprietors in the Highlands from receiving this increased amount of money, and we cannot see the harm, at least to anybody in the Highlands, from the Dublin banker, the 'London brewer,' or the English 'lordling' choosing to pay it.

But it is not only, nor even chiefly, the proprietor who benefits by the system; the expenditure of the deer-stalker or rather sportsman is not only, nor chiefly, in rent. Generally speaking, much more than the whole rental which the territory would bring under any system whatever, and than the expenditure either under crofts or sheep, is spent within it by the southern visitant in the course of a few weeks. We have already seen that the sportsman, if only a grouse-shooter, not having the land 'clean of sheep,' pays a handsome rent in *addition* to the sheep-rent, or where sheep are cleared off he pays a great deal more than was paid before, and that he pays more than was paid by the sheep farmer in the shape of wages; but in addition to this his expenditure in other departments is beyond comparison greater. And if it is said that the sportsman is not resident all the year round, it may be replied not only that, after all, his expenditure is greater for the year, but that some of the greatest sheep farmers, having flocks alike in Dumfries-shire and Caithness, in Roxburgh and in Ross, were and often are not resident at all. A gentleman cannot live at his quarters in the Highlands, for a couple of months in the shooting season, and 'see his friends,' without an expenditure (additional to rent and wages) of from 300*l.* to 500*l.*, which is probably more than the annual value, present or former, of the land over which he sports. In cases where proprietors, especially if non-Highland proprietors, live at their own places, the expenditure is on a still higher scale. We know instances in which the present expenditure, as compared with the rent presently or formerly obtainable for agricultural purposes, is as thousands to hundreds. It may be that that expenditure is not strictly or directly of a reproductive character; but it certainly neither impoverishes nor 'depopulates.' And it is important to note that while, not many years

ago, the popular and accepted cry was that the Highlands were impoverished by the chiefs or lairds "spending Highland money 'in London,' the cry now is that the same result follows from an enormous amount of London money being spent in the Highlands.

Nor is the expenditure of the sporting proprietors and lessees in all these forms the only new source of revenue which the Highlands have acquired since the days of their 'former prosperity.' The stream of tourists which now flows through these regions from June to October—on some routes as a mighty river, but also distributed in rivulets over every district—is a stream of gold, quite wonderful in the extent and rapidity of its growth. If it were quite proper to the present inquiry, it would be possible, scattered and dubious as we find the facts of the history to be, to give an account of the changes wrought upon the Highlands in this respect within the present generation, showing greater benefits and a more rapid growth than is almost anywhere conceived of. But take one instance of what may be regarded as the newest, as it is also the wildest and most remote of the touring districts. What we may call the Hebridean tour—from the Firth of Clyde northward to the west of Ross and Sutherland, and outward to Skye and the islands beyond—has been virtually created within these few years, chiefly by the bold and continued efforts of a steamboat company (Messrs. Hutcheson and Co. of Glasgow), and presents a very interesting history, both as to means and results. Owing to the nature of the Hebridean coasts, the tourist is enabled to traverse the grandest and most desolate scenery, and seas whose very names are suggestive of storm and danger, with as close a view as if seated in a carriage, and with as much comfort, freedom, and safety as if lolling in a drawing-room or on a balcony. Some idea of the extent and growth of the traffic thus driven through the most desolate and stormy regions of the three kingdoms, may be formed from the facts that last year the number of passengers passing through the Crinan Canal, which forms part, though not an essential part, of the route, was nearly 50,000; that the number has been doubled within about a dozen years; and that the tonnage, cattle, sheep, and general goods have all increased in the same proportion. Or, as an illustration of what has taken place a long while before and on a still larger scale in many other places, take the little town of Oban, one of the starting-points or resting-places in the Hebridean tour. Its population is 1700; its inhabited houses 156; the annual value of its property, 4400*l*. Often in the height of the season, 500 or 600 beds are occupied by tourists, and

the nightly average, from the beginning of June to the end of September, is 250, which, making allowance for the number of beds occupied by more than one person, represents at least 300 guests. Each of these is ascertained to pay on an average 10s. per day, besides the hire of conveyances and the large proportion of the eating and drinking performed on board the steamers. As the number of tourists sleeping in the place during the season is at least 40,000, we have thus, in four months, a sum of 20,000*l.* of Lowland money spent in this little village. The visitors are at least twentyfold the inhabitants, and the visitors' expenditure four or fivefold the value of the whole town. It will be said that this sort of stream is not fertilising—that it neither increases production nor promotes industry. It is enough for all present purposes to reply that, if it does not do so much good as may be elsewhere effected by other kinds of expenditure, it does some good and no harm. The tourists consume enormously all the various products of Highland industry at exceedingly handsome profits, and supply to a very large number of Highlanders the kinds of employment which, unfortunately, they like best. If not in itself constituting the best species of industry, it neither displaces nor discourages, but indirectly promotes, other kinds. Like 'the sporting system,' it is a benefit alike to those that give and those that take, and is still further than that system from tending to impoverishment or depopulation.

- ART. VIII.—1. *The Life of Michael Angelo Buonarroti; with Translations of many of his Poems and Letters. Also, Memoirs of Savonarola, Raphael, and Vittoria Colonna.* By JOHN S. HARFORD, Esq., D.C.L., F.R.S. 2 vols. 8vo. London: 1857.
2. *Illustrations, Architectural and Pictorial, of the Genius of Michael Angelo Buonarroti, with Descriptions of the Plates.* By the Commendatore CANINA, C. R. COCKERELL, Esq., R.A., and JOHN S. HARFORD, Esq., D.C.L., F.R.S. Folio. London: 1857.
3. *Michael Angelo, considered as a Philosophic Poet, with Translations.* By JOHN EDWARD TAYLOR. 2nd ed. 8vo. London: 1852.

THE lives of great men stand out from the history of their time like mountains which rise from the alluvial plains, casting their shadows forward or backward according as the

light falls on them. If we view them by the light of the past, they seem to overshadow the future; if by that of modern times, their shadow reaches backward to the dawn of civilisation. The historian views them not in one aspect alone: he contemplates them in their twofold relation to the history of their race. He sees in them not only the germ of the present, but also the fruit and glory of the elder time. In like manner the biographer, whose task it is to record the distinguishing features of the world's great men, has it in his power not only to consider them as they appeared to their contemporaries, but to trace in their lives the characters of earlier ages; and if in any respect the form and impress of the present age is owing to them, to note that also, in order that we, who are the inheritors of a portion of their riches, may recognise and acknowledge the benefits they have conferred upon us.

In the biography of Michael Angelo, which stands at the head of these remarks, due importance is assigned to the two first of these considerations. Mr. Harford has not only presented to the reader a living picture of Michael Angelo and his contemporaries, and of the philosophical development of the age, but has consulted the wishes of those who study biography from a historical point of view, by giving a sketch of the Platonic philosophy as it was taught in Greece, and revived in Italy in the fifteenth century; and also by describing the growth of Art in Northern Italy, and the gradual advance of Florence towards that political importance which stamps the era of the Medici as one of the landmarks in modern history.

A preliminary question may present itself to the minds of some, whether a man of the force of character and genius which his contemporaries and all succeeding generations have ascribed to Michael Angelo ought to be viewed as a product of the times in which he lived, and not rather as belonging to all time, influencing rather than influenced by others. Acknowledging as in a great measure true the latter view of the case, and with no desire to follow the example of those who would account for the forms in which human greatness develops itself by accidents of time and place, and by the circumstances which mould the characters of ordinary men, we would strongly impress upon our readers, as essential to a right comprehension of the character of Michael Angelo, the study of that philosophy with which the minds of all the greatest men who flourished in Italy at the close of the fifteenth and beginning of the sixteenth century were imbued. If there is one thing more than another remarkable in Dante, it is that he is so eminently Italian in thought and feeling. Not less Italian is Michael Angelo. His greatness of

conception and power of execution as an artist, his proud independence and patriotic devotion, his aim of ministering by means of Art to the glory of God and the cause of religion, might have existed in any nobly-gifted man in an age of noble minds. The same mental aspirations and powers of conception and execution might have been the heritage of an artist of another country, of one born north of the Alps; but their peculiar form and character were Italian. Michael Angelo possessed powers, the germs of which might be traced in many an Italian, but which attained in him to greater ripeness and ampler development. One peculiarity of the Italian mind is a striving after an ideal standard. This may be traced in their habits of life, not less than in the fine arts. Natural good taste, carried even to the extreme of fastidiousness, and an elegance of mind and manner, mark the Italian of the present day; and this may be ascribed partly to the influence of Greek literature and art, but mainly to the great works of Italian artists of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, which have familiarised the minds of their countrymen with forms of beauty and dignity. To this no one has contributed more than Michael Angelo, the disciple of Plato and the student of Dante: and it is precisely because he was imbued with the spirit of Platonism that his works of art are so eminently ideal in character, whilst it is a proof of his being thoroughly Italian in his feelings and modes of thought, that the great poem of his country took so deep a hold on his imagination.

The prevalent philosophy in Italy up to the middle of the 15th century was Aristotelian. Under the patronage of the Medici and the influence of the Platonic Academy, the study of Plato came into vogue at Florence. Philosophy was the fashion both at court and in good society. The minds of men became imbued with Platonism. We trace it in the works of art, in the poetry, and in the historical writings of the period. The saying of Plato was doubly fulfilled. Statesmen were philosophers, and philosophers statesmen. A free inquiry into the grounds and objects of our faith succeeded to the abject reverence for authority which had hitherto prevailed. Religion became more reasonable, and in the minds of a few noble spirits attained to a high standard of purity. This seems to be an indispensable condition, without which no great works, whether literary or artistic, can be produced in any age. It is not that every poet and artist must needs be a religious man, but that the highest aspirations of the human soul find free vent in no other direction; and the most highly gifted men, shorn of that portion of divinity which might have

been theirs, become only greater human beings, who are unable to exalt the spirit of their fellow-men, and raise it above earth. Yet this religion must not be a mere spiritualised philosophy. The study of Plato at Florence prepared men's minds for the reception of higher truths in every department of human inquiry. But it did not supply that which was wanting to bring the individual soul into a nearer relation to God. It was useless for Lorenzo de' Medici and Ficino* to discuss the question, whether happiness lay in the bent of the will or in that of the intellect, while the discourses of Savonarola, instinct with the life of the apostolical age, fell unheeded on their ears. Such discussions would not satisfy the highest requirements of man's nature. They ministered to the amusement of the hour, and provided an intellectual entertainment of a high description; but other thoughts supported Lorenzo on his death-bed, and other conceptions than those of the beautiful, the true, and the good were with Michael Angelo when he painted the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel.

Whenever a particular study becomes the fashion, ordinary minds are absorbed by it, and pretend to find in it the whole of their social and religious life. So it was with Ficino. He seems to have anticipated some of the thinkers of our days in tracing the fundamental doctrines of Christianity in the Dialogues of Plato, and in maintaining that the character of Socrates* was a sort of adumbration of that of Christ. In strong natures like that of Michael Angelo, a particular study, though it may colour the thoughts strongly for a period of life, and never cease to produce a certain influence, gives way to the workings of the individual soul, and becomes absorbed into the innermost being. We find more traces of Platonism in his early poetry than in his sculpture,—more again in his sculpture than in his paintings.

Strictly speaking, it was not Platonism, but Neo-platonism, the philosophy, not of Athens, but of Alexandria, which was studied at Florence. Of this philosophy Mr. Harford gives a sketch, by way of supplement to an interesting chapter on the Platonic Academy of Tuscany. The ideal of Michael Angelo was not merely an individual abstraction, it was rather a mode of viewing objects in the world of sense, as well as in that of morals and intellect, drawn from the sources of that philosophy which Socrates and Plato taught, and which Plotinus and others expounded anew in the 3rd century.

Thus Mr. Taylor, in his able essay, claims Michael Angelo as

* Harford, p. 69.

a kindred spirit to Dante and Petrarcha, and says that, 'As Dante worshipped the philosophy of Religion, Michael Angelo adored the philosophy of Art.' This is an interesting point of view; for 'in classing Michael Angelo with the greatest poets and greatest thinkers of his country, we substantiate an important link in the chain which connects the arts, and we derive an interesting and instructive lesson from the consideration that the bond which unites them is, in its noblest sense, Philosophy.' (P. 81.)

The artistic tendencies of the age of Michael Angelo are deserving of consideration if we wish to assign him his proper place in the history of Italian Art. The early schools of Italian painting are characterised by successive efforts of the individual mind in a particular direction. Sometimes it was the attempt to symbolise in outward form attributes of heavenly things, and the feelings and emotions of the human soul. Sometimes it was the aim at a close representation of outward realities. In a few instances, various excellences of composition and design were combined.

The tendency of the Florentine school of the 15th century was rather to direct imitation than to spiritualised expression. It was a tendency which corresponded with the vigorous political life of the Republic. To give it elevation several circumstances were needed. First, the reference of external Nature to an ideal standard of Beauty through the guidance of a judicious study of the Antique; next, the influence of Philosophy on the modes of conception prevalent among artists, and which—formerly borrowed from the Byzantine painters—now owed their origin to the observance of Nature; and, thirdly, the study of Anatomy, necessary to enable the painter to represent with fidelity the action of the body, and so to make it a means of expressing the feelings of the mind.

At this period Michael Angelo appeared. He was, both by nature and education, fitted to advance the tendencies of Florentine Art in every direction excepting that of tender expression and purely devotional sentiment by which the Umbrian schools were characterised. In the school of Ghirlandajo he learned the technical portion of his art, and a serious and dignified manner of treating sacred subjects. It was in the garden of San Marco that he became acquainted with the remains of Greek Art; and by the studies that he made from them while he was under the fostering roof of Lorenzo de' Medici he acquired that feeling for nobleness of form, and for the full representation of individual life, in which the works of his countrymen were deficient. The loss of such a patron was to the

rising artist very great. And the dispersion of the Medicean collection of gems, statues, manuscripts, &c., was a national calamity.

Michael Angelo quitted Florence before the downfall of the house of the Medici, and took refuge at Bologna. Returning after a year's absence he found the city torn by strife. The partisans of the exiled princes were plotting for their return, and the popular party was struggling for the permanent restoration of the ancient Republic. Among them was Savonarola, a Dominican monk, who, owing to the circumstances of the time, became possessed of great political power. As a guide to the religious and political history of Florence, Mr. Harford takes the life of this eminent preacher, who, as Condivi and Vasari both assure us, was regarded with affectionate veneration by Michael Angelo.

It is pleasing to contrast Mr. Harford's account of Savonarola with that of Roscoe, who sees in him nothing but a blind and ignorant bigot; forgetting that his influence extended to the noblest and wisest men of his day, and that his enemies — even Roderic Borgia, whom he had lashed with such unsparing severity — bore testimony to his virtue. At the same time Mr. Harford is not blind to the faults of Savonarola. He draws his character fully, and with an impartial hand; neither impugning his honesty of purpose, nor blindly claiming for him greater merit as a reformer than he deserves.

So far as Savonarola's influence extended, he kept down the free development of Art, and restricted it to the monkish ideal. Michael Angelo seems exactly to have estimated the strong points of his character; regarding him as an eloquent preacher, an ardent lover of liberty, and a religious reformer; and the inscription which he proposed for the reverse of a medal struck of him by Leone Leoni — 'Docebo iniquos vias tuas, et impii ad te convertentur' (Ps. li.) — describes what was, in fact, the great work of his life.

The external life of Michael Angelo is sufficiently known through the biographies of Vasari and Condivi, with the exception of that portion during which he was engaged in the political struggles which terminated in the overthrow of the liberties of Florence. The part which he took in these stirring events is to be gathered from the pages of the Florentine historians, Nardi and Varchi, of whose labours Mr. Harford has availed himself. This had already been done in Duppa's *Life of Michael Angelo*, which gives all that it professes to aim at — a clear and interesting account of Michael Angelo, as a man and as an artist, with a complete collection of his literary works,

and outlines of his principal works of art, including the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel. To those who are contented to regard a great man as he is, without taking into consideration the circumstances in which he was placed, this method of treatment may appear satisfactory. But Dappa's criticisms are not equal to the subject; nor are the remarks in his introduction to the poems sufficiently enlightened to be of any real service to the student. Still less will they satisfy the requirements of the profound critic and philosopher. The formation of a mind which could produce works of such grandeur, and so different in kind, must be an interesting study: and the power of tracing in those works the development of habits of thought and high moral and intellectual purposes, requires greater insight and penetration than Dappa appears to have possessed. One element of Michael Angelo's inner life was entirely neglected by him—the strong religious convictions, which appear from an examination of his poems to have undergone an important change during the course of his long and eventful life. Neither has Dappa given a satisfactory account of the Platonic philosophy with which Michael Angelo's mind was imbued, of the circumstances in which he passed his youth, and of the personages with whom he associated, and by whom he was influenced. Such an undertaking, doubtless, required more space than Dappa allotted to his subject: but few will deny that its accomplishment was a *desideratum*. This Mr. Harford has endeavoured to supply.

Our space will not permit us to glance, however cursorily, upon the external events of Michael Angelo's life. They have received fuller illustration at the hands of Mr. Harford than from any of his other biographers; and if the introduction of the discussion on the Platonic philosophy, the memoir of Savonarola, the sketch of the early Florentine history, and that of the Reformation which was nipped in the bud, the memoir of Raphael, &c., be objected to as drawing off the attention of the reader from the subject of the biography, and the contemplation of his artistic excellence, it must be remembered that it was the author's aim to develop Michael Angelo's political and religious character as well as that of the philosophy of the age in which his mind was steeped; and that these points required the fullest illustration which could be thrown on them from the light of contemporary history.

The point to which we shall now direct our attention is an inquiry into the character and genius of Michael Angelo, as shown in his poems.

The collection includes sixty-two small poems under the
VOL. CVI. NO. CCXVI.

'name of madrigals, and sixty-four sonnets, besides a few pieces 'of somewhat greater compass, the most interesting among which 'is an elegy, in which he deplores the death of a brother, and 'describes, in a touching strain of devotion and tenderness, how 'much this stroke had revived his feelings of grief for the loss of 'his father.* Many of the madrigals are of a light and playful character, as the well-known one beginning ' *Questa mia donna 'lusinghiera, ardita,* ' translated by Mr. Harford.

Others are of a graver character, as the following†, translated by Southey:—

' Ill hath he chosen his part, who seeks to please
The worthless world, — ill hath he chosen his part,
For often must he wear the look of ease
When grief is in his heart,
And often in his hours of happier feeling
With sorrow must his countenance be hung,
And ever his own better thoughts concealing,
Must he in stupid Grandeur's praise be loud,
And to the errors of the ignorant crowd
Assent with lying tongue.
Thus much would I conceal, that none should know
What secret cause I have for silent woe;
And taught by many a melancholy proof
That those whom Fortune favours it pollutes,
I from the blind and faithless world aloof,
Nor fear its envy, nor desire its praise,
But choose my path through solitary ways.'

This madrigal is one of the best comments on a portion of the life of Michael Angelo; expressive 'of the disgust with 'which he reverted to the faithless spirit of the world; and, in 'particular, to the double part which he often had to play with 'pompous pretenders in high life, men whom he heartily despised, and yet had felt compelled to treat with much of outward homage.'‡

'The sonnets,' says Mr. Harford, 'comprehend the most beautiful and finished of his poems, those which are most read, and oftenest referred to. Of these the early ones abound in Platonism; whilst the later show a truly Christian spirit. Some of these rank among the most exquisite and impressive examples of devotional poetry in almost any language.' He did not allow his compositions to be published during his lifetime: 'They were the secret intercourse which his genius in her

* Harford, vol. ii. p. 109.

† *Mad. lix.* 'Non sempre al mondo è sì pregiato e caro.'

‡ Harford, vol. ii. p. 114.

'loneliness on earth held with eternal truths, untroubled with
'the thought of descending to the reach of inferior intellects.'

One of his poems* enables us to trace in his own words the connexion between his philosophy and his art. It is well translated by Mr. Taylor:—

'Beauty was given me at my birth to serve
As my vocation's faithful exemplar,
The light and mirror of two sister arts:
Who otherwise believes, in judgment errs.
She alone lifts the eye up to that height
For which I strive, to sculpture and to paint.
O rash and blind the judgment that diverts
To sense the Beauty which in secret moves,
And raises each sound intellect to Heaven!
No eye infirm the interval may pass
From mortal to divine, nor thither rise
Where without grace to ascend the thought is vain.'

Out of a comparison between this poem and the works of Michael Angelo arises a curious question—How, if Beauty was from the first the inspiring principle of his Art, there should be so little of what is generally understood by Beauty, and acknowledged as beautiful, in his works? The following remarks of Mr. Harford furnish, we think, an answer to the question:—

'Beauty, in the Platonic sense, is not restricted, as in popular usage, to the exterior charms of form, and face, and colour, or to the graces of symmetry and proportion, or to the various captivating productions of Nature and Art, but is applied also to intellectual and moral qualities, such as Wisdom, Justice, Truth, Fortitude, to the equity of laws, to scientific intelligence, and, above all, to the archetypal union of these and all other conceivable excellences in the Deity.'

'He beheld it in whatever is most sublime in Nature, and enchanting in Art; in all that is creative in genius or profound in science in the noble, the amiable, the virtuous in character; and above all, where he saw the high expression of mind and truth and purity enshrined in a lovely female form.'†

Owing to the peculiar constitution of Michael Angelo's mind, and his sympathy with sublimity and grandeur, a certain uniformity of thought may be traced in his Poetry and works of Art. The same circumstance made him less susceptible to the beauty which is characterised by loveliness. Even his ideal of loveliness was not of an earthly type. He constantly kept before his mind

* Mad. vii. 'Per fido esempio alla mia vocazione.'

† Vol. ii. p. 118.

an unattainable standard of perfection; and it was owing to this that he became so great. Hence, in his poetry, as in his works of Art, the noblest minds will see the most to admire. Superficial charms, which constitute the sole attraction of much of the poetry of his time, are not to be looked for in his poems. The intense reality of his mind and character showed itself in them; and it was well said by Berni, addressing the empty poets of his day, 'Ei dice cose, e voi dite parole.' The poems of Michael Angelo will disappoint those who look for vivid imagery addressed to the senses. They are not, in fact, addressed to the sensitive part of our nature, but to the moral and intellectual faculties. In their style they exhibit a harmony between the sonnets of Dante and those of Petrarch. Admiring, and to a great extent taking for his model the style of, the latter, he felt a true and deep sympathy with Dante.

The poems of his old age are of a different spirit. In them we behold the dreams of Platonism giving way to a more vivid realisation of eternal life, and of the way of attaining to it. This phase of Michael Angelo's mind is dwelt on at some length, and with true appreciative spirit, by Mr. Harford.* The change in his feelings, and the gradual ascendancy obtained by religion over philosophy, is traced, on his own authority, to his friendship with Vittoria Colonna, who lived at Rome for a year after the commencement of their acquaintance (1537), and resided several years at Viterbo afterwards. During that time Michael Angelo made several drawings for his illustrious friend, and they exchanged letters. Some having imagined, perhaps from misunderstanding Condivi, that Michael Angelo was smitten with a hopeless passion for Vittoria Colonna, Mr. Harford calmly examines the facts of the case, and appeals to the testimony of his poems addressed to her—five in number—and to sundry unpublished letters in the possession of the Cavaliere Buonarroti at Florence, to prove that it was a religious friendship.† The discussion of this question is carried on with judicial calmness, and is marked by candour and good sense; and ought, we think, to satisfy every one, that, although Michael Angelo was not insensible to the beauty of Vittoria, it was her religious elevation of sentiment, her condescending courtesy, and the nobleness of her character, which attracted his admiration; and that when Condivi spoke of him as 'enamoured of her divine spirit, and beloved by her in return with much affection,' he spoke only of

* Vol. ii. pp. 145—147.

† Ib. pp. 152—159.]

'such love as spirits feel
In worlds whose course is equable and pure.'

Mr. Harford compares the spirit of Michael Angelo's later sonnets with that of St. Augustine's Confessions; and the specimens which he gives with translations by himself—in one instance by Wordsworth—fully justify the comparison. Probably some artists, who wish to believe that the prosecution of their art is faith, will feel offended at Michael Angelo's abandoning in his old age art for religion. If so, their case will not be singular. It is a common form of delusion in men to think that, in riding their own hobby, they fulfil every obligation, not only religious, but also political and social. And they are always ready to bring against another, who abandons a less important for a more important object, the charge of senility and failing powers.

Some of the feelings of the poet's mind have been illustrated by the sonnets and madrigals above quoted; namely, love in its earthly sense, and in its higher spiritual development; disgust and weariness of the world, and a love of retirement; admiration of beauty in its noblest types, and a general disparagement of that which attracts the senses, joined with great sensibility to the beauty of natural objects; his finding in earthly things adumbrations of heavenly things; his grandeur and singleness of view; the intense reality of his thought, joined with constant strivings after ideal perfection; his sympathy with all that is great and noble, heightened by experience of sorrow; the influence of religion on his mind, and, especially that of another noble and religious mind on his; the sense of comfort in old age derived from the contemplation of the divine love, and the belief in the efficacy of prayer.

Other feelings of the poet's breast and important features of his character are developed in his writings, of which we can only mention two of the most prominent. One is the constant sense of his own imperfection, and an inexpressibly high conception of true greatness, power, beauty, and goodness. We see in his poetry, to borrow Mr. Taylor's words, 'the human mind 'carried to the verge of the imagination, soaring with upward glance to the source of all greatness and excellence,—mourning 'in its mighty power over the distance which separates it from 'the goal to which it tends,—restless under the sense of imperfection, yet drawing strength and vigour from the consciousness 'of its superiority.' (P. 23.)

Another is a sense of the holiness of contemplation — of that earnest converse of the soul with the divine perfection, which is represented by Dante under the person of Rachel: the spirit

which says, 'Thou hast made me glad through Thy works.' This principle lies at the root of all genuine love of Beauty. Without it, no mind can be considered perfect in its organisation. Its presence is necessary to constitute the 'intelletto sano,' of which Michael Angelo speaks more than once, and to secure for man those higher enjoyments which the Creator has provided for his fallen creatures as earnest of their immortality, and witnesses of eternal things — of unfading beauty, of perfect purity, and undying love.

Michael Angelo's letters, of which nineteen are published in a small volume* with his poems, are remarkable for their vigour, and for the light they throw on several incidents of his life. His answer to the Grand Duke of Florence, sent through Vasari, in which he declines to abandon his post as architect of St. Peter's †, shows what energy he retained when eighty-one years of age. Another letter on the same subject, written two years after, displays the same inflexible determination. A short letter addressed to Benvenuto Cellini ‡ exhibits him as a generous critic of his friend's works, ready to acknowledge his merits as a sculptor, and offering advice as to placing a bust in a good light. In his acknowledgment of Varchi's comment on the sonnet which begins, 'Non ha l' ottimo artista alcun con-
'cetto,' we find a remarkably candid confession of his failing powers—'I am now an old man, and death has robbed me of the thoughts of youth; and he who does not know what old age is, let him have patience till it comes, and he will then understand it well.' Two letters, written after the death of his faithful servant Urbino to Vasari and Cornelia, Urbino's widow, exhibit him as a kind master, full of condescension and benevolence towards his dependants. One of the most interesting of his letters is that in which he recounts the numberless difficulties which he had to contend with in the prosecution of his Art, and the insults and calumnies under which his proud, sensitive nature suffered. §

Other letters, hitherto unpublished, remain in the possession of the Buonarroti family at Florence. It is to be hoped that, before many years are past, the desire, long entertained, that these should be published, may be fulfilled. For although it is not likely that they contain any fact of importance, hitherto unknown, connected with Michael Angelo's life, they will, no doubt, furnish interesting illustrations of his personal character.

* Milan, 1821.

† *Ib.* vol. ii. p. 182.

‡ Harford, vol. ii. pp. 179—181.

§ *Ib.* vol. ii. Appendix.

It is now time to consider the character of **Michael Angelo** as displayed in his works of Art. To begin with Sculpture. Every one knows, at least by casts or engravings, **Michael Angelo's** statue of **Moses**, which the judgment of his contemporaries declared to surpass all works of ancient Art. In this statue grandeur has been attained by great boldness of treatment, which scrupled not to approach the verge of extravagance. Indeed,

‘L' esempio di quel Duce altero
Chi terribil qual è, piace e inamora,
E sculto appar quasi sedente ancora
In Israel legislator primiero’

has more than once called forth a vulgar comment or a coarse jest. Mr. Harford * judiciously observes : ‘ In estimating the merits of this celebrated statue, we encounter various and opposite opinions. None question the grandeur of the figure, and its mastery of execution ; but the wish has often been expressed, and we unite in it, that more of the saintly character of the great Jewish legislator had been blended in this marvellous figure with its predominant expression of lofty purpose and stern resolve.’ He then quotes Vasari's glowing eulogy, and adds†, ‘ From this style of panegyric the reader will turn with interest to the more sober judgment of Sir Charles Bell.’ ‘ It is a noble figure, replete with all the energy of Buonarroti. It is not the anatomy alone which constitutes its perfection ; but there is the same mind displayed in the attitude, the habiliments, the beard, and all the accompaniments, as in the vigour of the naked shoulders and arms. It is the realisation of his high conception of the human figure.’ This is followed by the quotation from D'Agincourt‡, in which he calls off attention from the ‘ boundless beard’ of **Moses**, and from other extravagances in the sculpture of Buonarroti, which are easy to criticise, to ‘ that which is in execution above all difficult, and which constitutes the sublime in Art, the expression of life, character, and thought ;’ and adds,—‘ Let this **Moses** be contemplated with an attention and candour unwarped by prejudice, and it will be found impossible not to recognise in his head, and especially in his look, the inspired mortal admitted to converse with God.’

The sculptures of the tombs of the Medici are no less remarkable in character, although, owing to a disagreement with

* Vol. ii. p. 40.

† Ib. ii. p. 41.

‡ Storia dell' Arte, vol. iii. p. 323.

Duke Alessandro, Michael Angelo left Florence before they were finished, and never returned. Of the two portrait-statues, that of Duke Lorenzo is the most remarkable. From its profound character of meditation, it acquired the distinctive appellation of '*La pensée de Michel Ange.*'* It is excellently described by Mr. Harford, and pronounced by him not undeserving of the title of 'the first of modern statues.' Rogers' lines, interpreting its spirit, are known to every true lover of Art :—

' That is the Duke Lorenzo ; mark him well.
He meditates, his head upon his hand.
What from beneath his helm-like bonnet scowls ?
Is it a face, or but an eyeless skull ?
'Tis lost in shade ; yet, like the basilisk,
It fascinates, and is intolerable.
His mien is noble, most majestic !'

The figures of Aurora and Twilight, and of Day and Night, are not only remarkable for their grand and mysterious character, bespeaking — to use Flaxman's words ' the same mighty ' mind and hand evident throughout the ceiling of the Sistine ' Chapel and the Last Judgment ;' but deserving of notice as having set an example - - that of introducing allegorical figures in monuments — which was quickly followed by sculptors throughout the whole of Europe. The Night is perhaps the most celebrated, as it is the most highly-finished, and is the subject of Giovanni Strozzi's epigram.

' La notte che tu vedi in sì dolci atti
Dormir, fu da un Angelo scolpita
In questo sasso, e, perchè dorme, ha vita ;
Destala, se nol credi, e parleratti ;'

to which Michael Angelo replied in the person of Night,

' Grato m' è 'l sonno, e più l' esser di sasso,
Mentre che 'l danno e la vergogna dura ;
Non veder, non sentir, m' è gran ventura ;
Però non mi destar, deh ! parla basso.'

Nevertheless, many will agree with Sir Charles Bell in preferring the unfinished grandeur of the statue of Day, of which the execution is sketchy throughout, and sympathise with him in the feeling that ' the finish and smoothness of the marble ' in completed works ' is hardly consistent with the vigour of ' Michael Angelo's conceptions.'

In a comparison of Michael Angelo's sculpture with works of antique art, though we miss the chaste simplicity and refined taste of the Greek sculptors, we are struck by a certain grandeur and largeness of conception, which belongs to him alone.

His love for representing the nude appears in excess in the fine statue of Christ bearing his cross, in which he has departed from the conventional types of Christian Art in the omission of drapery; and partly owing to this, partly to the display of muscular energy, the statue fails in producing much more effect than that of a fine academical figure. That he could represent mental suffering with deep tenderness and pathos is fully shown in the alto-rilievo medallion of the Virgin contemplating a dead Christ, spoken of already as the *Pietà* of Genoa.

Compared with the sculptures of the tombs of the Medici, in which his riper powers are shown, Michael Angelo's earlier works exhibit less daring and less fulness of conception; yet they are such as he alone could produce. The Florentine *Bacchus*, the *Pietà* now at St. Peter's, and the statue of David, are severally full of character: the former represents the jocund god of the vintage, the second the reverence and tender grief which belong to the '*Mater Dolorosa*,' and the last the noble bearing and expression of youthful courage, lofty enterprise, and guileless truth, which characterised the son of Jesse at the time when he slew the giant. It has been well remarked by Fuseli that Michael Angelo seems to have had no boyhood: as a sculptor, we are struck by the maturity of power which he exhibited at an early age. And in the sister art he soon reached the perfection of his powers. At the age of thirty he produced the cartoon of *Pisa*, and became the instructor of the world in design.

After all that has been said about this famous cartoon, it is an interesting question to ask, — 'What qualities of mind are displayed in it?' The learned precision of the drawing, the variety of the attitudes, and the energy of action, attracted the admiration and elicited the praises of Benvenuto Cellini, Vasari, and Condivi; and other tongues, of men who never saw the original, have re-echoed their words. Perhaps the most striking quality displayed is the power of imagination. The whole scene must have been before the artist's mind whilst he was at work. And he must have possessed the faculty of recalling it, even in its individual features, before his mind, after the long interruption which took place, owing to his receiving a summons to Rome. There is no attempt at anything heroic in the forms or attitudes of the warriors, so far as they have been transmitted to us in the Holk-

ham picture, of which there is an excellent engraving in Mr. Harford's 'Illustrations.' 'But one spirit breathes through the whole composition; one resolute movement; one desire to get at the foe: variously modified according to the ages of the individual soldiers. Hence the composition is fully entitled to the appellation of *epic*, which Fuseli bestows upon it, and for which his editor, Mr. Wornum, not understanding the meaning of the term, proposes to substitute *ethic*.

The frescoes of the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel, as Vasari says, 'exhibit the genius of Michael Angelo, and his unrivalled powers of design in their highest perfection. . . . The subjects were chiefly supernatural or symbolical, and were, therefore, peculiarly suited to excite and animate the powers of his creative mind, which delighted in the picturesque and the ideal, in personifying abstract images, and in giving expression to Scriptural facts by forms the most grand and commanding.'

The general plan of the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel is thus described by Mr. Harford:—

'The grand works of creation, the primeval history of man, the entry of sin into Paradise, the curse which it brought on this fair creation, and its awful consequences, the reversal of that curse, and the re-entry of life and immortality through the Gospel, the initiatory preparation for the incarnation of that divine Redeemer to whom all the prophets bare witness, and to whom at length every knee shall bow: such are the great subjects chosen by Michael Angelo to employ his creative pencil. We are carried back to the patriarchal age, to the mystic age of prophecy and poetry; and we have also before us a magnificent display* of the mighty energies of physical force and industry. Sublimity of sentiment and unrivalled powers of design, undebased by any admixture of puerile superstition, here reign and triumph.' †

Michael Angelo's treatment of this cycle of subjects shows, as we gather from Sir C. Eastlake's and Mr. Harford's accounts, that he was fully conversant with the symbolism which prevailed in the Christian church at a very early date.‡ The church in the middle ages 'appears to have authorised a certain order and connection of subjects, to which Michael Angelo in 'the main conformed.' Conforming so far to the practice of the mediæval church, Michael Angelo adhered closely to the early church feeling, as shown by mosaics and pictures in the catacombs. This is, indeed, very characteristic of the man.

* Namely, in the figures supporting the pedestals, and bearing up the scrolls, which Kugler calls the 'genii of architecture.'

† Harford, vol. i. p. 291.

‡ Ib. p. 293.

He is remarkable for taking in, in their full depth and breadth, a few grand ideas, and for developing them, with their effect undisturbed by lesser ideas. That his mind was full of the need and efficacy of the Atonement appears in several of his religious sonnets. To such a mind it would have been an impertinence to paint the Virgin interceding with her son for sinners. Hence he has never represented Mary in any other aspect than that of 'the handmaid of the Lord.'

Regarding the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel as the greatest of Michael Angelo's works in fresco, we will pause for awhile to examine it more in detail, not with a view of supplying a 'catalogue raisonnée,' which has been done by others, but with that of making the whole composition and its different parts illustrate the character and genius of the painter. In sublimity of conception it is, perhaps, unequalled in the world of Art. To take a particular instance: the Creation, in which 'life issues from God, and adoration from man,'—displays in the highest degree Michael Angelo's grandeur of invention, and his power of seizing on the essential and elevated, to the exclusion of the non-essential and ordinary features of a subject.

The penetrative character of Michael Angelo's imagination is shown by a comparison which Fuseli institutes between his treatment of the creation of Eve and that of Raphael. While Raphael reasoned out the attitude and expression suitable for Adam on receiving Eve from the hands of her Creator, Michael Angelo seems at one bound to have burst the barrier of ages, and, inspired by the operation of creative power, to have seized at once on that feature which stamps on human nature its most glorious prerogative: and hence 'her earthly by his heavenly 'o'erpowered' pours itself in adoration.

Nor less striking is the power of execution shown in these frescoes. First, the breadth—'that quality of execution which 'makes a whole so predominate over its parts, as to excite the 'idea of uninterrupted unity amid the greatest variety.'* Comparing Michael Angelo with Raphael in this particular, the latter, great as he is, appears to disadvantage. The breadth of Michael Angelo is shown in his designs, his chiaroscuro, and his colour: as, for an instance of the first, when he 'encompasses the figure 'of the Creator in the creation of Adam with a broad curve of 'cloudy drapery, obtaining, by the sweeping line, perfect ease 'in every part, with perfect subjection to an enclosing form or 'directing impulse.'† The chiaroscuro of the different compart-

* Fuseli, Lectures, p. 466.

† Ruskin, *Stones of Venice*, ii. 135.

ments is scarcely less remarkable. Nothing can be simpler or grander than his arrangement of the masses of light and shade; and the negative tone of his colour is conducive to the same end—that of epic grandeur. Fuseli, speaking of the characteristics of fresco painting, says *, ‘In no other style could the generic forms of Michael Angelo have been divided, like night and day, into that breadth of light and shade which stamps their character;’ and he carries out this view in some excellent remarks, in which, however, may be traced a tendency to substitute the impression produced by the works of Michael Angelo on the imagination, for that produced by them in their present state on the senses.

The ‘Last Judgment’ was pronounced by Varchi in his funeral oration over Michael Angelo to be the greatest of his works. Certainly if that be the greatest, of which the subject, in itself sublime, and lying beyond the sphere of observation, is treated on the largest scale, with the introduction of the greatest number of figures, no one will question the verdict pronounced by the historian. But if vigour and fertility of conception, spiritual insight, power of design, and breadth of style, constitute greatness, then we shall assign, as we have done, the first place to the paintings on the ceiling.

The leading characteristics of the ‘Last Judgment’ are well given by Flaxman †, and the mind and intention of the painter as to its various details are sufficiently placed before the reader by the description given by Vasari and Condivi, ‘derived probably from Michael Angelo’s own lips.’ ‡

That Michael Angelo’s treatment should be more generic than individual, more epic than dramatic, is not to be accounted a defect in the composition. But Mr. Harford justly alludes to

‘A capital defect, which tends to mar the interest of the whole composition. It respects the figure, the bearing, and the expression of Christ, which, far from uniting the mild majesty of the Redeemer with the sublime dignity of the Judge, is menacing and repulsive in its aspect, and is cast in an ungraceful and Titanic mould. The upper part of the picture also expresses with far less power the bliss and glory of the redeemed, than the lower part does the terrors and despair of the reprobate.’ §

Whilst pointing out these defects, Mr. Harford does justice to the excellence of the lower part of the picture, and he adds these general remarks:—

* Lect., p. 510.

† Lectures, p. 316., quoted by Mr. Harford, ii. 46.

‡ Harford, ii. 47.

§ Ib. ii. 50.

'The great object of the artist was to touch the highest moral chord in the soul of man — to exhibit in powerful relief the misery and odiousness of sin, and to point to a hell within the breast, as its final punishment, even more terrible than any combinations of outward torture. Yet it must be confessed that the highest powers of genius and art prove feeble and impotent when attempting to portray scenes and objects such as enter into the composition of this picture. They are so infinitely beyond the scope and the powers of any human pencil, that failure is inevitable.'*

Few things show the unconventional character and simplicity of Michael Angelo's mind, more than his violation of artistic traditions by painting so many undraped figures. He was no doubt possessed with the idea which Vasari† attributes to him, that the painter's proper function was 'to paint the human form in the finest proportions and the most diverse attitudes, and to connect with both the powerful expression of the passions and emotions of the mind; his object being to introduce a taste for the Grand style of Art, which he conceived to be best illustrated by the nude.'

The description of the 'Last Judgment' is well followed by the statement that Michael Angelo was really more indebted to Andrea and Bernardo Orcagna than to Luca Signorelli for the grand leading features of the composition. 'The uplifted arms of the Christ, the place allotted to the Virgin, and the angels with the trumpets beneath, in the centre of the picture, present' — says Mr. Harford — 'resemblances too significant to be mistaken.'‡ The mixture of sacred and profane subjects — of Charon, the boat, Minos, &c., with the groups of angels and ascending or descending spirits — 'is evidently incongruous; but Tasso and Milton have also sanctioned it, and its adoption is to be traced to the difficulty created by the almost entire absence of any positive description of the condition of the condemned in the Holy Scriptures.'§

If the paintings of the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel, by their conception and execution, exhibit Michael Angelo's powers as an artist, and illustrate his character as a philosophic poet, in the highest degree, the 'Last Judgment' displays the effect of his artistic practice in a no less degree. In it he appears to have been less desirous of representing qualities of mind than attitudes of body. His anatomical knowledge, hitherto kept in due subordination, was now thrust prominently forward. No longer contented to adhere to the traditions of the Church, he

* Harford, ii. 51.

† Ib. ii. 53, 54.

‡ Ib. ii. 53.

§ Ib. ii. 54.

followed his own bias; and exhibited, on the great field assigned to him for the representation of the Last Judgment, the human figure in every conceivable attitude, unincumbered for the most part by draperies. Allowing that, in his peculiar province, he has surpassed all other painters,—though it cannot be allowed that he has surpassed his own earlier productions,—he has failed to realise that divine peace and spiritual joy which are so remarkably exhibited in the works of Giotto and Fra Angelico. Comparing Michael Angelo's 'Last Judgment' with that of Orcagna in the Campo Santo at Pisa, although we must allow the perfection of Michael Angelo's forms, 'he stands far below the dignified grandeur of the old master.'* It is remarkable that in this subject Michael Angelo should have omitted the figure of his patron saint, which occupies so prominent a position in other paintings of the same subject. The absence of saintly expression in the upper part of the 'Last Judgment' is, doubtless, a blemish in that wonderful work. This fact, and a comment on it which is supplied by a passage in one of Michael Angelo's letters,—that 'good painting is of itself noble and religious, since nothing so much exalts the soul, and carries it so onward to immortality, as the difficulty of perfection,'—seem to prove that he was deficient in the faculty to appreciate that chastened beauty and sublimated sweetness of expression, which obtained for Fra Giovanni the surname of Angelico.

The works of Michael Angelo's later years, the frescoes in the Pauline Chapel, are less characteristic of the vigour of the artist than his earlier works. Having spoken of his compositions as deficient in certain qualities of expression, it may not be unnecessary for us to refer to some of his works which show that he possessed a high feeling for grace and beauty, although in some well-known instances he lost sight of it. Some of the groups in theistine Chapel exhibiting the domestic affections are worthy of being compared with the best of Raphael's Madonnas, and his figure of Eve in the Creation and in the Temptation is more graceful than Raphael's. A Pietà designed by him, and painted by Sebastian del Piombo, is full of tender grace and feeling. In the picture of Leda, which he painted for the Duke of Ferrara, and which is now only known to us through the original cartoon in London, and an excellent copy in the Dresden Gallery, we have a fine instance of his high sense of the beauty of form. The latter quality is apparent in a design, well known by means of Landon's engraving, of two

* Kugler, Handb. p. 148.

women at the bath, which, for statuesque grace, resembles a work of Greek Art. No one, therefore, can say with truth that Michael Angelo was incapable of producing graceful forms; although he abandoned the pursuit of beauty for the 'terribil via.' What this was, is admirably expressed by Fuseli, in whose words we shall conclude this portion of our inquiry: —

'Sublimity of conception, grandeur of form, and breadth of manner, are the elements of Michelangelo's style. By these principles he selected or rejected the objects of imitation. As painter, as sculptor, as architect, he attempted, and above any other man succeeded, to unite magnificence of plan and endless variety of subordinate parts with the utmost simplicity and breadth. His line is uniformly grand: character and beauty were admitted only as far as they could be made subservient to grandeur. The child, the female, meanness, deformity, were by him indiscriminately stamped by grandeur. A beggar rose from his hand the patriarch of poverty; the hump of his dwarf is impressed with dignity; his women are moulds of generation; his infants teem with the man; his men are a race of giants. This is the 'terribil via' hinted at by Agostino Carracci.'

We now proceed to consider Michael Angelo as an architect. The qualities of mind which his architectural works display are in accordance with what his poems, his letters, his works of sculpture, and his paintings, would lead us to expect. We have not only to regard him as a sculptor, treating architecture merely as a framework for sculpture. That view of him will suffice for the consideration of the sacristy of San Lorenzo, and the mausoleum of Julius II.; but it will not extend to the greatest Christian temple in the world, the principal feature of modern Rome, the church of St. Peter's. In order to appreciate the merit of the part which Michael Angelo took in the erection of this building, it is necessary to contemplate it not as it is, but as he designed it; and that, not from the foundation, but after Bramante, Raphael, and San Gallo had been employed about it, and had committed several errors of design and construction, which rendered the work much more difficult than if it had been entrusted to Michael Angelo from the first. This is very much facilitated by the account which Mr. Harford has given, in his life of Michael Angelo, of the progress of the building from its commencement, and by an engraving exhibiting on one sheet St. Peter's as it is, and as Michael Angelo would have had it. It is still further explained by a work, published at the same time, entitled 'Illustrations, architectural and pictorial, of the genius of Michael Angelo Buonarroti, with descriptions of the plates, &c.' The architectural plates, which are seven in number, were executed

at Rome under the direction of Commendatore Canina. Mr. Harford's object in procuring their publication was 'to vindicate the architectural fame of Michael Angelo, by clearly proving what a tasteful and magnificent structure, in all its parts, the modern St. Peter's would have been, had his designs been fully and faithfully carried out.' Canina, whom Professor Donaldson calls 'a giant in the archæological and architectural literature of classic antiquity,' drew up a paper illustrative of the facts relating to Michael Angelo's design for St. Peter's, and the deviations from the original plan. This Mr. Harford placed in the hands of Mr. Cockerell, requesting him to heighten its interest by adding to it the results of his own intimate acquaintance with the Vatican Basilica. This has been done, and additions have been made by Mr. Cockerell, than whom no one was better calculated to treat such a subject, both on account of his learning and his profound study of the buildings referred to, and also his true appreciation of the mediæval as well as of the classical spirit of art, in which few of his contemporaries approach him. He has illustrated the previous labours of Brunelleschi; and has placed in juxtaposition with the grand design of Michael Angelo the front of the old Vatican Basilica, the dome of Bramante and the plan of San Gallo. The architectural plates are full of interest, inasmuch as they show the true characters of Michael Angelo's mind, exhibited in the grand and simple structure with which he proposed to replace the elaborate one of San Gallo. They also show what is the true development of the culminating principle of architecture, as opposed to the horizontal principle,—that of the old basilicas. It is much to be regretted that the carrying out of so grand and harmonious a design was superseded, owing to Michael Angelo's death, and the appointment of inferior architects.

The two features of Michael Angelo's character which display themselves in the structure of St. Peter's are, 1st, his grandeur and simplicity of conception; and 2ndly, his mechanical power and fertility of resources, as shown in the construction. The first of these stands out in strong contrast to the elaborate and cumbrous invention of San Gallo, who attempted to produce a grand effect by multiplication of small features, and not by the vigorous carrying out of a few grand features. The second is as strongly contrasted with the ignorance and carelessness of Bramante, who neither knew how to provide for the soundness of construction necessary to the execution of his design, nor took the ordinary means to ensure the safety of the valuable materials which the ancient Basilica

of St. Peter's contained. Moreover, Michael Angelo's constant appreciation of Brunelleschi's powers as an architect, and his adoption of his dome, although improved in outline, as it was greater in size, show his generosity and readiness to acknowledge true merit wherever he saw it. The story told of him, when, in his old age, he was surprised on a snowy day in the depth of winter in paying a solitary visit to the Colosseum, and the motto accompanying his well-known design of an old man surrounded with the emblems of childhood—*anchora in parò*—(*ancora imparò*) show his great assiduity, and the high conception which he entertained of the requirements of Art, and of the labour requisite to inform and perfect the artist. But in regarding Michael Angelo as the architect of St. Peter's, we are almost induced to forget the artist in the man: to dwell less on the sustained effort of constructive ability which he displayed, than on the circumstances under which he persevered in his undertaking, with singular constancy, until his dying day. Surely, when we consider him first refusing an unwelcome task; then accepting it only on the condition of his receiving no remuneration; and having accepted it, continuing to discharge his arduous and invidious duties amid the opposition of a host of adversaries, the detractions and insinuations of calumniators, and lastly, with the additional drawback of the diminution of his means of independent living, owing to the Pope's depriving him of an appointment he had long held, the chancellorship of Rimini; we are compelled to say that no architect ever accomplished such a work, against such hindrances, having in view solely the glory of God and the honour of his church. Nor is there any other well authenticated instance on record of Art being so ennobled by its professors as architecture was by the commanding genius, the profound knowledge, the unselfish devotion, the rare magnanimity, and the much enduring patience of Michael Angelo. In contemplating the acts of a man of such a character—of such mighty stature, both moral and intellectual—we feel that we are dealing with one who, in his inward conceptions as well as in his outward actions, rises beyond the level of common humanity, and passes to the heroic standard. When fully possessed with this idea, it becomes difficult to criticise the works of Michael Angelo. The man, the artist, have so roused our imagination, and taken possession of our sympathies, that the judgment and critical faculty are almost paralysed. When we cease to admire, we care not to remain, feeling that it is better to turn away than to stay behind to blame.

With respect to Michael Angelo's lesser architectural works,
VOL. CVI. NO. CCXVI.

M M

the buildings on the Capitoline Hill, the cornice of the Farnese Palace, the Library of San Lorenzo at Florence, &c., it may be said briefly, that they show the impress of a mind for which nothing was too great or too small; of a genius which could not stoop to copy servilely the approved specimens of earlier ages; which would have been impatient of being catechised by Vitruvius, or of being called upon to swear eternal allegiance to the five orders: that although they exhibit matters of detail which succeeding generations have pronounced faulty in taste and wanting in symmetry, yet that we are always conscious of a certain grandeur of conception and power of execution which, whether it lean to the Grecian or to the Gothic manner, produces a striking effect, and impresses us with the idea — the more vividly felt the more penetrated we are with a feeling for grandeur in all its forms — that the works which we behold owe their origin to one of the greatest and most comprehensive minds that ever ripened beneath the sunny skies and amid the classic associations of Italy.

The genius of Michael Angelo receives no slight illustration from his political conduct, during that short but eventful period of his life, when he laid aside the pencil and the chisel, and abandoned for a time the arts of peace for the stern realities of war. He had been trained at the court of Lorenzo de' Medici, and had imbibed a love and attachment for the family of the Medici, which nothing, save a stronger impulse than friendship, or conduct which produced a complete revolution of feeling, could have shaken. After the siege of Rome, the defenceless state of Florence supplied one of these motives. Michael Angelo was called upon to apply his scientific knowledge to the construction of fortifications. His interest would have prompted him to avoid all connexion with a party to which Pope Clement VII. was opposed; but his aspirations were on the side of liberty, and when the voice of patriotism spoke within him, those of interest and allegiance were mute. He accepted the office of Commissary-general of Fortifications in October, 1528, and from that time he devoted all the energies of his mind — full of knowledge and fertile beyond compare in resources — to the task of repelling the assaults of the invaders, and of strengthening the hands of his countrymen by his firmness in council and his undaunted courage in the field. It was just such a crisis as called forth all the powers and enlisted all the sympathies of his high and ardent nature. Now, for the first time in their history, the Florentines were called upon to struggle for their independence, not merely against neighbouring states, or even the

head of the church, but against the strongest military power in Europe. In choosing a life and death struggle rather than prudent submission, the republican party at Florence showed that they valued liberty more than life, and free institutions above commercial prosperity. They could not have been blind to the danger which they were encountering. Nevertheless, they chose, like Cato, the '*causa victa*,' because in that alone was honour to be found. For perils of a siege, for necessary hardships and privations, for eventual defeat in a hand-to-hand conflict, for death and confiscation of property, and severance of all their most cherished associations they were prepared, and this prospect Michael Angelo embraced with them. Against all these contingencies he was forearmed. His skilful eye immediately ascertained the point on which the enemy's fire would be concentrated, the possession of which would involve the capture of the city; and this he fortified as strongly as the military resources of the time would allow. Eager to gain, from the inspection of the Ferrarese fortifications, any suggestions which would be available at Florence, he visited the Duke Alphonso, and was received by him as became his official position and his artistic renown. On his return, he soon found that there were influences at work among his fellow-citizens which he was not prepared to contend against. His keen glance discovered the treachery of Malatesta. To make it known to the seignory was his unwelcome duty and immediate act; for with him, a sense of duty, however unwelcome its execution, was at once and unhesitatingly carried into action. He called on his fellow-citizens, now forewarned, to take measures for their own safety. Among the seignory were stout hearts and true; but these were not gifted with insight and discernment sufficient to see in the warnings of Michael Angelo more than the ravings of a diseased imagination, or an excuse for anticipated failure. The leading senator went further: he taunted Michael Angelo with cowardice, — a charge which no honourable man who holds a military trust can endure from his superiors, without instantly relinquishing his trust, or demanding an inquiry into his conduct. For the latter course Michael Angelo's impatient temper would not let him wait. To remain under an imputation so degrading was insupportable. For uttering Cassandra-like warnings to the last, he had no taste. He resigned his post, and left Florence in disguise. When his back was turned, and his place was empty, Michael Angelo's presence was missed at the lines and in the council. There was no one capable of completing the work he had begun; none to watch against covert treason; none from whose

lips came patriotic sentiments clothed in the garb of such high philosophy and moral greatness. In him was manifest the spirit of the founder of the old Platonic Academy, or even of the Athenian sage of whose words Plato was the recorder — Socrates in the camp, holding communion with the unseen world, full of deep thoughts and solitary musings; yet always ready to answer the call to arms. Every one who knew Michael Angelo felt his worth, and was persuaded that to alienate him from their cause by suspecting his truth and courage, was an act of which the folly and injustice would be only equalled by its fatal and disastrous consequences. Moved by remonstrances, and induced by events to believe that there was some truth in the warnings they had despised, the council determined to send for Michael Angelo, entreating him to return, and resume his office of principal engineer and commissary of their fortifications. The envoys found him at Venice. A brief apology sufficed to satisfy his wounded pride; a safe conduct assured him that the rulers of Florence acknowledged their error, and were disposed to make an honourable amends. Then the tide of patriotic feeling, which injustice and folly had turned aside, flowed back into its accustomed channel. Undismayed by the prospect of renewed inconstancy on the part of his citizens, and undaunted by the peril of the approaching siege, Michael Angelo made his way through the lines of the now numerous and vigilant army of the besiegers, and took up once more his position on the hill of San Miniato.

The view from that eminence (so well described by Mr. Harford) must have supplied his heart with fresh springs of love and tenderness for his country, in place of those which the ingratitude of the Supreme Council had dried up. As he gazed on the peaceful beauty of the scene that lay before him, and on the classic heights of Fiesole which rose in full view across the Arno, he may have thought of the days of his youth, and the philosophic delights of Lorenzo's villa, but contrasted with these, and with the good old times of Florence in the days of Bellincion Berti, the din of approaching battle, the confusion of a siege, and the horrors of an assault, such as had befallen the imperial city of Rome, and had left her, shorn of her former splendour, weeping, 'widowed and alone, and crying day and night' for help — not of foreigners, but of her true sons.*

The storm of war which had long hung around Florence at length broke. The chief attacks of the enemy were directed, as Michael Angelo had anticipated, against San Miniato. For this

* Dante, *Purg.* vi. 113.

he was prepared, and all the attempts to destroy the works which he had erected there were unavailing. His skill as an engineer was well supported by the bravery of his fellow-citizens within the walls, and that of Ferrucci without. But for one contingency he was not prepared—for the supineness of the seignory in continuing to entrust the chief command to a man whose fidelity had been more than suspected. Victorious in many a sally, and with unabated confidence in their resources, the Florentines were all at once betrayed by Malatesta's admitting the imperialist troops within the gates. They speedily took possession of the most important posts of the city, and resistance henceforth was unavailing. Michael Angelo saw at a glance that all was lost, and made good his escape, in spite of a price having been set upon his head. After a short time interest overcame resentment, and the Pope, eager to secure the services of the artist, pardoned the man; and Michael Angelo remained for a short time in Florence—full to him of sorrowful reminiscences, and reeking with the blood of her bravest defenders—working at the figures in the sacristy of St. Lorenzo. The sonnets which he wrote in memory of Dante might have been written at this time, or possibly at an earlier date, during the years that he spent in the marble quarries of Pietra Santa, and at the time when his countrymen were desirous of raising a monument to their great poet. The spirit which they breathe is one of sadness and bitterness, joined with a deep appreciation of that heroic greatness of soul, which no ingratitude can destroy, nor misfortune lessen. The lines—

'Di Dante mal fur l'opre conosciute,
E'l bel desio da quel popolo ingrato,
Che solo ai giusti manca di salute,'

and

'Ingrata patria, e della sua fortuna
A suo danno nutrice! e n'è ben segno
Ch' a i più perfetti abbonda di più guai'

whenever they were written, came from the depth of his heart. The three lines with which the first sonnet on Dante ends, convey an expression of the most stoical indifference to the frowns of fortune, in comparison with the satisfaction which a good conscience inspires:—

'Pur fuss' io tal! ch' a simil sorte nato,
Per l' aspro esilio suo con la virtute
Darei del mondo il più felice stato.'

Such may be the sentiments of a few patriots, but there are

not many who have had the courage to act up to them. A spell seemed to hang over Michael Angelo's exertions to ennoble his beloved Florence. The cartoon, in which he celebrated the martial exploits of his countrymen, perished before it was transferred to the walls of the Council-chamber. His offer to execute the sculpture of Dante's monument was made to the unheeding ear of one who was the constant enemy of true greatness, and fell to the ground. The heroic defence of Florence, protected by the fortifications of San Miniato, was rendered useless by treachery. The sculptures of the tombs of the Medici, in which some of the workings of his mighty soul, vigorous even in its sadness, were fain to express themselves, remain unfinished; and all other attempts to induce the artist to revisit the spot which he had so much loved, proved ineffectual, owing partly to Papal compulsion, and partly to his unwillingness to abandon, in his old age, a work which he had undertaken for the glory of God and for the good of his own soul, but certainly not for his peace of mind or body in this life.

Nevertheless the glory of Florence as a home of liberty, and defender to the death of national rights, reached its culminating point in her resistance to the imperialist forces in 1528—9. And of this glory Michael Angelo had no small part. Of the actions which an epic poet would narrate, of the scenes which a historian would describe, of the picture in which a painter would represent the operation of those forces which so many times, and in such confusion and dismay, rolled back the tide of war from the devoted city, Michael Angelo is the hero, the leading personage, the central figure. If the whole earth be the sepulchre of brave men; if the glory of noble deeds be a nation's brightest honour; if patriotic devotion to a losing cause be deserving of the highest guerdon that posterity can confer; then all lands and all ages should concur in ascribing to Michael Angelo the praise due to exalted patriotism; and those who visit the fair city which he defended will acknowledge that of all the shrines and churches which the eye surveys from the heights of San Miniato, there is none which guards nobler relics than that beneath which repose, in their honoured tomb, the remains of Michael Angelo.

In his social character, Michael Angelo is represented by his biographers as naturally reserved, irritable and sensitive in his feelings, hasty and impetuous in his temper; yet good-natured, kind and liberal to his friends, and condescending and generous to his servants and inferiors. On this point, Mr. Taylor says*, 'In all the relations of life, Michael Angelo evinces a

* Essay, p. 39.

‘uniform sensibility and tenderness of feeling. History tells us ‘little of his father and his brother; but the verses he wrote on ‘their deaths, which occurred within a short interval, have left ‘ample proof of his filial and paternal piety and affection. The stern grandeur of some of his noblest works was, no doubt, a reflex of his mind. Hence he must have inspired those who only knew him slightly with fear. But his relations towards his intimate friends, Vasari, Bugiardini, Jacopo Indaco, and others, show that he could be amused with the wit of ordinary men, and that he valued kindness and affection. It was when brought into collision with injustice and dishonesty of any kind, that his sterner qualities were displayed. No one could venture to take liberties with Michael Angelo. From popes and cardinals, princes and senators, he demanded, and, by his unflinching resolution, enforced respect. In an age of venality and corruption he stood forth almost alone as a man of the most scrupulous honour and integrity. He was the victim of underhand plots and conspiracies to undermine him in his favour with the Pope. Perhaps his certainty of the existence of cabals, of which the proofs have now perished, made him at times suspicious without due cause. He is taxed by Passavant with jealousy towards Leonardo da Vinci and Raphael. With respect to the latter, there is no doubt that he conceived himself to be the object of unfair insinuations, tending to shake his credit with the Pope. And the conduct of Leo in banishing him from Rome to the marble quarries of Pietra Santa, at the time when Raphael was employed in decorating the Pope’s villas, may not unreasonably have suggested this idea, of the truth of which no proof exists; so that we are at liberty to hope, with Mr. Harford, that although Michael Angelo’s charge against Bramante was true, that which he brought against Raphael was unfounded. Such a supposition agrees with all that is known of the disposition of the latter, in which envy formed no part. And as Michael Angelo certainly exaggerated the influence which he had had on Raphael’s style, in saying ‘ciò che aveva dell’ arte, aveva da me,’ he may very likely have been wrong in involving him in his charge against Bramante. But it must be remembered that Bramante and Raphael were ‘in the same boat,’ though men of very different characters; and Bramante had undoubtedly, so far as we can judge, used underhand practices to injure Michael Angelo. Hence it is not fair to base, upon the one passage in which Michael Angelo speaks with acrimony of Raphael, the charge of his being of a jealous and acrid disposition. As regards Leonardo da Vinci, the truth of his being obliged to leave Rome

in consequence of the treatment he experienced from, or owing to, Michael Angelo, is very questionable, and rests on nothing more than suspicion. The spirit of partisanship shown by the friends of particular artists, leads them not only to exaggerate the merits of their friends, but to disparage all their contemporaries. The reputation of Raphael, and that of Leonardo, are sufficiently brilliant to dispense with any additional effect gained by blackening that of Michael Angelo. Besides, no one ever showed greater generosity and liberality towards other artists than Michael Angelo. Witness his eulogy on Lorenzo Ghiberti's gates*; his praise of Titian's colouring; his letter to Benvenuto Cellini, mentioning his bust of Bindo Altoviti; his admiration of Brunelleschi's dome†; and his acknowledgment of the architectural talent of Bramante‡, of whose want of science he was aware, and by whose calumnies his life at Rome was embittered.

Fiery and impetuous as he was in his youth and manhood, his character, as he approached old age, felt the softening influence not only of years, but of religion. What philosophy, art, and patriotism had been to him in the course of his life, that, as he approached his seventieth year, religion became—the elevator of his thoughts, the guide of his conduct, and the consoler of his spirit under hardship and affliction. There is nothing more characteristic of Michael Angelo than the way in which this change was brought about. Versed as he was in all subjects about which the human mind had occupied itself, familiar from his youth with the discourses of Ficino and the preaching of Savonarola, it was not likely that anything new either in philosophy or religion could take such a hold of his mind as to transform his thoughts and affections, and give a new bias to his inner life. Personal influence was needed. Beneath that grave and stern exterior, that haughty and independent bearing, that appearance of energy in action which corresponded so well to the reality, lay a deep fountain of love and tenderness, of true humility, of deep-seated contemplation. But who would venture within that charmed circle? What man would dare to drive into the secret chambers of that heart? Even the spirit of Dante might shrink from questioning the spirit of his great countryman. A woman's influence was needed. As Beatrice called back Dante from the 'selva oscura' in which he had wandered, into the 'verace via' which led to Paradise, so Vittoria Colonna reclaimed Michael Angelo from the dreams and pursuits of Philosophy, Poetry, and Art,

* Harford, vol. ii. p. 223.† *Ib.* p. 91.‡ *Ib.* p. 329.

and showed him where to find a truer wisdom, a higher inspiration, a more ideal beauty and grandeur. In her he recognised the union of that philosophy — that longing search after the Beautiful and the True — which had been the mistress of his youth, with a higher and diviner principle. He saw that principle giving new life and significance to earthly objects. He saw it affording a consolation in sorrow, and a companionship in bereavement, of which he had previously no conception. Hitherto he had been, like the wanderer in the Alcanian plain, 'eating his own heart, avoiding the path of men.' The only spiritual communion he had enjoyed had been with his muse. She fed him with philosophy, and his soul was not satisfied. Vittoria Colonna also had sought solace for her grief in poetry. But she had breathed a different atmosphere. Not a wanderer amid the groves of Academus, nor those other shades which Plato's spirit haunted, — the Rucellai Gardens, — her muse had stood beside the well at Sychar, and had come to Him who cried on the great day of the feast, 'Ho! every one that thirsteth, come to the waters;' and from that fountain had drunk the waters of life. Instructed in philosophy, gifted with poetic fire, her fate linked to one of the noblest and most patriotic of Italian princes; schooled by affliction, supported in widowhood by infinite love and power; a noble type of her sex, dowered with beauty, genius, rank, Vittoria Colonna was in all respects qualified to attract the admiration and win the confidence of Michael Angelo. When she took him by the hand he doubted not for an instant, but abandoning at once the heights of philosophic speculation, and the belief that high Art was not only religious, but religion itself — if he ever entertained it — he followed his heaven-sent guide to the foot of the cross, where alone he could find pardon for his sins, the sanctifying influence of the spirit of God, and the hope of a better immortality than that which could ensue from colouring plaster or chiselling stone.* In this new phase of Michael Angelo's life we trace the same grand features of his mind which we have before observed. His Religion corresponded with his Art. He apprehended in their depth and breadth a few great and saving truths, and dwelt profoundly on these. We have no sonnets addressed to the Blessed Virgin, nor invocation of saints; but a humble confession of sins addressed to Almighty God;

* 'Nè pinger nè scolpir fia più che queti
L' anima volta a quell' amor divino,
Ch' aperse a prender noi in croce le braccia.'

(Sonnet to Vasari.)

prayers to Him for forgiveness, for faith, for a new heart, for a true repentance, and for a part in the Atonement of Christ.

In their objective character he realises these great features of Christianity as none but a great philosopher, artist, and poet could. In their internal influence he lays hold of, and appropriates them, as none but a sincere and humble Christian can, whose heart has been enlightened from above. And it is this union of qualities which makes his religious sonnets, and his friendship for Vittoria Colonna, of such deep interest as a psychological study: instructive to the philosopher, edifying to the artist, consoling to the Christian, and interesting to all. Her death occurred within a year after his appointment to the office of architect of St. Peter's. Henceforth he laboured, as we have seen, 'for the glory of God.' May we not assume, that the memory of his illustrious friend, and the consolations of that religion of which she had exhibited the effects in so remarkable a degree and so attractive a light, supported the now aged artist through his excessive and ungrateful labours, and supplied that patience which hitherto was wanting to his ardent and fiery character? At least, we may, without straining our evidence, assert that the influence of Vittoria Colonna on Michael Angelo directed his thoughts into a channel in which, as his own pen assures us, he found consolation in old age, and a hope of forgiveness and peace with God which made the prospect of death endurable.

Although our estimate of Michael Angelo's genius is founded on the examination of his works and his conduct, it is interesting to observe the estimation in which he was held by his contemporaries. Befriended in his youth by the greatest man in Italy; acknowledged on the appearance of his *Pietà*, now at Rome, as the first sculptor in Italy; called upon shortly after to vie with Leonardo da Vinci, in decorating the walls of the Council Chamber at Florence; recalled to Rome by Pope Julius II., and commissioned to execute a mausoleum on a scale of unequalled grandeur; employed by the same Pontiff to paint the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel; and afterwards, by successive Pontiffs, to paint the Last Judgment, and the frescoes in the Pauline Chapel, to erect and decorate with sculpture the Sacristy of San Lorenzo, and finally to rescue the building of St. Peter's from incompetent hands, and conduct it in a manner worthy of the original design; it must be allowed that Michael Angelo's artistic powers received a full acknowledgment during his lifetime, and that, owing to the Papal patronage, and to the appreciation of the Florentines, he had an ample sphere for the development of those powers as sculptor,

painter, and architect. In fact Michael Angelo through his life was subject to unceasing demands from his patrons; as for instance, when the Duke of Urbino on one side, and the Popes, first Clement VII., then Paul III., on the other, respectively claimed his services.*

This, however, did not exempt him from the trials of such a position. In order to form a just idea of the value of Papal patronage, we should accompany Michael Angelo to Carrara, and thence,—owing to an absurd fancy of Pope Leo X., or to the misrepresentation of personal enemies,—to Scavizza, and the quarries of Pictra Santa, where he had to contend against a complication of difficulties, and was compelled to employ himself as an engineer, levelling rocks, and bridging over morasses, in order to construct a road by which the marbles—of an inferior quality to those of Carrara—might be transported to the sea-shore, and conveyed to the piazza of San Lorenzo. The result of five or six years' incessant toil was, that *one* column reached its destination: to such unproductive labour did the great Art-Patron of the Vatican condemn the man who might, had he been suffered to pursue his own course, have shed lustre on the family of the Medici, the only object which Leo X. had really at heart. Such is patronage! It sometimes elevates true merit from obscurity, at other times it condemns to inactivity, for selfish ends, talents of which the world has a right to the full exertions and ripest fruits. Mr. Harford † well says, 'To Raphael the patronage of Leo X. was a source of the greatest distinction and professional success: to Michael Angelo it proved the greatest misfortune of his life.'

The concurrent testimony of artists as to the admiration in which Michael Angelo was held is very striking. Benvenuto Cellini speaks in the most exalted terms of the Cartoon of Pisa, saying of it, and the Battle of the Standard, 'When these cartoons hung opposite to each other, they formed the school of the world.' Vasari gives a list of the architects and artists who studied from the Cartoon of Pisa, and who all of them became famous. Raphael thanked God that he was born in the days of Michael Angelo. Titian is said by Vasari to have been astonished at the grandeur of Michael Angelo's works at Florence, as well as at Rome. The devotion of the Florentine artists to their aged countryman from whom they learned so much, is very touching, as it is shown in Vasari's letter, and in the circumstances of Michael Angelo's funeral.

'Varchi, at the suggestion of the Academy and the desire of the Grand Duke, delivered his funeral oration; numerous discourses

* Harford, vol. ii. p. 37.

† Vol. i. p. 306.

were read before the Academy upon his compositions; and soon after his death a volume was published, containing forty-five poems, written upon that occasion.*

It was in this oration that Varchi called him 'unico pittore, singolare scultore, perfettissimo architettore, eccellentissimo poeta.' Ariosto wrote of him†:—

'Duo Dossi e quel a par sculpe e colora
Michel più che mortal Angiol divino;

and Giuducci, on the publication of his poems in 1623, delivered a discourse before the Florentine Academy, in which he places his poetry on the same level as his works of art, as 'presenting, according to the capacity and learning of him who considers it, more or less sublime matter for discussion and speculation.' Such was the opinion of Michael Angelo entertained by his contemporaries, and by the generation which followed.

In order to arrive at a correct estimate of his powers as an artist, one point remains to be considered, namely, his influence upon Art.

Whilst some attribute to Michael Angelo‡ the establishment of Art, others date its subversion from him. That he established a great school of epic painting, is so far true that he set the example himself and left others to follow. But no one had the invention, or even the knowledge of the human form possessed by Michael Angelo. Hence his followers were utterly unable to keep up with him; and he failed in one of the great requisites of a founder of a school—the power to communicate his gifts to his scholars. The good that he did may be briefly summed up:—he taught the value of scientific study and laborious practice; and he exemplified the precept 'that a painter should paint for all time,' by rejecting from the cycle of his imitation objects of ephemeral interest and lesser importance, and directing his attention to the representation of character in its broadest types.

The harm that he did is to be ascribed more to the perversity of mankind than to his own fault. It was easier to imitate his

* Taylor, Essay, p. 23.

† Orlando Fur., cant. xxxiii. 2.

‡ Lanzi compares Michael Angelo's influence on Art to that of Dante in Poetry, and enters upon a comparison between their respective genius, method, &c., p. 134-5. He also says that 'he was throughout life a schoolmaster of artists, drawing them away from the *petitesses* of art to the grandeur of ideal nature.' Instances of this are his correcting the outline of his master, Domenico Ghirlandajo, his drawing a colossal head for Daniel di Volterra, &c.

extravagances than his excellences. Fuseli taxes him justly with too much uniformity of grandeur. 'The lines that bear in a mass on his mighty tide of thought in the gods, and patriarchs, and sibyls of the Sistine Chapel, already too ostentatiously show themselves in the Last Judgment, and rather expose than support his ebbing powers in the Chapel of Paul.'

We shall content ourselves with saying, that in teaching his countrymen that diligent study of nature, including anatomy, combined with a study of the antique, were essential for an artist, Michael Angelo did good service to Art; and that, in proportion as he abstracted from the field of observation grand and generic ideas, and by his technical skill was able to represent these, he fulfilled some of its highest requirements; but that he frequently exaggerated the qualities which he admired, was less observant than he ought to have been of the variety of nature, and that he did not avail himself to the full of the true medium of a painter, *viz.*, natural colour. Hence his good influence on Art was partly counterbalanced by evil, and partly limited; but on the one hand the good preponderated, and on the other, Michael Angelo accomplished more within his self-imposed limits than other painters who surpassed him in variety of treatment.

Owing to Vasari, the influence of Michael Angelo, which would under any circumstances have been great, was immensely increased; for by the publication of his '*Lives*,' containing his own recommendations of Michael Angelo's style, and the precepts of the master himself, the practice of Michael Angelo became the theory of Florentine art.

It was not, however, merely by his works, but by his personal character and disinterested love of Art, that Michael Angelo raised the character of his profession. By his independent spirit he elevated the dignity of Art, and asserted the claim of the artist to respect and honour. When he made Angelo Doni pay for his haggling; when he left Pope Julius II. in disgust at the treatment he received from him; when he refused all remuneration for his work as architect of St. Peter's, and having accepted the task, maintained his post against all opposition, and defended his reputation against every charge that was brought against him; he gave an evidence to his countrymen and the world that the profession of an artist is not beneath the dignity of a man of noble birth and jealous honour; that the acquisition of wealth is an object of secondary importance compared with the maintenance of a reputation for integrity and ability; and that the artistic, like all the other powers, may be consecrated to the glory of God, and be exercised from a mere sense of duty,

when earthly ambition is at an end, and the sources of temporal enjoyment fail.

It only remains that we should consider the manner in which Mr. Harford has performed his task of a biographer, for we have already borrowed largely in the course of these remarks from the stores of information his taste and his researches have accumulated. Of his judicious treatment of the philosophical, political, and religious character of Michael Angelo, and of the interesting episodes which he has introduced in his biography, we have already spoken. His criticisms on his works of sculpture, painting, and architecture are well considered and just; and he has thrown no small amount of light on the history of the building of St. Peter's. His illustrations of the genius of Michael Angelo are well selected and highly interesting, especially to those who have not seen the originals. To those who have, the engravings, carefully executed under the superintendence of Mr. L. Gruner, are useful for reference, and agreeable as helps to the memory.

The merits of Mr. Harford's work will be better estimated by the general effect which it produces, than by the brilliancy of particular parts. We nowhere lose sight of the subject of the biography in the writer. Nor is Michael Angelo represented to us in the single aspect in which the world is wont to regard him, i. e. merely as an artist; but as philosopher, as poet, as patriot, as engineer, as architect. Mr. Taylor and Mr. Harford have both contributed to the knowledge of his philosophy and poetry; the former in his excellent essay, the latter in the chapters dedicated respectively to the Platonic Academy at Florence and to the Sonnets and Madrigals of Michael Angelo. Of the translations which accompany these, Mr. Taylor's are the most numerous. He has confined himself to the task of giving accurate renderings of Michael Angelo's thought through the vehicle of blank verse. Mr. Harford has given characteristic specimens of Michael Angelo's sonnets and madrigals on Love, Philosophy, and Religion, in such a form as to attract the general reader. His own translations will be found for the most part to give the spirit of the original with fidelity and accuracy; but they want the fire and grace of the original, which have been more successfully preserved in some of the fine translations of Wordsworth and Southey.

The style of Mr. Harford's book is more remarkable for elegance and perspicuity than for vigour. The care with which the materials have been brought together and arranged speaks for itself, and requires no further commendation. Here and there an error has crept into the text. Leo X. died in the

forty-sixth year of his age, not the thirty-seventh, as we read, vol. i. p. 302. The Marchese di Pescara died 1525, not 1515, as we are told in the inscription under his medallion opposite vol. ii. p. 247. Michael Angelo breathed his last on Feb. 17. 1563, not 'in the ninetieth year of his age,' but within a fortnight of his entering it. A few mistakes in the translations, in the quotations, and in the grammatical construction of sentences require attention, and correction in a second edition. Two classes of readers may find fault with Mr. Harford's book. 1st. Those artists who are not content to acknowledge that higher interests may claim the attention of the soul to the exclusion of art, especially in the decline of life, and who cannot see in Michael Angelo anything but the artist. To them no apology is needed, as the book was not written for them, but for general readers. Whether the criticism on Michael Angelo's works might not have been carried further with advantage is an open question, about which different readers will entertain different opinions. 2ndly. The strong Protestant bias running throughout the book will possibly offend some Roman Catholics. We say *possibly*, because the more liberal and enlightened Roman Catholics will see at a glance the honesty and good faith of the writer, and will be able to separate the historical facts introduced from the doctrines they are designed to inculcate. For controversial readers of the Romish faith the book was not written, and to them no apology is needed. Although the religious opinions of the writer are decidedly pronounced, there is nothing which savours of the violence of the platform or the narrowness of ultra-Protestantism. Mr. Harford's tone is always one of great moderation, whether he discusses a work of art, or speaks of religious principles opposed to his own. This is the tone in which all discussion should be carried on, and beyond which criticism cannot go without verging on the extravagant and the affected. It is better to understate the truth, which Mr. Harford, in speaking of the effects of Michael Angelo's works of art and his transcendent genius and energy of character, sometimes does, than to deal largely in superlatives, or in such expressions as convey the idea of exaggeration to the uninitiated.

There is one defect in the book, which ought to be supplied in a second edition,—the want of an Index. No book of standard merit should be without one, and such, we think, Mr. Harford's '*Life of Michael Angelo*' fully deserves to be called. A catalogue of Michael Angelo's designs, chronologically arranged, is another desideratum which, when supplied, will place the work on a level with Passavant's '*Life of Raphael*' as

a book of reference. As a book of general interest it is, without any depreciation of the learned labours of Passavant, more attractive; and we should wish to see those means of reference supplied to Mr. Harford's biography which will render it equally useful to the collector and the amateur.

ART. IX.—1. *Papers relating to the Mutinies in the East Indies, with Appendices.* London: 1857.

2. *The present Crisis in India.* By the Author of 'Our North Western Frontier.' London: 1857.

3. *The Crisis in India: its Causes and proposed Remedies.* By a Military Officer of Thirty-two years' Experience in India. London: 1857.

4. *The Indian Mutiny: its Causes and Remedies. A Letter to Viscount Palmerston, First Lord of the Treasury.* By R. J. R. CAMPBELL, M. P. London: 1857.

5. *The Mutiny in the Bengal Army; an Historical Narrative.* By one who has served under Sir Charles Napier. London: 1857.

6. *Tracts on the State of the Indian Army.* By Brigadier-General John Jacob. New edition. London: 1857.

7. *The Rebellion in India; how to prevent another.* By John Bruce Norton. London: 1857.

8. *Les Anglais et l'Inde, avec Notes, &c.* Par E. de Valbezen. Paris: 1857.

THESE books and pamphlets are but a portion of the innumerable publications which testify at once the deep common interest taken in the subject, and the vast diversity of opinion entertained on the origin of the Bengal mutiny, and on the remedies for a catastrophe which has shaken the Anglo-Indian empire to its foundations. Some are simply addressed to the narration of facts, or state facts and insinuate arguments; others are given up wholly to argument, or to argument and declamation. Some treat of the past, some of the future. Some deal with the presumed causes of this great calamity; others offer remedies for the prevention of its recurrence. But they are for the most part worthy of perusal. We have reason, indeed, to believe that several of them are written by men of experience, who are, on such a subject, entitled to be heard;

and although we should be slow to adopt unreservedly the views of any of these writers, there is scarcely one of them who has not said something deserving of consideration.

From time to time, in the course of this article, we shall have occasion to make incidental allusion to some or all of these performances; but the subject is so large and the space which we can afford to devote to it is comparatively so narrow, that we cannot attempt to examine them in detail. We may, however, at once admit our obligations to them for many facts, which, but for their help, we might have overlooked, and for some suggestions which might not otherwise have presented themselves to us. We confess that we have much less confidence than the majority of them in the clearness of their information and the soundness of their conclusions. The subject is a most difficult one, and the obscurity which envelopes it is intense. We know only too well the terrible events which have filled with mourning so many English homes, or stricken them with fear for the living more unendurable even than sorrow for the dead. But the origin of this great disaster is still shrouded in thick mist; and it would be presumptuous to assert, at the very outset of the most formidable contest in which we have ever been engaged in India, that any man can summarily determine either the causes or the cure of so unparalleled a convulsion. It is not difficult to indicate errors in detail, and to suggest the remedies which should be applied to them. But the suppression of this vast military sedition, to be followed by the re-establishment and reform of military and civil authority in India, demands a more comprehensive survey, and measures inspired by consummate policy and wisdom. For, viewed in its naked reality, the task before us is simply this—to devise means whereby a hundred and eighty millions of men can be held in absolute subjection by a few thousands of foreigners, without danger either from a national outbreak or the insurrection of a class—to frame a yoke either so heavy that no effort can throw it off, or so light that no one shall desire to be relieved from its pressure.

We believe that the first of these conditions is purely an impossibility. We cannot permanently hold India by force alone. We may break down a native power; we may crush the rebellion of an army, although it carries the arms we have provided, and moves in accordance with the lessons we have taught. But we cannot do this in defiance of the active wishes of the great mass of the people. If not the thousands merely, but the millions were now against us, we should soon be swept into the sea. We may treble or quadruple our European forces in India, but still

we could not permanently hold the country if the people were against us. Not to be against us is to be for us. We can expect no more than passive consent; but with that passive consent, the result partly of our efforts to govern well, partly of the natural apathy of the people, we may hold India in spite even of the rebellion of an army.

We do not underrate the importance of such a rebellion—a rebellion of a hundred thousand men, trained in the discipline of European warfare, with arms and equipments of the latest European invention, and munitions of war the produce of our own laboratories and workshops. But the most violent disorders are not always the most fatal. A native government might be overthrown by the revolt of an army more readily than a foreign one. The native government has nothing to fall back upon but the assistance of an ally, and such intervention is well nigh certain to seal the death-warrant of the threatened state. The foreign power, on the other hand, has the resources of the mother-country at its command; and though the sacrifice of blood and treasure in such a struggle is terrible to contemplate, the national supremacy is not jeopardised, so long as the people are quiescent. There is nothing more fearful in history than this revolt of the Bengal army; but a military revolt is not a popular revolution.

We have the strongest conviction, indeed, that they who, in connexion with this subject, talk or write about popular revolutions, know little about the history of India or the genius of the people. It would be curious to ascertain what proportion of the population of India really care—or we may say, really know—anything about the mutiny in the Bengal army. In the neighbourhood of the large towns, which have been the scenes of military revolt, and along the lines of road by which the mutineers have moved from one place to another, the populace have been necessarily cognisant of the movement, and the worst classes (including the sweepings of the gaols), eager for plunder, have taken part in it, and sometimes against it.* But when we consider the immense extent of the country, the remote places in which vast multitudes of the people reside, their imperfect means of communication, their general ignorance of what is passing beyond their own immediate vicinity, and the apathy and indolence of the national character, it is easy to understand how events, the intelligence of which rapidly pene-

* The Goojurs, for example, have plundered the mutinous sepoys with as little hesitation as they evinced in the plunder of the Europeans.

trates every corner of the British islands, may have little effect upon the teeming millions of such a country as India. The people of India have often passed from one rule to another without a voice in the revolution, with scarcely a thought of the change. Their own internal institutions have withstood the revolutions of Mogul and Mahratta; and except when the horsemen of one power or the other have swept through their village like a whirlwind, carrying everything before it, the daily lives of the rural classes have been little influenced by the mutations of sovereignty. 'It is a singular fact,' wrote one who knew the people of India well*, 'that the peasantry, and I may say the landed interest of the country generally, have never been friends of any existing government; have never considered their interests and that of the government the same; and consequently have never felt any desire for its success or duration.' They have submitted, therefore, patiently to one change after another; but they have never taken any active steps to promote it. Our Government may not be loved by the people; but neither was the government of the Mahratta and of the Mogul. It is simply endured. If the people do not recognise the fact that it is better than that of our predecessors, at all events they do not feel that it is worse.

Whatever else, therefore, this outbreak may be, we may safely assume that it has not its origin in the resentment of a misgoverned people. But a movement which has nothing of the popular element in it, may yet have something of a national character and a political significance. We may have administered the country fairly enough for the benefit of the people; but we may have dealt unfairly towards the princes and chiefs of India, and from the animosity of these men, whom we are said to have overreached or despoiled, may have proceeded this furious raging of the heathen. Some, indeed, profess to see an intimate connexion between certain recent measures, which have resulted in a further diminution of the diminished native sovereignties of India, and the sudden outburst of military excitement which has had such perilous results. Our system of unrighteous annexation, it is said, culminated in the spoliation of Oude. This was the last straw on the camel's back. The long outraged nationalities of India rose against the despoiler, when his work of spoliation was completed by the absorption of the last independent Mahomedan state of Hindostan.†

* The late Sir W. H. Sleeman, 'Rambles and Recollections of an Indian Official.'

† We shall, of course, be understood to speak here of Hindostan Proper, from which the Deccan is distinguished.

This point of inquiry will require further consideration hereafter; but, in the meanwhile, we shall better guide our readers to a right understanding of the general question, by taking a brief preliminary survey of the political state of India at the commencement of Lord Canning's government. On the 29th of February, 1856, after a long and prosperous administration, Lord Dalhousie resigned into the hands of his successor the portfolio of the Governor-General of India. During eight eventful years the retiring Vice-Roy had toiled with unremitting assiduity, regardless of the warnings of failing health and physical decay, and had become the author or the agent of a series of great political and administrative measures, which, confident in the verdict of posterity, he proudly recorded in a farewell minute. He appeared to have both extended and consolidated the British empire in the East; and under no former administration of India had the country benefited more by the enlightened and progressive views of an English statesman. Seen by human eyes, the prospect which opened before Lord Canning was that of a reign of unbroken peace. Neither in our old provinces nor in our new, were there any elements of disquiet; and the native states, though in some instances perhaps rendered restless by alarm, evinced no signs of hostility or disaffection. Under the wise administration of the Lawrences, the Punjaub had become as tranquil as Bengal. Pegu was rapidly settling down into a well-ordered province of the empire. In Nagpore there were no signs of trouble. The Ranees, in the assured belief that the British Government were resolute to revive neither the rule nor the title of Boonslah, were fast withdrawing themselves from the affairs of public life, and subsiding into the quiet enjoyment of their luxurious pensions. Even Oude promised a large increase of revenue under the equitable rule of its new masters. Some of the most difficult problems suggested by the sudden change of government seemed to be in course of satisfactory solution. All the new provinces, indeed, which had been added to our empire, although they might impose much additional labour on the Government, did not threaten to increase the burden of its cares.

In the independent or the semi-independent states, there was nothing to awaken the anxiety of the new Governor-General. On the hills of Nepaul, our old friend, Jung Behaudur, who had learnt in England the real character and extent of our resources, directed the councils of the state; and, moved by friendship or restrained by discretion, performed well the duties of a faithful ally. In Rajpootana, a cluster of princes of ancient lineage, whose independence had always been respected by the

British Government, were, in spite of shamelessly mendacious rumours regarding our designs, true to their allegiance, and professedly mindful of the exhortations of the paramount state. In Central India, the Mahratta princes, Scindiah and Holkar, young and well-disposed, were profiting by our instructions, and endeavouring to win the approbation of the Governor-General and his representatives, by promoting the improvement of their territory and the prosperity of their people. In the Deccan, an effete and expiring prince, incapable of good government, and utterly regardless of the welfare of his country, was held in restraint by the wise and moderate counsels of a young and energetic minister, who knew the true interests of the state far better than his master.

There was much work to be done, but it was the quiet business of internal administration; and Lord Canning addressed himself to it with no apprehensions of coming disaster. Intent on the extension of those great reproductive works from which an unprecedented development of the resources of the country and, with it, unexampled domestic prosperity were to be anticipated, and on a corresponding improvement in the moral and intellectual condition of the people, he had good reason to hope that he would be permitted to pass, in these gratifying tasks, his allotted time of office. Public works and education were to be the distinguishing features of his administration; and for many months it seemed that there would be little to distract from these beneficent objects of enlightened rule.

In Oude alone, of all our newly-acquired possessions, was there much to engage the attention of the Government; and the reports from that country were of the most satisfactory kind. The administration of the province was carried on under the same system of a mixed commission, composed partly of civilians and partly of soldiers, as had proved so successful in the Punjaub. The officers who were employed in this work were among the best in the country; men, in most cases, of equal judgment and energy, and in some of ripe experience and approved ability. The old army was quietly disbanded. Its arrears of pay were discharged by the British Government, and many of the soldiers were enlisted into a new irregular force. The question of disarming the people was debated. The Punjaub had been disarmed by Henry Lawrence, and the happiest results had attended the measure. But in Oude there was no indication of discontent to render a popular rising a probable event; and it was believed that, under a new penal system, the addiction of the people to internal broils and affrays would gradually subside. There seemed, therefore, to be no neces-

sity for so extreme a measure, and an obvious reason against it. It was not thought expedient wholly to suppress the military habits of a people from whom the very pith of our own army was drawn. The zemindars, however, who occupied fortified places, from which they had been accustomed to resist the authority of the native government, were called upon to give up their guns; and the carrying of arms in the cities of Lucknow and Fyzabad—the modern and the ancient capital of Oude—was interdicted. The result of the latter order was said to be magical. The citizens became suddenly a new class of men, and it was believed that a permanent change in their habits would be accomplished. How the revenue settlement was going on we have little knowledge. It was hardly possible that any systematic operations should have been carried on without injury to the prospects of many, who had profited by want of system, or that any investigation into existing rights should not have been prejudicial to those privileges and immunities which had been usurped or unjustly acquired. But the popular discontent, if any, was not demonstrative; and the internal condition of the country was so tranquil that an English lady might travel through it in her palanquin without an emotion of transient alarm.

There was nothing in all this to raise any apprehension that the vice-royalty of Lord Canning would embrace a troublous period of Indian history. But Governor-General after Governor-General has entertained the same hopes of a tranquil administration only to find them delusions; and no man knew better than Lord Canning that at any moment, and from any quarter, a cloud might arise, at first no larger than a man's hand, to cover, in time, the entire firmament. Still it may be doubted whether when, in the early part of the present year, some mutterings of dissatisfaction arose from the native army of Bengal, he believed that a storm was brewing in that quarter, which, in the course of a few months, nay of a few weeks, would convulse the whole of Northern India, shake the entire fabric of government, and carry desolation to hundreds of English homes. It cannot be denied that the pacific policy of the Indian Government during the last ten years had directed the attention of the rulers of India more closely to civil improvements than to military organisation—that the absence of any foreign enemy had begotten excessive confidence—that the administration had less of a military character than had been given to it by Lord Ellenborough and Lord Hardinge—and that the perils which Lord Canning has now to encounter are perils

which the oldest and ablest members of the Company's service were least disposed to anticipate or even to credit.

The regular native army of Bengal consisted, at the time of the outbreak, of seventy-four regiments of Infantry, ten regiments of Cavalry, nine battalions of Foot and three brigades of Horse Artillery. To every regiment of Native Infantry were nominally attached twenty-five European officers; to every regiment of Cavalry, twenty-two. A comparatively small number of these, however, were ordinarily present with their corps; furlough and the staff making a perennial demand upon all ranks from field officers to ensigns. Besides this regular army, there were numerous irregular and local corps, commanded by European officers. To the majority of these corps were attached a commanding officer, a second in command, and an adjutant, for the most part picked men. These latter appointments were generally coveted by the service as situations both of honour and emolument; and if (for interest will have its way) they did not always find the officers nominated to them men of mark and likelihood, they seldom failed to make them so in the course of a year.

A regiment of Native Infantry consisted of ten companies. Each company, at its full strength, contained two commissioned native officers (known as the Soubahdar and Jemadar—Captain and Lieutenant), six havildars (sergeants), six naiks (corporals), and a hundred sepoy. In these regiments Hindoos and Mussulmans were indiscriminately enlisted. The proportions varied in different corps; the Hindoos necessarily preponderating, but not in a rate corresponding with the general population.* The lower provinces of the Bengal Presidency contributed few or no soldiers to the state. The Bengalees are feeble, indolent, timid, not hesitating to brand themselves as cowards, if thereby they can escape danger. But in the provinces of Upper India men of a very different stamp, physical and moral, freely enlisted into our armies. Oude alone is said to have furnished to the Company's army, besides some thousands of trooper, no less than three-fourths of the Bengal Infantry.†

The monthly pay of the Bengal infantry sepoy was seven rupees (or fourteen shillings), with an additional rupee after sixteen years' service, and two after twenty years'. A havildar received four-

* The general proportion of Mahomedans to Hindoos is stated to be one to fifteen—in the army one to five.

† Colonel Sleeman says, 'Three-fourths of the recruits for our Bengal native infantry are drawn from the Rajpoot peasantry of the kingdom of Oude, on the left bank of the Ganges, where their affections have been linked to the soil for a long series of generations.'

teen rupees; a jemadar twenty-four; and a ~~subahdar~~ sixty-seven rupees. Estimated with reference to ~~the~~ price of the necessaries of life and the ordinary rate of wages, the scale of pay was liberal, and it was disbursed with the utmost punctuality. The pay of the youngest sepoy greatly exceeded the rate of agricultural wages, with the additional advantage that after a certain number of years' service he received a pension, to the end of his life, which was as secure to him as his pay had been in the days of his effective service. With this pension he returned to his native village, and sent his son to serve in his stead. He had, therefore, a direct interest in the stability of our rule. He knew that as long as the British Government should survive, the pension paymaster would disburse to him this reward of his past services, and that, on the contrary, a revolution would consign him to beggary to the end of his days.

From whatever part of the country he might come, the Bengal sepoy left his family at home, but he never deserted them. A large part of his pay was every month remitted to his village through the pay-establishment. Having once fixed the amount of the 'family chit,' he knew that their wants were provided for as certainly as though he had placed the silver in their hands. Every second or third year he obtained permission to proceed to his home, and was absent from his regiment during all that part of the year which included the seasons of the hot winds and the rains. If he did not return at the appointed time, it was a certainty that he had died on the road—probably that he had been thugged on his way home, or made away with by a professional poisoner, for the sake of the savings, his own and his comrades', which he was carrying with him concealed on his person. In a service, one of the most remarkable features of which is that simple dismissal is a grave military punishment, desertion can be little more than a name.

These frequent sojourns in the native village, and the sustaining hope of an ultimate retirement to it, imparted to the sepoy much more of the tone and character of civil life than is to be found, perhaps, in any other service in the world. Let him go where he would, he had still his cherished home associations: he had still the thought before him of the mango-tree under which he would, next year, sit with his venerable father, who had served the Company before him, and who was garrulous about Lake, Malcolm and Ochterlony; or where, after a few more years of service, he would talk in turn, to his soldier-sons, of Napier or Pollock, Nott or Wheeler, proud of his pension, his medal, and his scars.

When with his regiment, the sepoy lived in what are called

'lines.' These are long rows of matted huts, in a convenient part of the military cantonment. In this primitive abode he slept, sometimes perhaps cooked; but spent the greater part of his time in the open air, sitting on the ground, smoking and conversing with his comrades, or perhaps lying on a charpoy, or rude native bed, at the door of his hut. His military duties, in time of peace, were performed principally at early morning, or under the refreshing influences of the cool evening breeze. During the rest of the day, except when on guard or on sentry, he idled in the lines or lounged about the bazaars.

M. de Valbezen, in his graphic and impartial papers on the English in India, which have just been republished in a single volume, describes with great fidelity and acuteness the sepoy of Hindostan:—

'En somme, la tenue extérieure du cipaye laisse bien peu de chose à désirer; mais il lui manque, on le devine au premier coup d'œil, le sentiment de la dignité de l'habit qu'il porte. Rien dans sa contenance ne rappelle l'air martial de nos pantalons rouges, ou la tournure d'homme, carrée par la base, du soldat anglais. C'est qu'en effet le cipaye n'a rien perdu de ses habitudes natives, et pour démontrer cette vérité, que le lecteur veuille bien nous accompagner aux tentes d'une compagnie d'infanterie venue récemment de l'intérieur avec un convoi d'argent, et campée sur le glacis du Fort William à Calcutta.

'Le camp est formé de trois grandes tentes; un seul homme en habit rouge, une baguette de fusil à la main, en garde l'approche; quant aux soldats, ils ont dépouillé l'uniforme et revêtu le costume indien dans toute sa simplicité: les plus couverts en chemise! Et quelles fantaisies de coiffures! celui-ci la tête complètement rasée, celui-là avec des nattes de six pieds, cet autre à front monumental fait à coups de rasoir: ce soldat Sikh enfin, ses cheveux relevés et noués en chignon comme une demoiselle chinoise. Les officiers natifs se distinguent par un collier de boules de bois doré. Du reste, une tranquillité parfaite, un ordre profond. Chaque homme fait sa petite cuisine, à son petit feu, ou s'occupe de soins de propreté. *C'est que la main des siècles, l'influence civilisatrice de la discipline militaire, ont glissé sur la nature immuable de l'Indien comme l'huile sur le marbre.* Trois coups de baguette, deux mots, et ces sauvages à demi nus, le fusil à piston à la main, l'habit rouge sur le dos, offriront des spécimens très-remarquables des soldats de l'honorable compagnie des Indes; toutefois, rien n'est changé dans leurs instincts, leurs habitudes; ce sont les hommes, les mêmes hommes, qui sous les drapeaux du roi Porus, combattaient il y a deux mille ans, les guerriers d'Alexandre.' (*Les Anglais et l'Inde*, p. 97.)

We do not remember to have met with a more striking or characteristic description of the Indian soldier than that which is contained in these few lines; and it seems to us to explain much

that is otherwise incomprehensible. The sepoy viewed from our own point of view,—in the long lines of European drill, in the British uniform, or in face of the enemy,—presented to the eye a force not unworthy to be ranked with British soldiers, whose triumphs they had so often shared: but this tincture of military discipline, this disguise of civilisation, was altogether superficial; the natural Asiatic remained quite unchanged; even his manner of life was scarcely altered; his character was still overshadowed by low animal propensities, by the bestial superstitions of the worst form of heathenism, and by the impenetrable cunning of a feeble race. It was not, therefore, either impossible or astonishing that some fanatical delusion, some maddening impulse, or even some untoward accident, should suddenly inflame this creature of ignorance and passion; and that, once excited, all restraint should be thrown off, and he should surpass the wild animals of the Indian jungle in blood-thirstiness and treachery.

But these savage propensities lay concealed beneath an exterior which had, in ordinary times, much of the simplicity and the sportiveness of childhood. Coming suddenly upon a group of sepoys, you would generally find the greater number of them with a broad grin on their comely faces; perhaps 'the loud laugh which speaks 'the vacant mind' would salute you as you approached. Little encumbered with business of any kind, they were remarkably accessible to every description of excitement that would come to them unsought. A loquacious stranger in the lines or in the bazaar, a wandering faqueer, or a traveller from a distant province, with some marvellous story to tell, was always welcome to Jack Sepoy. With open eyes and open ears he stared and listened, and devoured lies as greedily as sweetmeats. The marvellous was always a delight to him, and his credulity eagerly swallowed the most monstrous improbabilities.

It would be difficult to conceive a class of men more easily to be deluded and led astray by designing persons, or a mode of life better calculated to facilitate their designs. The European officer lived apart from his men in a different quarter of the cantonment. He knew little or nothing of what was going on in the lines. He seldom conversed with the sepoys; he had no confidential intercourse with them. All sorts of leprous distillments might poison the sepoy's mind before his European officer would know anything about it. Time was when there were some links of fellowship and friendship between them—when the sepoy really looked up to his officer with child-like confidence, as 'his father and his mother,' and the officer regarded his regiment as his home. But all this is now gone. A thousand co-

operating causes have broken the link of brotherhood. The improved moral tone of society; the presence of many European families in every military cantonment; the increased facilities of communication with England; the mess; the book-club; the billiard-table; and above all the improved and more comprehensive character of the administration, which, by opening to the army new fields of honourable and lucrative employment, has diverted the ambition of men from mere regimental occupation, have loosened the ties which bound the English officer to the Hindostanee sepoy. There is no doubt of the fact, and the evil—if, on the whole, it be an evil—is probably without a remedy.

It might be supposed that this deficiency would in some measure have been atoned for by the mediation of the native officer, who ought to have bridged over the gulf between the sepoy and his English captain. But the causes, to which we have adverted, had made the English captain forfeit even the confidence of the native officer; and the system of promotion—a system of pure seniority—whatever else it may have had to recommend it, was fatal to the efficiency of the class. The soubahdar and jemadar of a company were generally old and effete. They had attained their commissions, not by merit but by age. They were in fact only the oldest sepoys in the Company, but as officers they were mere names. They stood between the English officer and the sepoy; but they did not unite them. They induced a sense of security, but made nothing secure. Having no real attachment for their English comrades, they were generally blind and deaf when sight and hearing were inconvenient. The native officers, living in the lines with the sepoys, ought to have been cognisant of all the mischief that was brewing in them; and being, though in an ill-defined and doubtful manner, responsible for the good conduct of the men off parade, they ought to have reported all dangerous sayings and doings to their European officers. But it is very certain they did nothing of the kind, and that they were for all practical purposes identical with the men they commanded. The existence of native commissioned officers was, as we showed on a former occasion*, a fatal error. They contributed nothing to the real discipline of the regiment, yet they served to screen the deficiency of European officers in numbers and in experience.

These circumstances had a natural tendency to diminish the spirit of discipline in the Bengal army, but there was nothing in this state of things to create active discontent. Wise after the event, we have now come to adopt, as a standing article of popular

* Ed. Review, vol. xcvi. p. 211.

faith, the presumption, that the discipline of the Bengal army has for years been undermined, and that the fearful state of things which has now arisen is but the natural growth of such pre-existing causes. Was it not prophesied by Metcalfe and Munro? Was it not predicted, most emphatically, by Napier? Did not Sir Henry Russell see that the storm was coming? Did not Colonel John Jacob, and Colonel Studholm Hodgson, and many lesser prophets, lift up a warning voice? And what, it is asked, are we to think of a Government that disregarded such admonitions?

The warnings of Sir Charles Napier have been conspicuously adverted to, and not without some reason. His remarks upon the Indian army contain much that every experienced and unprejudiced officer in the service will readily confirm; but his general opinions of the *dangerous* state of the Bengal army, to which allusion has been so frequently made since intelligence of the frightful disasters in that presidency has reached us, if they are to be gathered at all from his unofficial communications to his private friends, certainly do not appear in the public reports of which the Government could take cognisance. We take no account of platitudes, such as 'Mutiny with the sepoys is the 'most formidable danger menacing our Indian empire.' This is no recent discovery. The writer very truly says, in another place, 'The ablest and most experienced civil and military servants of the East India Company consider mutiny as one of the 'greatest, if not *the* greatest, danger threatening India; a danger, 'also, that may come unexpectedly, and, if the first symptoms 'be not carefully treated, with a power to shake Leadenhall 'Street.' This had been emphatically declared, long before, by Metcalfe and others; and we are not aware that any one ever doubted the fact. But it does not appear that Sir Charles Napier anticipated the proximity of any occurrence even remotely resembling the Bengal mutiny of 1857, or that he called the attention of Government to measures of reform which would have materially tended to arrest, or even to mitigate, the terrors of that fearful calamity. His most emphatic utterances, indeed, were in a totally opposite direction. Take, for example, the following, which we find in an official memorandum on the state of the Bengal army:—

'It was said Lord Hardinge objected to assembling the Indian troops, for fear they should conspire. This reason I cannot accede to, and have never met an Indian officer who did accede to it; and few men have had more opportunities of judging the armies of all these presidencies than myself. Lord Hardinge only saw the Bengal army as Governor-General for a short time. I have constantly commanded and studied Bengal and Bombay sepoys for nearly eight

years, and could find nothing to fear from them except when ill used, and even then they are less dangerous than British troops would be in similar circumstances.*

It is remarkable, indeed, that in the memoir on the military defence of India from which this passage is taken, Sir Charles Napier writes indiscriminately of European and native troops, as though both were equally to be trusted. He never insists on the necessity of locating strong bodies of European troops wherever sepoys are massed together. The dangers which he apprehended were an outbreak in the Punjaub, and a hostile combination between the ruler of Nepaul and Gholab Singh of Cashmere; and he never entertained a doubt regarding the fidelity of the sepoys in such a conjuncture. Speaking of Delhi, for example, he says that 12,000 men should be posted there, 'as the magazine must be powerfully defended, and that great Mahomedan city powerfully controlled.' He speaks elsewhere of the necessity of having our great central depôt for military stores at Delhi; but we do not observe that he says anything about the necessity of adequately defending it with European troops. Indeed, a prevailing faith in the native troops is conspicuous in Sir Charles Napier's writings, as it has ever been in the minds of a vast majority of the ablest and most experienced officers. In his well-known Report on the Military Occupation of India, Napier emphatically spoke of the native army of India, as one 'in a good state of discipline, complete in its equipments, full of high courage,' and with 'a high military spirit reigning through its ranks.' 'This force,' he added, 'could be doubled without any injurious pressure on the population, and every part of India can furnish recruits in abundance. Our service is extremely popular, and the troops faithful to a proverb.' We look in vain in his official writings for anything to bear out the assertion now so frequently made to the disparagement of the Indian Government, that if they had attended to Sir Charles Napier, they would not have been taken by surprise.

But there were still in the existing state of things sources of danger, to which the authorities abroad and at home ought to have given their serious attention. We ourselves were long ago so strongly impressed with the vices and defects which existed in the discipline and organisation of the Bengal army, that they have nowhere been more forcibly pointed out than in an article

* This was afterwards embodied, with some slight alteration, in the general Report on the Military Occupation of India quoted below.

which appeared in this journal in the month of January 1853, and we have little to add to the observations there laid before our readers.* We may, however, select, for purposes of illustration, one noticeable example. Of all the defects in the Bengal army, says Colonel Jacob, the system of promotion is the most 'crushingly ruinous.' It deprives the soldier of all stimulus to exertion, makes him independent of his officers, and careless of pleasing or displeasing those who have no power to advance or retard his rise in the regiment. And as regards the native officers themselves, it is alleged that they must necessarily be imbeciles, because they cannot obtain their promotion by seniority until they are unfit to work:—

'The whole of the native commissioned officers are useless; the amount of their pay is a dead loss to the state; every one of them is unfit for service by reason of imbecility produced by old age; or where, in rare instances, the man may not be altogether in his second childhood, he is entirely useless from having been educated in a bad school. All should have been pensioned long ago; but, alas! if the present system of promotion be continued, the getting rid of these poor old gentlemen who cut such painfully ridiculous figures in the Bengal regiments would be of no use whatever, for the non-commissioned officers who would have to be promoted in their places are but little better. . . . It is astonishing, and says much for the raw material of the Bengal army, that under such arrangements the whole fabric has not entirely fallen to pieces. The thing is rotten throughout, and discipline there is none; but it is wonderful that even the outward semblance of an army has been maintained under such deplorable mismanagement.'

It might be supposed that an evil so palpable as this would have been generally denounced, not only by all experienced and reflecting persons, but by every one with eyes to see and faculties to comprehend; at all events, that all high military authorities, who have made the Bengal army their study, would have recognised this evil of promotion by seniority, and exerted themselves to reform it. Many readers, doubtless, will ask what Sir Charles Napier said upon this point. The inquiry is easily answered. Sir Charles Napier was himself the man who strictly confined the promotion of native officers to the principle of seniority, and who most effectually circumscribed the regimental authority of European commandants. In a General Order, dated the 18th of September, 1850, Sir Charles Napier, being then Commander-in-Chief of the Indian army, emphatically reprobated 'the very objectionable practice which has of late in many cases obtained 'of undervaluing and disregarding the claims of long service in

* See *Edinburgh Review*, vol. xcvii. p. 183.

‘old and meritorious non-commissioned officers, who have nothing against their character and conduct, but who have been passed over in promotion, and superseded by men, not of more worth, but of more pretension and smarter appearance; a partial and improper exercise of authority which, if persevered in, cannot fail to be productive of disaffection and discontent, not only in the minds of those whose claims and merits have been so overlooked, but also in regiments generally.’

After adverting to some specific instances of this ‘very objectionable practice,’ Sir Charles Napier thus proceeded to lay down his instructions for the future guidance of officers:—

‘The Commander-in-Chief now directs that the fullest consideration and attention *shall invariably be given to the claim of seniority* in every grade, where no such disqualification as want of respectability or character, or other equally proper and just cause of objection to the advancement of the seniors shall exist; and in order to enable general officers and brigadiers to use their authority in enjoining the strictest observance of this order in the regiments under their control, commanding officers in promulgating promotions, made by them in regimental orders, will at the same time publish the names of those passed over, and the causes of their supersession.’

Speaking elsewhere of this system, Sir Charles Napier says that ‘no evil of magnitude has grown out of it.’

‘Under my command (he adds) at various times for ten years, in action and out of action, the Bengal sepoy never failed in zeal, courage, or activity. At Meeanee and at Dubba their 9th Cavalry advanced bravely under a heavy fire; in the Boaghtee Hills the Bengal Infantry behaved well under severe trials; in the Kohat Pass native officers and non-commissioned officers bravely led their men up against the Afreedis. Where have they behaved else, when properly drilled and led? It is said that in mutinies, age has abated the officers’ energy. Perhaps so; but an awkward question may be asked, *Might not younger men have been energetic in a wrong direction.*’ (Indian Misgovernment, p. 238-239.)

There are few soldiers in the Company’s army who have gained a higher reputation, during long years of distinguished service,—a reputation strengthened by recent events,—than the late Sir Hugh Wheeler and Sir Patrick Grant. These officers emphatically commended the order issued by Napier in support of the seniority system. ‘Upon my honour,’ wrote Wheeler, ‘I consider the order of the 18th just issued, will do more to restore the tone and right feeling of the native army than any act that has been done for the last thirty years.’ ‘I have read the admirable order of the 18th instant,’ wrote Patrick Grant; ‘it is one of the best and most judicious ever issued to this army, and the Commander-in-Chief and his

'adjutant-general deserve the thanks of all well-wishers to our service for it.' Colonel Sleeman, who knew the native character as well as any man in India, and, who never lost an opportunity of conversing with the sepoys, declared that this promotion by seniority was the very sheet anchor of the Bengal army. Being at Jubbulpore, when in political employment, he heard that his old regiment, marching between Saugor and Seonee, was in his neighbourhood, so he rode out to meet them.

'They had not seen me (he narrates) for sixteen years, but almost all the native commissioned and non-commissioned officers were personally known to me. They were all very glad to see me, and I rode always with them to their place of encampment, where I had ready a feast of sweetmeats. They liked me as a young man, and I believe are proud of me as an old one. Old and young spoke with evident delight of the rigid adherence, on the part of the present commanding officer (Colonel Presgrave), to the good old rule of *huk* (right) in the recent promotions to the vacancies occasioned by the annual transfer to the invalid establishment.'

And upon this he bases the following reflections:—

'We might, no doubt, have in every regiment a few smarter native officers by disregarding this rule than by adhering to it, but we should, in the diminution of the good feeling towards the European officers and the Government, lose a thousand times more than we gained. They now go on from youth to old age, from the drill to the retired pension, happy and satisfied that there is no service on earth so good for them. . . . Deprive the mass of this hope, give the commissions to an exclusive class of natives, or to a favoured few, chosen often, if not commonly, without reference to the feelings or qualifications we most want in our native officers, and our native army will soon cease to have the same feelings of devotion towards the Government, and of attachment and respect to their European officers.'

It would be easy to multiply conflicting opinions regarding this subject of promotion by seniority; but these illustrations will suffice. We have adduced them here, not with the view of deciding this important question; but simply to show how, on points vitally affecting the discipline of the native army of India, the best authorities are hopelessly divided. There is nothing easier than to demonstrate that this or that general or colonel indicated a certain defect in our military system, and suggested a practicable remedy for it; nothing easier than to censure a government for not heeding such warnings and admonitions. But until we take the trouble to inquire what opinions have been placed on record by others equally able and experienced, we are in no position to decide whether Government were or were not culpable for disregarding any suggestions which may have been brought before them. All we know in

this case is, that the seniority system has prevailed, and that there has been a mutiny in the Bengal army: we do not know how much sooner, if that system had been interfered with, the mutiny might have broken out.

It is to be observed, too, that there were other experienced and distinguished military officers who entertained a widely different opinion of the general state of the Bengal army from that so emphatically pronounced by Colonel Jacob. Few, if any officers in that service, bore a higher reputation than the late Colonel Sleeman, whose opinions we have already cited. Writing some twelve or thirteen years ago, he thus declared his opinion of its efficiency:—

‘I believe the native army to be better now than it ever was; better in its disposition and its organisation. The men have now a better assurance than they formerly had, that all their rights will be secured to them by their European officers; that all those officers are men of honour, though they have not all of them the same fellow-feeling that their officers had with them in former days.’ (*Sleeman's Rambles and Recollections of an Indian Official.*)

Again:—

‘To secure the fidelity of such men, all that is necessary is, to make them feel secure of three things—their regular pay, at the handsome rate at which it has now been fixed; their retiring pensions upon the scale hitherto enjoyed; and promotion by seniority, like their European officers, unless they shall forfeit all claims to it by misconduct or neglect of duty. People talk about a demoralised army and discontented army. No army in the world was certainly ever more moral or more contented than our native army, or more satisfied that their masters merit all their devotion and attachment; and I believe none was ever more devoted or attached to them.’

And again, in the same work:—

‘The sepoy of the Bengal army are educated as soldiers from their infancy; they are brought up in that feeling of entire deference for constituted authority which we desire in soldiers, and which they never lose through life. . . . No man can have a higher sense of the duty they owe to the state that employs them, or whose salt they eat; nor can any men set less value on life when the service of that state requires that it shall be risked or sacrificed.’

That this, indeed, was the commonly received opinion, is not to be doubted. Every one knew that the Bengal sepoy was subject to occasional fits of petulance. Everybody knew that he had several times manifested his dissatisfaction in a very alarming manner, and that what he had done before, he might at any time do again. But the causes of disaffection had always been of a local and accidental character; and sometimes, indeed, the sepoy had not unreasonable grounds of discontent.

He had been called upon to go where he conceived he was under no obligation to go; or some allowances, to which he had an apparent, if not an actual right, had been taken from or denied to him. But the general opinion was that he was loyal to the core; that the fidelity of the general body of the army might at all times be relied upon; in fact, that there was not, in all the world, a body of soldiers so attached to the service and to the state. And when we consider the entirely voluntary character of that service; the numbers of recruits eager to enter it; the immense advantages it presented, present and prospective; the ties which bound the native soldiery to thousands of pensioners, in all parts of the country, living upon the generosity of the Government which they had once served; and the little likelihood there was of any other government so providing for the military classes, from the cradle to the grave; there was certainly good reason to believe that the system was based on the indestructible principle of self-interest, and that no other class of persons in India had equally powerful motives to desire the maintenance of British ascendancy. We now see that strong as this system appeared to be, it was not proof against a popular delusion, inflamed by religious fanaticism; and this revolt is not the first example in history of the sacrifice of great material advantages to an impulse or an antipathy. Sir Charles Metcalfe judged the natives more accurately, when he said in one of his profound minutes, 'Our power does not rest on actual strength but on impression. Our whole real strength consists in the few European regiments, speaking comparatively, that are scattered singly over the vast extent of subjugated India. That is the only portion of our soldiery whose hearts are with us, and whose constancy may be relied on in the hour of trial. All our native establishments, civil and military, are the followers of fortune; they serve us for their livelihood, and generally serve us well; but in their inward feelings they partake more or less of the universal disaffection which prevails against us, not from bad government, but from natural and irresistible antipathy.*

Above all, these sentiments were excited by the spirit of caste, and by the tyrannical influence of the numerous body of Brahmins and Rajpoots existing in every Bengal regiment. Hence the army was not in a condition to resist the progress of disaffection, and a comparatively small incident might

* This passage occurs in a paper on the Machinery of Indian Government, written in 1832 (*Kaye's Metcalfe Papers*, p. 161.). At this crisis in the affairs of India we know of no book more instructive than the published minutes of this great statesman, and it would be highly desirable to prepare a larger collection of them for publication.

let loose all its worst passions. Had the army been in a different state—had there been such confidence as once existed between the European officer and the Bengal sepoy,—the former would have been forewarned of the danger, and would either, by timely measures, have prevented its occurrence, or would have been prepared to crush it in the bud. It is probable that secret societies had by some clandestine organisation deprived the individual sepoy of the power of reflection and the liberty of action: all his suspicions and his fears were intensely roused, and some accidental and extraneous causes came into operation about this time, which precipitated the long-deferred explosion.

Even the language of prophecy was invoked in mysterious revelations. The fulness of time, it is said, had come. For years—nay, for centuries—had the downfall of the Company's reign been predicted, at this very time, both by Hindoo and Mahomedan seers. To predict an event, if it be within the reach of human agency to accomplish it, is often to ensure its occurrence. Predictions of this kind have a natural tendency to verify themselves. But what are we to think of predictions of the downfall of the English rule in India, said to have been uttered some hundreds of years before the British had ever set foot on Indian soil? Of such stuff are some of the prophecies of which we now read.* Others are of a less extravagant character. But there is nothing more certain than that predictions of this kind, which are

* We find the following in the *Friend of India*:—‘A correspondent of the *Englishman* affirms that General Low has received a number of couplets in Persian, said to be composed by Niamutollah 700 years ago. They begin with a prophetic enumeration of the successive rulers of Hindostan, and conclude with stating that the rule of the English is to expire in 1260 Hegira, corresponding with A.D. 1864. The verses have been circulated through the whole of the north-west.’

It is surprising that such a paragraph as this should have been extensively circulated in India, without any one, as far as we are aware, pointing out the extreme absurdity of it. When we consider that little more than half 700 years have elapsed since Vasco de Gama doubled the Cape of Good Hope—that the East India Company was established only two centuries and a half ago, and that the rule of the English in India cannot be said to be more than a hundred years old—the wonderful prediction here spoken of reminds us of nothing so much as the famous notice—

‘Had you seen but these roads before they were made,
You would lift up your hands and bless General Wade.’

This Niamutollah predicted the downfall of the English rule some centuries before either he or any of his countrymen knew that there was such a place as England in the world.

commonly set afloat when mischief is on foot, exercise an influence over the native mind, which in this country it is not easy to appreciate. The circulation of prophecies, invented for the occasion, is the common prologue or concomitant of an oriental plot. 'My attention,' said Sir John Malcolm, in a speech delivered in July, 1824, 'has been, during the last twenty-five years, particularly directed to this dangerous species of secret war against our authority, which is always carrying on by numerous, though unseen hands. The spirit is kept up by letters, by exaggerated reports, and by pretended prophecies. When the time appears favourable from the occurrence of misfortune to our arms, from rebellion in our provinces, or from mutiny in our troops, circular letters and proclamations are dispersed over the country with a celerity that is incredible. Such documents are read with avidity. The contents in most cases are the same. The English are depicted as usurpers of low caste, and as tyrants, who have sought India with no other view but that of degrading the inhabitants and of robbing them of their wealth, while they seek to subvert their usages and their religion. The native soldiery are always appealed to, and the advice to them is, in all instances I have met with, the same,—“*Your European tyrants are few in number; kill them!*”’* No sentences written yesterday could better describe the process by which the minds of the sepoys have been inflamed against the Government, which they had so long and so faithfully served.

It is not improbable that, in the present instance, special importance may have been given to these fictitious prophecies by the fact, that the year 1857 is the centenary of the establishment of our rule in India—the battle of Plassey, which laid the foundation of our Indian empire, having been fought just a hundred years ago. The coincidence was one well calculated to give force to any prediction of the approaching downfall of English dominion in the East. It seemed to fix the date of an

* This passage will, doubtless, suggest a recollection of the mysterious chupatties which, just before the breaking out of the mutiny, were circulated from village to village. Something of the same kind happened before the Vellore mutiny, the token which was passed on at that time being, we are informed, some sugar. There is nothing, we believe, peculiar to the chupatty, though considerable research has recently been bestowed upon the investigation of its symbolic character. It was simply a pre-arranged signal, and might have taken any other shape: but it was transmitted to the heads of villages who have *not* been concerned in the mutiny, and it was *not* transmitted to the sepoys who broke out in revolt.

event, doubtless long dreamt of and longed for by the Mahomedans of India, and to concentrate in one focus the vague aspirations or ambitious designs of restless spirits eager to recover the supremacy which we have acquired by the valour of our armies and the strength of our government.

The native press of India had become intemperate and unscrupulous in the extreme. Paragraphs of a seditious character were frequently inserted in the Persian and vernacular journals; and the most preposterous stories of the designs of the British Government were freely promulgated in them. Sometimes the sedition was disguised, or so ambiguously worded that the journalist might repudiate all evil design; at others, it was plain-spoken and unmistakeable. These papers had not a large sale; but they had all some circulation, and readers or hearers out of all proportion to the number of copies issued from the press—a large number of these readers and hearers being the sepoys of our army. Through these ‘channels of information’ they imbibed the most pernicious falsehoods; and day by day were taught to regard the proceedings of the British Government with greater suspicion and alarm.

One of the commonest forms of lie, presented by these native journals, was a statement that the English, in pursuance of their schemes of universal dominion, were about to annex some independent state or other, and, having thus absorbed the whole of India, to destroy the caste and religion of the people. The annexation of Oude, in the early part of last year, was said to be only the forerunner of other forcible seizures of territory. It is now argued by many English writers that this event precipitated the great crisis. There are three different ways in which the measure, of the righteousness of which we have never entertained a doubt, is connected with the mutiny in the Bengal army. First, it is affirmed that the absorption into the Company’s territory of the last remaining Mahomedan state in Upper India filled the cup of bitterness to the brim; and that the faithful who had seen one kingdom after another fall, until no trace of Mahomedan supremacy was left in Hindostan, were rendered desperate by this last act of ‘spoliation.’ Others contend that the direct agency of the ex-king, or of his servants, was put forth for the corruption of the sepoys, though he had established himself at Calcutta with his household, and had sent part of his family to England, at the very time of the outbreak. Another theory is, that a large proportion of the sepoys in the Bengal army (three-fourths of whom are said to have been drawn from the Oude province) were personally affected by the revolution, inasmuch as that so long as they were subjects of the Oude state, they had,

as servants or pensioners of the British Government, some privileges which ceased as soon as the province became a component part of the British-Indian empire; and they became liable as holders of land to the operation of the regular revenue system, which may have been introduced with too much promptitude and confidence.

We do not discard these suppositions as mere idle conjecture. It is certain that the annexation of Oude must have increased the bitterness with which the Mahomedans of Upper India have regarded the progressive extension of our rule. It is probable that some of the deposed ministers of Oude, smarting under the injuries they necessarily sustained—loss of power and loss of wealth—by our intrusion, determined to make an effort for the recovery of their dominions, or, failing in that, to revenge themselves on the infidel government which had destroyed them. It is not to be doubted that the conversion of Oude into a province of the British empire deprived the families of a large portion of the Bengal army of the exclusive privileges which they had long considered to be their birthright, by placing all the other inhabitants of the country on a level with themselves. As soon as the proclamation was issued, which converted Oude into a British province, they ceased to be an exceptional class. They had no longer the powerful protection and mediation of the British Residency. Fused into the general mass of the population, they were left to battle for themselves, and were doubtless losers by what was a gain to the community at large.

But these circumstances, though they may have fomented the spirit of discontent which culminated in the great revolt of 1857, were not sufficient to create that revolt. The author of the historical narrative of the 'Mutiny of the Bengal Army' does not hesitate to affirm that the conspiracy originated with the Oude princes, was communicated to the Delhi princes, and thence propagated till it included all the Mahomedans and Brahmins of the army. But he produces no evidence in support of this assertion; and we believe that we are correct in stating that no proof of any deeply-laid systematic plot has yet been discovered to incriminate the princes of Oude or any other persons. It is still extremely doubtful, therefore, whether there has been any matured or extended effort, under the sanction of the royal authority, for the corruption of the Bengal army. And it is equally doubtful whether a sufficiency of time has yet elapsed for the sepoy families of Oude to feel the change which has affected their position as a privileged class, with sufficient acuteness to fill them with a sudden hatred of the English domination—the same domination which has so long secured to

them as soldiers competence and comfort, such as they could never hope to enjoy under any other rule.

That the movement is one primarily of Mahomedan origin is not to be doubted. No one can have watched, with any clearness of vision, the phenomena of Mahomedanism throughout all the countries of Asia during the last few years, without observing convulsive struggles which indicate a condition the very reverse of that repose which proceeds from a consciousness of strength. The events preceding and attending the Russian war must have opened the eyes of many of the faithful to the dangerous position of Mahomedanism in Turkey. It was threatened on both sides—threatened alike by the hostility of Russia and by the presence of Christian allies. It is no mere hypothesis that the concessions made by the Porte to its Christian allies, as indicated by the famous firman of the Sultan granting increased privileges and immunities to Christians, were viewed with the utmost suspicion and alarm by other Mahomedan states, and attributed to the sinister influence of Great Britain. On a former occasion we pointed out in this journal how Persia, threatened with hostilities from England, had despatched emissaries to the states of Central Asia, calling upon them, in the name of the Faith, to reject all alliance with a nation, whose friendship was more dangerous to Islamism than its enmity could be. It is not difficult to believe that this may have been only one particular manifestation of the activity of Persia in that conjuncture, and that emissaries may have been despatched to India with the intention of arousing the religious fears of the Mussulmans of Hindostan, and thus exciting the soldiery to revolt. If Persia did not understand the full extent of the calamity involved in a revolt of the native army of India, and the manner in which such an event must necessarily cripple our power to carry on a foreign war, others may have taught her the lesson. The train, however, was not ignited in time to aid her designs. England had struck so promptly and so effectively, that the force assembled in the Persian Gulf had done its work in time to send aid towards the suppression of the revolt in Hindostan.

It is certain that much bitter discontent, not altogether unmingled with ambitious hopes, had long been seething in the mind of the Mahomedans of India. They had seen all the most honourable and most lucrative posts under the Government wrested from them by the intruding Peringhee. There was no service left for them but of an inferior grade; and even in these lower grades of employment, men of high birth and illustrious antecedents were compelled to jostle with reprobates and outcasts. There was no outlet for the aspiring ambition, there was no safety-

valve for the energetic aspirations, of the once dominant race. Year after year their position grew more hopeless and depressing. As first one native state, then another, fell, under the pressure of inevitable circumstances, into the grasp of the English conquerors; the narrow field of employment was still further contracted; their dark prospects were rendered still darker. The most sagacious of our Anglo-Indian statesmen had clearly foreseen and emphatically commented on this increasing danger. They had predicted the time when, by the universal extension of our rule, we should turn against us all the vagrant energies of the country, and perhaps be stricken down at last by a monster of our own creation. Half a century ago the danger threatening us from this source was said to be imminent — nay, it was believed already to have descended upon us, in the event known in history as the Massacre of Vellore, and might again descend upon us with the same ghastly and terrific aspect. It was a necessity that the descendants of the Mahomedan conquerors of India should hate us, and that mingled with this hatred there should be an undying hope of recovering the supremacy they had lost. Wherever the sword of Islam has carried the faith of Mahomet, the same implacable hatred of every other creed, the same sanguinary tyranny over the unbeliever, subsists. Nana Sahib, in one of his insolent proclamations, invoked the authority of the ‘Sultan of Roum’ against us; for even the Mahrattas appear to recognise the superior force and ferocity of their Mussulman conquerors. No wonder that the hatred of us by this class of fanatical warriors is intense. Ever since we have been extending our conquests in India, this has been the normal state of the upper class of Mahomedans, and we may be sure that to them toleration and submission are alike unknown.

Every new principality wrested from native rule has increased the exacerbation against us, and rendered them peculiarly susceptible to impressions adverse to the victorious race of their successors. Their secret hatred lost none of its intensity. It is a marvel and a mystery that so many years should have passed away without an explosion. At last a firebrand was applied to what a single spark might have ignited; and in the course of a few weeks there was a general conflagration; but a conflagration which still bears more marks of accident than of deliberate conspiracy and incendiarism.

In a most unhappy hour — in an hour laden with a concurrence of adverse circumstances — the incident of the greased cartridges occurred. It found the Bengal army in a season of profound peace, and in a state of relaxed discipline. It found the sepoys pondering over the predictions and the fables which

had been so assiduously circulated in their lines and their bazaars; it found them with imaginations inflamed and fears excited by strange stories of the designs of their English masters; it found them, as they fancied, with their purity of caste threatened, and their religious distinctions invaded, by the proselytising and annexing Englishman. It seemed as though we were about to take everything from them—their old privileges, their old rights, even their old religion. Still, there was no palpable evidence of this. Everything was vague, intangible, obscure. Credulous and simple-minded as they were, many might have retained a lingering confidence in the good faith and the good intentions of the British Government, had it not been suddenly announced to them, just as they were halting between two opinions, that, in prosecution of his long cherished design to break down the religion both of Mahomedan and Hindoo, the Feringhee had determined to render their military service the means of their degradation, by compelling them to apply their lips to a cartridge saturated with animal grease—the fat of the swine being used for the pollution of the one, and the fat of the cow for the degradation of the other.*

If the most astute emissaries of evil who could be employed for the corruption of the Bengal sepoy had addressed themselves to the task of inventing a lie for the confirmation and support of all his fears and superstitions, they could have found nothing more cunningly devised for their purpose. A large proportion of the Hindu Sepoys in the Bengal army were men of high caste—Brahmins and Rajpoots. The Brahmins had their own especial grievances; the dominion of the English had done much to weaken their influence, and was steadily doing more and more every year to lower the dominant caste, and by exploding superstition after superstition, to destroy the ascendancy which they had obtained over the minds of their fellows. They were in a state of mind which rendered them peculiarly accessible to the conviction that the English were systematically endeavouring to degrade them. The story of the greased cartridges, therefore,—cartridges lubricated with the sacred fat of the cow,—met with ready acceptance, and at once inflamed the minds of all the Hindoos in the ranks of the army. This done, the prejudices of the Mahomedans were assailed, but in a different manner. The pig is as much held in abhorrence by the Mussulman, as the cow is venerated by the Hindoo. So it

* Yet it is stated on good authority that the same grease had always been applied, without objection, by native artillerymen to the wheels of their gun-carriages.

was reported that hogs' lard was used in the composition of the grease applied to many of the cartridges.*

The Hindoo and the Mussulman had, therefore, a common cause. The safety of the English has ever been said to reside in the mixture of races and the discordance of creeds. There was little probability, it was long believed, of a hostile combination against the British Government. And even after symptoms of disaffection in the native army had begun to manifest themselves, it might be doubted whether there was any deep-seated combination. Indeed, for some time it was the common opinion of the most observant and intelligent persons, that the movement was a Brahminical movement, and that the Hindoos only were affected. The earliest writers on the mutiny adopted this the-

* It is probable that the English are generally more despised in India for the eating of swine than for the killing of cows. In a pamphlet written in 1808, relative to the Vellore mutiny, we find the following remarkable passage:—"The well-informed Brahmin will perhaps pity the Mussulman for not having received his law to reverence the cow and idolatrous images, instead of killing the former and breaking the latter; but he will never deign to endeavour to convert him. He extends the same reasoning to the European. The bigoted Mussulman, however (a foreigner as well as ourselves), is not so liberal in his sentiments; for, having been brought up from infancy in hatred to Christianity, and especially jealous of the European, who has raised the foundation of his dominion in India upon the ruins of Mahamudan power, he loses no opportunity of vilifying and defaming his character to the Hindoo, by representing the European as an "eater of hogs," and "drinker of wine;" not as the killer of the cow, which you would suppose ought to catch the ear of an Hindoo, and make a deeper impression on him. This will account for a curious circumstance that I am tempted now to relate:—During a residence of nearly half my life in India, I never once heard a Hindoo urge against a European, as abuse, that he was a "*killer of cows*," although it is a general term of even Hindoo reproach to blast him as an "*eater of hogs' flesh*;" which proves how far the Hindoos have taken up their ideas of us from the Mahamudans, who look upon Christians as a sect of Jews, and deny that the New Testament has abrogated the strictness of the old Levitical law. But of this hereafter;—I only wish to prove the weight of Mahamudan opinion and influence over the minds of the other classes of Indians." A considerable portion of the pamphlet from which this passage is quoted, might have been written yesterday, so applicable is it to the Bengal mutiny of 1857. It is entitled, 'Strictures on the Present Government, Civil, Military, and Political, of the British Possessions in India, including a View of the Recent Transactions in that Country, which have tended to alienate the Affections of the Natives; in a Letter from an Officer, resident on the Spot, to his Friend in England.' The pamphleteers of the present day delight in curter and less descriptive titles.

ory. It soon, however, became apparent that the Hindoo and the Mahomedan were leagued together in one common effort of resistance to the authority of their English masters. The revolt of a regiment of native cavalry at Meerut first raised a suspicion that the Mussulmans were concerned in the outbreak; for the cavalry regiments have a large proportion of Mahomedan troopers in their ranks. But even then it was said that this particular regiment was an exception to the common rule, and was mainly composed of Hindoos;—so strong at that time was the prevailing belief that the Brahmins were the instigators of the abominable plot. But this was an error; and the establishment of the head-quarters of the rebellion at Delhi, followed by the proclamation of the Mogul, proved that the Hindoos who had engaged in the movement were in reality the tools and victims of Mahomedan leaders.

The outbreak at Meerut first opened the eyes of the English nation to the danger which threatened their empire in the East, and raised the mutiny of a few soldiers to the dignity of a great military revolution. There had been unpleasant manifestations of bad feeling in the lower provinces. At Berhampore a regiment had mutinied, and had subsequently, though contrite, been disbanded. At Barrackpore an officer had been cut down by a sepoy, who was hanged for the crime, and a jemadar who had prevented the guard from going to the assistance of the assaulted officer had also been executed; some of the sepoys of the Calcutta guards had been tampered with, and there had been other symptoms of an unquiet feeling among the soldiery; but it was supposed that the clouds had passed away, and that the general loyalty of the Bengal army was not affected, when the great explosion at Meerut declared, in a voice of thunder, that the sepoys who had served us so long and so faithfully, had now become the deadly enemies of our race.

These occurrences in the Lower Provinces had unquestionably excited a ferment in all the military stations of India. On the 3rd of May a letter from the 7th Oude Irregular Cavalry to the men of the 48th Regiment was intercepted and brought to Sir Henry Lawrence at Lucknow, to the effect,—‘We are ready to obey the directions of our brethren of the 48th in the matter of the cartridges, and to resist either actively or passively.’ With equal judgment and promptitude, the Oude Commissioner surrounded and disarmed the mutinous regiment. On the 6th of May, Lord Canning followed up Sir Henry Lawrence’s measure by causing another mutinous regiment, the 34th Native Infantry, to be disbanded at Barrackpore—a measure which has been described by some writers as one of misplaced severity, and by others as one of excessive

leniency; but which denotes the state of the army at other places in the first days of May. Very different was the course of proceeding at Meerut. There, too, the discontent of the men was known, but the colonel commanding the 3rd Light Cavalry, instead of disarming, proceeded to exasperate his men by putting eighty-five of them in irons! The junior officers of the regiment, both European and native, had remonstrated against such a proceeding. Colonel Smith persisted; yet such was the infatuation of General Hewett, that no previous or subsequent measures were taken to crush the evident insubordination of the troops. It was also known at Delhi in the preceding fortnight that attempts had been made to tamper with the fidelity of the garrison; but as yet these disturbances appear to have related to the cartridges only.

On the afternoon—a Sunday afternoon—of the 10th of May, the 3rd Regiment of Bengal Cavalry broke out into open mutiny at Meerut, released the prisoners in the gaol, set fire to many of the cantonment buildings, and shot down several officers. The 20th Regiment of Native Infantry joined them at once; and the 11th, though they spared their own officers, soon flung themselves into the rebellion. As the brief twilight of the Indian summer gave place to the thickening shadows of night, the flames of burning edifices lit up the horizon, and officers returning with their wives and children from their accustomed evening drive, astonished and alarmed by these strange phenomena, were met by bands of infuriated sepoys or by viler gaol-birds, and murdered in their carriages. Others, as they fled from their burning houses, were cut down or shot by the insurgents; women were outraged with indescribable barbarity, and little children massacred for sport. For the first time, on that awful night, we learnt to what excess of ferocity the natives of India could be driven by vindictive excitement or an unreasonable panic. Our sepoys had risen in mutiny before. On one memorable occasion they had murdered their officers in their beds; but never had English ladies and English children been the victims of the lust and the barbarity of our trained soldiers or of the common people of the soil. We do not think the history of mankind offers a more dreadful passage than this contrast between the easy, luxurious, confiding, and somewhat apathetic society of the English in India, and the horrible stroke which roused them in an instant from their fancied security. Women, whose slightest caprice had been law to their followers, and who had lived in a mixture of English refinement and Oriental luxury, found themselves at once exposed to the frenzy of a lawless soldiery, tracked naked through burning jungles, thrown to the merciless populace of maddened cities, or consigned to the

worst brutality of man, until they met a death worthy of the early martyrs. Many of them, we know, endured with sublime energy and faith that tremendous trial—the last to which humanity can be exposed. It is recorded that when Mithridates gave the signal of the first Pontic War, and the whole of Asia Minor rose against the Romans, 80,000 persons perished in the massacre. Such indiscriminate slaughter sometimes stains the page of pagan history. But in modern times, and to a people nurtured in the mild habits of Christian society, these actions appear incredible. They carry us back 2000 years in the annals of our race, and they tell us that now, within the dominions of Britain, the same passions are let loose which once polluted the earth with human sacrifices and trampled in blood the living image of the Creator.

It was long before we could realise the idea of events so strange, so monstrous, so remote from all ancient theories and past experience. There was not an Englishman in India, or one who, after spending the best years of his life on the banks of the Ganges or the Jumna, had retired to his native land only to think with fond regret of the former country of his adoption, that did not regard with measureless astonishment, almost with absolute incredulity, the atrocities which the Bengal sepoy and their followers were now, for the first time, committing upon our wives and children. For a century we had trusted our helpless little ones, without a misgiving, to the guardianship and protection of these very people. Many an English lady travelled from one end of the country to the other—along desert roads, through thick jungles, or on vast solitary rivers—miles and miles away from the companionship of white men, without the slightest anxiety. Her native servants, Mahomedans and Hindoos, were her protectors; and she was as safe in such custody as in an English home. Not a word or a gesture ever alarmed her modesty or excited her fear. The dark, bearded men, who surrounded her, treated her with the most delicate respect, and bore about with them a chivalrous sense of the sacredness of their charge. Many a fond husband and father has entrusted to such guardianship all that was dear to him in the world, and felt as much security as if he had consigned his treasures to the care of his nearest kindred.

And even stranger than this new horror of the pollution of our wives and daughters, was the butchery of the little children. Few of our countrymen have ever returned from India without deploring the loss of their native servants. In the nursery they are, perhaps, more missed than in any part of the establishment. There are, doubtless, hundreds of English parents in this country

who remember with feelings of kindness and gratitude the nursery bearers, or male nurses, who attended their children. The patience, the gentleness, the tenderness with which these white-robed, swarthy Indians attend the little children of their European masters, surpass even the love of women. You may see them sitting for hour after hour, with their little infantine charges, amusing them with toys, fanning them when they slumber, brushing away the flies, or pacing the verandah with the little ones in their arms, droning the low monotonous lullaby which charms them to sleep. And all this without a shadow on the brow, without a gesture of impatience, without a single petulant word. No matter how peevish, how wayward, how unreasonable, how exacting the child may be, the native bearer only smiles, shows his white teeth, or shakes his black locks, giving back a word of endearment in reply to young master's imperious discontent. In the sick room, doubly gentle and doubly patient, his noiseless ministrations are continued through long days, often through long nights, as though hunger and weariness were human frailties to be cast off at such a time. It is little to say that these poor hirelings often love their masters' children with greater tenderness than their own. Parted from their little charges, they may often be seen weeping like children themselves; and have been known, in after years, to travel hundreds of miles to see the brave young ensign or the blooming maiden whom they once dandled in their arms.

These men, it is true, are not sepoys; and it would seem that the instances are few in which the native servant, Hindoo or Mussulman, has turned against his European master. But the sepoy has ever shown the same kindness towards the children of his English officer. He appeared to rejoice when a man child was born to his captain, and to share the pride engendered by the event. Who has not seen the orderly in the verandah playing with the children of his officer, and endeavouring to attract their innocent caresses? Who would not have confided his wife and children to the care of such men? Who did not feel security doubly secure if a sepoy escort attended an English lady on her journey, or a sepoy guard were posted at the door? They who knew the sepoys best, trusted them most. If any Englishman of long experience with a native regiment had a year ago been asked, if he believed that, under any circumstances, the sepoy would outrage and murder the wives and daughters of his officers and cut their little children into pieces, he would have answered, without a moment's hesitation, that it was clearly an impossibility.

But, in defiance of all human calculations, suddenly, and as if by miraculous intervention, the man ceased, and the fiend arose.

It is useless to endeavour to account for the phenomenon. We know too well the dreadful fact. We know, too, that such things have happened before in civilised and Christian countries. Henceforth we must regard the sepoy, in spite of all ancient experiences and associations, not as a laughing, playful, child-like, child-loving, simple-minded soldier; but as a ruthless murderer—a miscreant without scruple, without pity, doing, under Satanic inspiration, deeds that are not to be described. So he became at once on that 10th of May at Meerut; so he became at Delhi; so he became at well-nigh every place where the standard of revolt was planted.

For, rapidly, the flames of mutiny spread. Victorious at Meerut, the rebels made good their march to Delhi, owing to the utter want of energy and presence of mind in the general officer commanding the station. Meerut was one of the largest military stations in Upper India. It was the headquarters of that noble regiment of Bengal Artillery, which the greatest captains who have fought in India have declared to be unsurpassed by any ordnance corps in Europe, and which in every great crisis, of foreign war or domestic difficulty, has had its Pollocks and its Lawrences ready to show what its officers can do. It was a station at which were posted two regiments of European soldiers—one of Foot and one of Horse; Her Majesty's 60th Rifles and the Regiment of Carabincers. It is not to be doubted that there was an available force of loyal soldiers amply sufficient, if promptly, energetically, and judiciously employed, to crush the mutineers in the course of a few hours. But there was no promptitude; there was no energy; there was no judgment. And so the rebellious regiments, reeking with the blood of their officers, quitted Meerut under the cover of the night, and made good their march to Delhi. Had General Gillespie shown the same irresolution and incapacity in 1806 at Vellore, the consequences of that mutiny might have become not less disastrous.

If all the movements of the revolt had been pre-arranged, there could have been no better stroke of tactics than this. Delhi is the chief city of Mahomedan India—the 'imperial city'—the 'city of the Mogul.' It had been the home of those mighty emperors who had ruled so long in Hindostan—of Shir Shah, of Akbar, and of Aurungzebe; and was still the residence of their fallen successors, the titular kings of Delhi, whom fifty years ago our armies had rescued from the grasp of the Marhattas. Beyond the palace walls these remnants of royalty had no power; they had no territory, no revenue, no authority. In our eyes they were simply pensioners and puppets. Virtually, indeed, the Mogul was extinct. But not so in the minds of the

people of India. The nominal sovereignty of the emperor was still acknowledged. Long after he had been stripped of every rag of power, the greatest Mahratta and Mahomedan princes of the land had desired no higher honour than to do him reverence as his chief servants. The Peishwah and the Boonslah, the Newab-Wuzer and the Nizam, were only his hereditary ministers. For a quarter of a century after the establishment of British supremacy on the banks of the Ganges, all the money that circulated through the country, that was received or issued at the Company's treasuries, was coined in the king's name. Empty as was the sovereignty of the Mogul, it was a living fact in the minds of the Hindoos and the Mahomedans, especially in Upper India. 'One of the most remarkable proofs,' wrote the late Colonel John Sutherland, 'of the attachment of the people of India to the forms and ceremonies which their forefathers have been accustomed to observe, is the avidity with which all court and pay for honours emanating from the pageant throne of Delhi. It might be expected that in the long period which has intervened since the power of the house of Delhi terminated, it would have ceased to be considered as the fountain of all honour; but such is not the case. The princes of Rajpootana, the Nizam, and generally the princes of India, do not consider their accession to their principalities complete until they have done homage to the throne of Delhi.' Twenty years have passed since this was written, but time, though it may have weakened, has not destroyed the prestige of the imperial family.

To hold the ancient capital of Mahomedan India, and to identify the Mogul himself with the outbreak of the rebel sepoys, could not but be immense gain to the cause. It was at once to give it a political significance—almost, indeed, to impart to it the character of a great national movement. Yet there is no sufficient evidence to prove that this, apparently, a master-stroke of policy, was pre-arranged. It happened that Delhi lay less than forty miles distant from Meerut—a large walled city, with arsenals and magazines, and not a single European regiment to defend them. Its geographical position and its military advantages were more than sufficient to induce the Meerut mutineers to turn their faces towards it. They had comrades there on whom they believed that they could rely; and they were not mistaken. There were three regiments of native infantry in Delhi and a battery of golundauze, or native artillerymen. The English commandant had received warning of the approach of the rebels; he had appealed to their loyalty; besought them to stand by their colours and oppose themselves, as good and true soldiers, to the wicked designs of their misguided comrades. They had responded to this appeal with a noisy demonstration

of loyalty, and desired to be led out against the mutineers. 'The Brigadier responding to their seeming enthusiasm,' writes one of the best and ablest of the early chroniclers of the sepoy war, 'put himself at their head and led them out of the Cashmere gate to meet the rebels, whose near approach had been announced. As they marched out in gallant order, to all appearance proud and confident, a tumultuous array appeared advancing from the Hindun. In front, and in full uniform, with medals on their breasts gained in fighting for British supremacy, confidence in their manner and fury in their gestures, galloped on about 250 troopers of the 3rd cavalry. Behind them at no great distance, and almost running in their efforts to reach the golden minarets of Delhi, appeared a vast mass of infantry, their red coats soiled with dust, and their bayonets glittering in the sun. No hesitation was visible in all that advancing mass; they came on, as if confident of the result.* And they were confident of the result. The leading Delhi regiment, which had evinced so great an alacrity to be led against the mutineers, was ordered to fire: and the traitors fired in the air. The sequel is well known. The Meerut and the Delhi troops instantly fraternised with each other; and, murdering their officers where they could, they rushed tumultuously into the city. It is impossible to doubt that throughout Bengal the native army was ripe for revolt,

* 'The Mutiny of the Bengal Army; an historical Narrative, by one who has served under Sir Charles Napier.' The passage quoted in the text, the authenticity of which we assume, gives the best and clearest account we have yet seen of the circumstances attending the arrival of the Meerut mutineers at Delhi. It has frequently been stated that no warning was sent to Delhi; and that, if there had been, the bridge across the Hindun might have been destroyed, and so the advance of the mutineers might have been intercepted. The writer of the narrative quoted in the text, says, 'On receiving intimation of the movement of the rebels, the Brigadier's first idea was to cut away the bridge and defend the river. But there were two objections to this plan. The first was that at the season of the year, the height of the hot weather, the river was easily fordable, and his position on the other bank might be turned. The second, that in case of their attempting that manœuvre, he would be compelled to fight (even if his men continued staunch) with the rebels on his front and flank, and the most disaffected city in India, the residence of the descendant of the Mogul, in his rear. This plan, therefore, was abandoned almost as soon as conceived.' We ourselves know from private letters, that the disposition of the native troops in Delhi had excited uneasiness among the European officers as early as the 23rd of April.

though no hand appeared to have combined the movement, and no political or military leader was ready to take advantage of it.

The city of Delhi was now in the possession of six or seven mutinous sepoy regiments, and the atrocities which had been committed at Meerut were soon re-enacted in an exaggerated form of horror. The Mogul himself, stricken in years and feeble, little capable of independent action, for he had passed his life in the 'Sultan's solitude' of that vast imperial palace, where nothing great or noble ever germinated, became the tool, rather than the director of the mutineers. It is difficult to convey to the English reader a just conception of the population, or the mode of life, in that Delhi palace. The vast building or stack of buildings, with its numerous enclosures, was reeking with royalty in its most degraded form. It was nothing, indeed, but a vast sty of pollution. In the course of half a century, during which the British Government in India had tolerated a state of things which humanity deplored and condemned, there had lived, and revelled, and procreated three kings of Delhi — each with an unlimited amount of wives and concubines; and their offspring had followed their example to the utmost of their means.* But munificent as was the pension allowed by the

* A note on the imperial house of Delhi will probably be welcome in the present conjuncture of affairs. The emperor, Shah Allum by name, old, blind, and feeble, who was rescued from the miserable captivity into which he had been thrown by the Mahrattas, died in 1806. He was succeeded by his eldest son, Akbar Shah, who enjoyed the titular sovereignty and its noble endowment for upwards of thirty years. He had long been anxious to obtain the succession for his second son, the Shah-zadah Jehanguire, a man of some energy of character, but inconveniently addicted to intrigue and cherry brandy. This, however, the British Government resisted, and when Akbar Shah died in 1837, he was succeeded by his eldest son, Meerza Aboo Zuffur, the present king of Delhi, who is now more than eighty years of age. Treading in the footsteps of his father, the king (who now styles himself Mahomed Suraj-oodeen Shah Ghazee) has recently endeavoured, on the death of his eldest son, to persuade the British Government to set aside the prince next in succession, in favour of a younger one, whom his majesty declared to be more richly endowed with natural gifts. This request, which is generally believed to have had its origin in a Zenana intrigue, was not complied with by the British Government, to the great disappointment of the old king, his favourite wife, the expectant prince, and the greater number of the princes, nine out of eleven of whom signed a paper declaring their willingness to recognise the elect of the king as the head of the family. The king himself, who has long been in his dotage, may have lent his name to a hostile movement against the British Government, but is little likely

British Government to the mimic sovereignty of Delhi, when the portion set apart for the maintenance of the family (as distinct from the king himself and his immediate household) came to be divided and subdivided, there was but a paltry maintenance for all the princes and princesses, old and young,—the offshoots of Moguls past and present—who wallowed in that privileged sink of iniquity. But they lived in indolence and vice; enfeebled, body and soul, by debauchery. ‘If ever there was a class of people,’ says an anonymous, but not unknown writer, who has contributed some admirable papers on the mutiny in the Bengal army to the columns of the ‘Times’ newspaper, — ‘if ever there was a class of people who neither fear God nor regard man, it is the Sullateen (plural of Sultan), or pensioned descendants of the last race of Mahomedan Kings of Delhi. Exempted by their rank from the influence of public opinion, and by their pensions from work, they appeared to be condemned to hereditary idleness and depravity. The dispersion of this class and their absorption into the mass of the population will be a great moral as well as political benefit. The ingratitude of this family towards our nation has been extreme. We rescued them from a state of poverty and degradation under Scindiah (who scarcely allowed them the bare necessaries of life), and conferred a magnificent pension upon them, which was regularly paid, to the day when they delivered over our women, who had taken refuge in the palace, to the tender mercies of the mutineers, and placed themselves at the head of the insurrection against us.’

The perpetuation of these titular sovereignties, supported by an enormous income, and invested with immunities which exempted the Court and the Palace of Delhi from legal control, was no doubt a political mistake. The generous sympathies of our nature are disposed to lighten the suffering and the humiliation of a descent from vast regal power to the abject condition of a pensioner, and inclined us, therefore, to leave the fallen prince in possession of the empty title and the pageantry of the royal state. But we have learned now, what there had long been reason to suspect, that this is but mistaken kindness—that genuine humanity, thoughtful and considerate, looking rather to permanent than to immediate results, dictates an opposite course, and with the

to have been an active promoter of it. The most probable person, under the circumstances above related, to have desired the success of the rebel cause, was the disappointed nominee of the king. It appears, by the last published returns, that the amount of stipend granted to the Delhi Family is about twelve and a half lakhs of rupees, or 125,000*l.* per annum.

substance of royalty destroys also the shadow. In the present state of our information, we should not be justified in identifying the members of the royal house of Delhi with the earliest movements of the Bengal mutiny. There is no proof of their being, as is often said, 'at the bottom of it.' But they were very soon to be seen floating on the surface. And, whether they achieved for themselves the greatness of their new position, or whether it was thrust upon them, the king's name became a tower of strength to the mutineers; and from the moment in which they associated that name with their cause, the mutiny in the Bengal army might appear to be invested with a dignity beyond that of a mere military revolt.

In its political aspect nothing could have been more untoward than this occupation of Delhi by the mutineers. As a military movement it was equally unfavourable to the cause of the British Government. Delhi is a walled city some seven miles in circumference; easy to defend, difficult to attack. Its fortifications had recently been repaired by ourselves at a considerable cost. In it were the principal military magazines and store-houses of Upper India; and, in spite of the heroic deed of Lieutenant Willoughby, an immense supply of ordnance, of small arms, and of ammunition of all kinds, fell into the hands of the insurgents. In the hour, therefore, in which the Meerut and Delhi mutineers fraternised under the walls of the imperial city, and rushed confusedly into its streets to spoil and massacre, a victory was accomplished, by one fortunate blow, in support of the rebel cause, which months of successful effort could not otherwise have achieved. The rebellious sepoys had all the munitions of war at their disposal; they had shelter; they had the king's name; they had abundance of money—for there was a public treasury, there was a bank, and the shops of many wealthy shroffs, or money-dealers, to be plundered—and it was the middle of the month of May, when the hot winds are as the fiery blasts of a furnace, and the stoutest European constitutions languish beneath the burning suns of the summer solstice.

But one thing was still wanting to the mutineers—they were without a leader. They had the prestige of the imperial family; but there was no manhood in the palace; and as the sepoy regiments, first at one station, then at another in Upper India, broke out into revolt, and many of them flung themselves into Delhi and rallied round the green standard, the want of some leading intelligence to direct the immense resources at the command of the insurgents became more and more manifest. It is said indeed that the chief command was conferred on Lall Khan, a mere subahdar of the 3rd Bengal Cavalry, who divided his authority

with the princes. What connexion there may have been between these several outbursts in places widely separated from each other, it is not easy to determine. But in all our military cantonments, from Benares to the Punjaub, the sepoy rose in revolt. We cannot enter into the details of the many frightful tragedies which were then enacted. If the sepoy, in the first hour of their insurrection, spared their European officers and their wives and children, the exception excited wonder and admiration, so general had become the rule of indiscriminate slaughter. Time, indeed, seemed only to increase the ferocity with which these miscreants turned against the white men who had so pampered and petted them, and butchered gentle ladies and innocent babes with shameless cruelty not to be described. Yet even after there had been much mutiny and bloodshed, many officers could not persuade themselves that the terrible events which had been announced to them were otherwise than local and accidental, and talked about the loyalty of their own regiments up to the very hour in which the first fatal shot was fired. Others, warned by passing events, took the wise precaution of disarming suspected regiments before they broke out into actual revolt. But whether they flocked with all their arms and equipments to the rebel standard; or whether they were disarmed in the presence of an European force backed by irresistible artillery; before the month of August arrived there was scarcely a single sepoy regiment in the Bengal army to fire a shot at the command of its European officers; and it is not too much to say that if this immense body of trained soldiers, with the most approved weapons of war, the pillage of our treasuries, and all the resources of the country at their disposal, had been controlled by some leading intelligence, and had moved in accordance with some definite scheme of action,—that if there had been in all those rebellious regiments a few men of military genius, or that such men had come from the native states of India, and their guidance had been accepted by the mutineers,—the few scattered Europeans who have so bravely held their ground might have been swept into the sea. The absence of this leadership and direction is one of the main arguments against the existence of a vast political conspiracy, since those who could plan it, must have taken advantage of its success.

But, as time advanced, the calamity, gigantic as it was, assumed no new shape and excited no new alarm for the safety of our empire in the East. Frightful as were the disasters which attended it—enormous as was the loss of life and treasure, the destruction of property, the disorganisation of government, the relaxation of social order, and the paralysis of industrial energy,

which followed in its train, it was still a military revolt—still the revolt of the Bengal army. Writing as we do, with intelligence before us extending to the end of August, 1857, we have still only to relate that the flames of rebellion have spread over a part of the Bengal presidency—and, therefore, over a comparatively small part of our Indian empire. We have still only to relate that the enemy, whom we are called upon to subdue, are the trained and disciplined battalions a few months ago in our pay. The chiefs and people of India have not risen against us. Neither in the dependent, nor in the independent states, have any of the principal native princes, though their armies may have revolted, openly arrayed themselves or thrown their influence into the scales against us. Holkar and Scindiah, sorely perplexed and embarrassed by the conduct of their troops, have hitherto appeared to be true to their allegiance.* The princes of Rajpootana have arrayed themselves on our side; in some cases, by their timely demonstrations, they have materially succoured and assisted us; and there is no present reason to doubt their fidelity. The chiefs of the Cis-Sutlej states, with the Rajahs of Putcalah and Jheend at their head, have evinced the most demonstrative loyalty, and earned the gratitude of their Christian allies. And the ruler of Nepaul has despatched an army to occupy and protect the Goruckpore country, which borders on Oude, or, on a signal from the British Government, to advance on Fyzabad and Lucknow to render us more active assistance. For by a strange but fortunate contradiction, whilst we were betrayed and assailed by those on whom all our confidence had been lavished, we have been gallantly assisted by those native races and princes whom we were most disposed to view with suspicion and to rule by force.

Whilst such, as far as we are at present informed, has been the bearing of the principal chiefs of Upper India whose contiguity to the scene of trouble gave them the means of contributing greatly to our discomfiture, it does not appear that the people at large have evinced any inclination to aid the cause of the mutineers. We do not affirm that in no case have people, not belonging to the military classes, taken part in the insurrection. On the other hand, it is notorious that terrible excesses have been com-

* Early in these disturbances the Dewan or Minister of the State of Gwalior—a sagacious native statesman—said to the British resident at that place, ‘You may rely upon it, the Maharajah and myself are true to the Company, but you must not suppose we are able to bring our troops into the field to fight against their own fellow-countrymen who are in arms for their caste and religion. That is beyond our power.’ And so the result has shown.

mitted by men who have never eaten the Company's salt, or been trained to the use of arms. But as commonly one of the first movements has been the release of all the prisoners in the gaols, and as there are in every city and every cantonment of India numbers of dissolute hangers-on, men of the worst character, willing to fraternise with the sweepings of the gaols, and to participate in any work of crime, it would have been a marvel if hundreds of these 'budmashes' had not always been ready to profit by the disorder produced, in the first instance, by military revolt. But these wretched creatures, by whom, we doubt not, many of the worst atrocities attributed to the sepoys have been committed, have risen, not against the British Government, not against the white man; but against order, against law, against property, against every kind of restraint; and would have risen as promptly and vigorously under a Hindoo or Mahomedan administration. There is in all countries a floating mass of anarchy, eager to take advantage of the disorganisation of government and the disintegration of society; not because they think one government better than another, but because the absence of all government is their opportunity, and social convulsion their element. In India especially there are whole tribes and villages of professional robbers and murderers, who had been brought under the restraint of English law, but who are now suddenly restored to full activity by the opening the gaols and the suspension of authority. By these wretches every sort of crime has of course been committed.

Beyond these abandoned classes, there may be a few persons here and there to sympathise with the mutineers; for there are in all societies disappointed and discontented men; and it is not to be doubted, as we have before observed, that the Mahomedans, whom we supplanted, have long been chafing under the diminution of all those sources of honourable and profitable employment under the State, which has attended the extension of British rule. The immediate kindred of the sepoys themselves may also, in some instances, have risen against the white men.* But the great mass of the agricultural population has remained quiescent. In many cases, the zemindars and the ryots have succoured our fugitives. In Oude alone is it stated, that any of our officers have been 'murdered by the villagers.' But the very account which exhibits this fact, proves it, at the

* To what extent our pensioners have committed themselves, especially in Oude, remains yet to be ascertained. It is not one of the least interesting, and will not, we feel assured, be one of the last points of inquiry, when the immediate work of suppression which lies before us gives place to that of judicial investigation.

same time, to have been an exceptional case. Five European officers, escaping from Fyzabad, were set upon by the armed inhabitants of a village named Mawadubur, and barbarously murdered. But the fugitives had been received at other villages with kindness and hospitality, and every effort had been made to succour them.* The village at which the massacre took place was an armed village, probably one of those robber-villages of which there are many in Oude—villages inhabited by people who have never spared their own countrymen when they have had anything to gain by strangling them or cutting them down.

But if this were not, even in Oude, an exceptional case, it would be unjust to adduce, by way of argument, the behaviour of the people of that province, which, at the time of the events referred to, had been little more than a year under our rule, and which had ever been remarkable for the readiness with which the matchlock and the tulwur were used, and the recklessness with which life was squandered. Not less unjust would it be than to cite the case of the now notorious Sreemunt Dhoondoo Punt, 'Nana Sahib,'† in proof of the assertion that the nobility

* See the narrative of Farrier-Sergeant Busher, of Major Mill's Battery, published in the 'Times' of the 29th of September: 'The Jemadar very kindly took us to his hut, and entertained us as hospitably as he could, supplying us with provisions and cots to lie on.' Again: 'The Tussildars, who, at this place, gave us protection, further aided us by giving each a couple of rupees, and one pony to Lieutenant Ritchie, and another to Lieutenant Cautley, for the journey.' Other similar passages might be cited from the same interesting letter.

† Sreemunt Nursoo Punt, Nana Sahib, was the adopted son, or one of several adopted sons, of the ex-Peishwah, Badjee Rao, who surrendered himself to Sir John Malcolm in 1818, and from that time up to the day of his death (the 28th of January, 1851) enjoyed an annual pension of eight lakhs of rupees, or 80,000*l*. On the death of Badjee Rao, Nana Sahib endeavoured, as his adopted son, to obtain a renewal of the pension in his favour. But as the promise made to Badjee Rao by Sir John Malcolm had extended to nothing beyond a personal provision for the Peishwah's own life, and there was no obligation on the part of the Company to continue the pension even to an actual descendant of the deceased, there was no sort of claim on the part of an adopted one. The local government therefore (knowing that Badjee Rao had made ample provision for his family out of the savings of his pension) refused to accede to the prayer of Nana Sahib's memorial; and the East India Company, on a similar application being made to that body, confirmed the decision of the Government of India. In 1853 Nana Sahib had an European agent in this country, who prosecuted his suit, but with no success—it

of India are against us. This is the one sole name, which during all this *gurdee-ka wukht*, or time of trouble, has become familiar to the English ear. He is the only man who has stood prominently forward as a leader; the only man of any note who has openly identified himself with the rebel cause, and vigorously promoted it. And he is a man with a grievance—a disappointed and discontented man, who for years has nourished, but concealed, a deep hatred of the British Government, which could not be persuaded to alienate for his benefit a large amount of the territorial revenue of the country. A Mahratta, and full of guile, he had malignantly bided his time. Residing, with some state and considerable command of money, at Bhitoor, on the Ganges, not many miles from Cawnpore, he had kept up a friendly intercourse with the principal residents of that place, had often extended his hospitality to them, and had been held in high esteem as a pleasant, humorous, convivial sort of person, ever ready to join in the social recreations of the English, and to contribute to their gratification and amusement. So great, indeed, was the confidence reposed in the friendly feelings of this man towards the British, that when mutiny first broke out at Cawnpore, the authorities turned to Nana Sahib for assistance, and borrowed from him elephants for the conveyance of treasure to a place of safety, and sowars to guard our magazines. How it happened that he afterwards rose to such heights of wickedness, and practised such hellish cruelties upon those with whom he had recently held friendly intercourse, is one of those mysteries of humanity which, in this world, will never be solved.

Little, however, as either the chiefs or the people of India have as yet been concerned in the insurrection, it demands all the energy of the Indian Government, and all the resources of the British nation, to suppress it; for it is the revolt of 100,000 well-armed and well-disciplined soldiers. It was not strange that at the outset the local government did not foresee the gigantic proportions to which the mutiny was destined to swell. But the seizure of Delhi announced to them, trumpet-tongued, the magnitude of the danger which threatened them, and the difficulty with which they were called upon to grapple; and from that time we believe there has been no symptom of weakness or indecision in the acts or in the councils of the Governor-General and his colleagues. Never, perhaps, has an English statesman been exposed to such

being held that even if the 8000*l.* a year (derived from Badjee Rao's savings) which, it was admitted, had descended to the ex-Peishwah's family, was the entire provision made for them, it was sufficient to maintain them in comfort and respectability.

a fiery ordeal as that which now tested the qualities of Lord Canning's mind. The tribulation which beset him was unexampled in the history of the nation; and many men, only recently transplanted from the bureau of a pacific English department, might have been paralysed by it. With scanty resources at his command, he was suddenly called upon to contend with a gigantic and ever-increasing danger. He had to oppose force to force; but where was the force with which he could tread out the mutiny of 100,000 trained soldiers? No sooner had he, by the aid of the railroad, the steamboat, and the electric telegraph, made arrangements for the succour or the protection of one important post, than rebellion broke out at another. From every quarter came a call for European troops; but to strengthen one part of the country was to expose another to danger; and so eccentric was the course of mutiny, so impossible was it to trust existing appearances, that painful doubts and sore perplexities must have distracted the mind of the Governor-General, when he was called upon to decide in what manner his little European force could best be disposed for the protection of the lives and property of his own officers.

Between the seat of Government and many of the most important points in Upper and Central India, direct communication was cut off, and information came, therefore, slowly and uncertainly to Calcutta. The Commander-in-Chief was at the furthest extremity of the presidency, nearer to the disturbed districts, and was, in all probability, making arrangements unknown to the Governor-General at Calcutta; but the intelligence of his advance from Umballah was immediately followed by that of his death at Kurnaul. Conflicting reports and discordant counsels reached Lord Canning from every side. He had, at the same time, to take in the whole of India, with its foreign relations, in one comprehensive view, and to make himself acquainted with the feelings of individual regiments and the characters of individual men. There was nothing more difficult to decide than whom to trust and whom to suspect — whether to anticipate, and so perhaps to precipitate danger, or whether to await its coming. He was altogether, indeed, in a position in which it was impossible wholly to escape condemnation. He has been condemned for his undue confidence — for failing to take timely precautions. But we may be sure that, if he had been more suspicious, more eager to meet danger half-way, he would have been condemned as an alarmist, creating evil by his over-anxiety to avert it.

If, during these disastrous months, into which more than a century of incident has been crowded, Lord Canning did no-

thing that, wise after the event, we now see that he ought not to have done, or if he left undone nothing which it now appears that he ought to have done, he must, indeed, be not merely a great, but an inspired statesman. Being simply a man, with the infirmities of humanity, we must be prepared to learn that he is chargeable with some errors of detail; but history will look rather at the general bearing of the man, in a conjuncture of unprecedented difficulty, and in consideration of the much that has been done well, forbear to dwell upon these smaller failures. It will be recorded of Lord Canning that when the Bengal army broke out in revolt, he turned to the best account the small available European force on the spot, promptly drew from the other Presidencies all the Europeans they could furnish, and with equal promptitude summoned to his assistance the forces despatched from England on the China expedition, those released from the Persian war, and those from the nearest colonial stations; and that he made effective arrangements for their immediate despatch to the disturbed districts. It will be recorded that knowing how much in such a crisis depends upon the energies and exertions of individual men, he gave large powers to all the foremost officers whom he knew that he could trust, and aided them with wise and vigorous legislation suited to so exceptional a conjuncture. He did not show himself in this emergency to be the slave of forms and precedents, but wheresoever there was the real pith of manhood to be found, he used it; and the best men were in the foremost places. It was his misfortune rather than his fault, that in some instances the service was encumbered by effete and incompetent officers, who broke down upon trial. What he could do, in the midst of so much tumult and confusion, to soothe and tranquillise the native mind, he did; he emphatically proclaimed to all the people of India that the British Government never had attempted, and never would attempt, to deprive the natives of the country of their right to worship in their own way; that our system was and is a system of toleration, and that only by false guides and traitors, who would lead them into danger and disgrace, had deceptive stories of the intention of the Government to entrap them into acts destructive of their caste, been invented and circulated among them.

There was one measure of precaution, however, forced from the Governor-General by a consideration of the magnitude of the interests at stake, and of the necessity, in such a conjuncture, of leaving nothing undone to remove every cause of popular irritation, and every source of weakness to the State,—one measure, reluctantly taken, but still vigorously enforced, which

appears to have suddenly arrested the current of popular applause, which had been setting in so strongly towards him. In what has been called 'an evil hour,' Lord Canning shackled the Indian press. The native journals had, for some time, been unscrupulously mendacious in their statements, and seditious in their tone; and even the English newspapers contained much which had tended greatly to irritate the public mind, and to embarrass the Government. The English journals published in India are, with a few exceptions, conducted with considerable ability, but they are singularly devoid of temper and discretion. We are confident that the violent language they habitually employ would not be tolerated by public opinion in any English periodical; and even during this insurrection they have given currency to many extremely false and mischievous statements. It is not long since the Indian journals announced that the Home Government had authorised the seizure of the Baroda State. More recently it was stated in many Indian, and therefore in all the English journals, that the Court of Directors had sent out orders for the 'annexation' of the Rajpoot principalities. The latter statement was in the most mischievous, as, outwardly at least, it was of the most flagitious character, for the very date of the alleged despatch was given in the announcement,—a circumstance which imparted to it at least an air of truth. About the same time a Calcutta daily paper stated that the stipends of all the deposed native princes—especially those of the King of Delhi and the Newab Nazim of Bengal—were to be materially reduced, and that from this source a saving to the State would be secured sufficient to meet the annual deficit of two lakhs. In not any one of these representations was there the least particle of truth.

Other statements have been made, without due consideration of the evil consequences of their circulation,—one, for instance, to the effect that the Government were about to seize the Newab Nazim of Bengal, under a suspicion of complicity in the insurrection,—statements which, although put forth with no unloyal intention, might have seriously embarrassed the Government, and aided the ~~causes~~ of the insurgents. One of the Calcutta journals, thinking doubtless of nothing but its own proper function of supplying information to its readers, gave currency to one of the seditious Delhi proclamations:—

'To show,' wrote the Governor-General in his published letter to the Court of Directors on the subject of the Press, 'that the necessity of controlling the English as well as the native press is not merely imaginary, it will be enough to state that the treasonable proclamation of the king and mutineers of Delhi, cunningly framed so as to

influence the Mahomedan population as much as possible against the British Government, and ending with the assurance that the multiplication and circulation of that document would be an act equal in religious merit to using the sword against us, was published in a respectable English newspaper of this town, without comment. For doing the very same thing, with comments having the outward form of loyalty, the publishers of three native Mahomedan papers in Calcutta have been committed to the Supreme Court to take their trial for seditious libel.'

The fact is, that whilst the native press in India has been used openly to spread sedition, the English press in India chiefly represents the opinions of Europeans settled in the country, or of half castes, not in the Company's service. This class of persons is bitterly hostile to the existing Government of India, from which they conceive themselves to be excluded; and even the presence of danger threatening the Empire and their own personal safety could not restrain them from assailing the responsible agents of the Government with a vindictive fury of which we have no experience in this country, unless it be in the Indian pamphlets now before us. At a suitable moment their complaints will be heard, but the attempt to urge their remonstrances at such a crisis proves they were under the influence, not only of irritation, but of fear.

Moved by these considerations Lord Canning, on the 13th June, attended in person the Legislative Council of India and addressed that body in the following terms:—

'Before the Council proceeds to the Orders of the day, I ask permission to bring before it a subject of pressing and paramount importance—I allude to the quarter from which the evil influences which now pervade so many minds have been industriously put in motion, and to which a large portion of the discontent instilled into our troops and our ordinarily harmless and peaceful community, is attributable. I doubt whether it is fully understood or known to what an audacious extent sedition has been poured into the hearts of the native population of India within the last few weeks by the native newspapers. In addition to perversion of facts, there are constant vilifications of the Government, false assertions of its purposes, and unceasing attempts to sow discontent and hatred between it and its subjects. Opportunities have been taken to parade before the eyes of the inhabitants of the capital, and of our soldiery and subjects elsewhere, a traitorous proclamation put forth by those who are in arms against the Government in the North-western provinces, crying for the blood of Europeans, offering rewards for rebellion, and denouncing all who shall continue faithful to the Government. I am speaking to a body whose members have more experience of the native character and of the working of the native mind than I possess. But it needs little of this to see that it is impossible that all this

mischief can be afoot and unrestrained without producing wide-spread disaffection, lamentable outbreaks, and permanent injury to the authority of Government. Against such poisoned weapons I now ask the Legislative Council to give the Executive Government the means of protecting itself, its army, and its subjects.'

The Standing Orders were suspended, and an Act was passed, with the unanimous assent of the Council, placing the press of India for one year under the restraint of a license from the Government. No distinction was made between the English and the native press, because, as Lord Canning observed:—

'We do not clearly see how any distinction of the sort could really be carried into effect; for there is more than one newspaper in the English language written, owned, and published by natives, almost exclusively for circulation among native readers. And although we have no fear that treasonable matter would be designedly published in any English newspapers, we have to guard in these times against errors in discretion and temper, ~~as~~ all as against intentional sedition.'

The Governor-General ended his observations in these words:—

'I cannot conceal from the Council that I have proposed this measure with extreme reluctance. It is one which no man bred in the atmosphere of English public life can propose to those who are vested with the high authority of legislating for English dominions, without some feelings of compunction and hesitation. But there are times in the existence of every State in which something of the liberties, and rights which it jealously cherishes and scrupulously guards in ordinary seasons, must be sacrificed for the public welfare. Such is the state of India at this moment. Such a time has come upon us. The liberty of the press is ~~in~~ exception; and now upon my responsibility as the head of the Government of India, and with the unanimous support of the colleagues with whom I have the honour to act, I ask the Legislative Council to strengthen the hands of the Government by passing this bill.'

Such was the spirit in which this measure was introduced by the Governor-General, and we think that there will be very few persons in this country who will not concur in these sentiments. In Calcutta, however, the 'Gagging Act,' as it was called, instantly kindled the fury of the noisiest portion of the European community, and they have ever since endeavoured to show their power and their patriotism by traducing Lord Canning both in India and in England. To express our own attachment to the liberty of the press would be entirely superfluous, but like every other right, and perhaps more than any other right, it must be exercised with discretion, and above all controlled by

public opinion. The press of India was unhappily not controlled by these legitimate means of restraint; and as the native press entirely evaded them, the license it enjoyed became extremely mischievous. It is difficult to combine the principles of a government founded on free discussion with those of a government founded and maintained by conquest.

The collected demeanour and quiet courage of the Governor-General formed a remarkable contrast to the nervous exasperation of his antagonists; for if any charge can be urged against Lord Canning with any show of truth, it is that in the presence of very great public danger, he rather underrated the extent of the peril—a noble and an uncommon failing! No doubt he was led by the assurance of men who had spent their lives in India, and who were ready to sacrifice their lives to their confidence in the native troops, to retain hope in the fidelity of some part of the army longer than the result has warranted. But we do not believe that this hope induced him to neglect any of the precautions it was in his power to take. The same may be said of the Home Government. The Ministers of the Crown expressed in Parliament hopes which have not been fulfilled. But they lost not a day in pouring into India all the forces of the Empire. In less than two months seventy-seven vessels left our shores for India, with 30,000 soldiers; other detachments proceeded to India from the colonies; and when the season arrives which will enable Sir Colin Campbell to take the field, he will find himself at the head of an European army of nearly 80,000 men. The endurance of the gallant band before Delhi through the most frightful season of the Indian climate—the heroic efforts of Havelock, Eyre, Nicholson, and many others at the head of detached columns—have nobly upheld the honour of our arms, and have extorted the enthusiastic admiration of all Christendom; but it is obvious that the restoration of the authority of the British Government in India must be the result of regular military operations conducted upon a far more extensive system. For these operations the necessary preparations have been made, and they will commence at the most favourable season of the year for Indian warfare.

We have abstained in these observations from any attempt to assign a positive cause to these extraordinary events, though we have noticed most of the circumstances in which they are supposed to have originated. But these causes appear to us to prove either too little or too much. They do not account for the marked distinction which exists between the conduct of the Bengal army and the Bengal population; and it is not easy

to perceive why the troops should have been wrought to frenzy amidst the population to which the native soldiers belong should remain friendly or indifferent. Moreover these alleged causes are frequently contradictory; and the highest authorities on Indian matters are at variance on the facts of the controversy. It is scarcely necessary to observe that one of the first duties of the Indian Government, when tranquillity is in some degree restored, will be to issue a commission to collect evidence on this profoundly interesting and mysterious subject.

One point, however, deserves a more immediate notice. Among the theories started to account for an outbreak which has impelled the Bengal army to such unwonted acts of treason and ferocity, it has been suggested that the progress of civilisation and Christianity in India had become of late so active and apparent, as to rouse to frenzy the dormant passions of Oriental superstition: the mysterious power of the electric telegraph already united every portion of the empire by means incomprehensible to the native mind—lines of railroad had begun to impart new means of locomotion to the population—freedom of trade had opened the country more and more to European enterprise—the enlightened spirit of Lord Dalhousie's administration was manifestly at variance with the ancient maxims of Indian rule—and even the law in its connexion with some of the domestic relations of the Hindoos, had undergone changes which seemed destined to inaugurate a period of greater toleration:—In short, that the time had arrived when a more active struggle between the progressive spirit of a free and Christian government and the ancient bondage of Asiatic society, became inevitable. We do not doubt these were among the causes which engendered that agitated condition of the public mind in Northern India which undoubtedly preceded and accompanied the military revolt. But whatever weight we may attach to the supposition, there is another consideration to oppose to it, on which too much stress can hardly be laid. The progress of science and of mechanical invention may have contributed to the dispersion of barbarism—but it is certain that the arts of civilisation and mechanical invention now at our disposal are the main instruments by which we shall resist and eventually subdue it. Suppose such a calamity as a general revolt of the Bengal army to have occurred at any period of our domination in India, previous to the establishment of rapid and direct communication with Europe, and it is no exaggeration to assert that before the tidings of such an event could reach London every European in Hindostan might have perished. Suppose such an event to have

occurred when the forces of the Crown were engaged in military operations abroad, ~~as~~ when this country was struggling with difficulties or disaffection at home: we might have been the powerless spectators of the dissolution of an empire. But take on the contrary our present position: the electric telegraph transmitted information to all parts of India more rapidly than the winged reports of the bazaars, and in the Punjab especially, Sir John Lawrence was enabled, by this intelligence, to disarm the suspected regiments, and to save the province. Railroads and steam navigation, though still less perfect than they ought to be in India, afford powerful assistance to military operations in the country; but above all they connect India with England. At no former period in history could this country, or any country, have sent forth a great army with such promptitude to the East, that within four months from the occurrence of the outbreak, the stream of reinforcements will have begun to arrive. Indeed, by a coincidence which we can scarcely call an accident, the troops destined for China were already within reach of Calcutta. At home we found ourselves with an army too much reduced, no doubt, for so terrible an emergency, but composed of veteran troops, many of whom had recently seen war in its rudest form. The experience of the Crimean campaign, and especially the excellent arrangements by which the British army had been brought back from Turkey in the preceding year, had taught us how to transport large bodies of armed men, and even of cavalry and artillery, to distant parts of the globe. Even our weapons of combat have recently received improvements which are unknown to the nations of the East. The martial ardour of the nation, excited by the late war, is still at a high pitch; though happily our relations with all the states of Europe and America appear to promise a season of lasting peace. In short, whilst we deplore with our whole heart this dreadful and mysterious calamity, we retain the conviction that it could not have happened at a time when we are better prepared to meet it, and that it might have occurred at a time when we were destitute of our present resources. If, therefore, we are called upon to restore the British empire in India to its former stability and grandeur by force of arms,—if this contest between the barbarism and fanaticism of Asiatic hordes and the civilised authority of Christian rulers must be fought out on the plains of Hindostan,—we engage in it not only with a clear conscience and a bold heart, but with all the means which a well-disciplined and highly cultivated nation can apply to the chastisement of its enemies. The collision was not sought by us, nor was it caused by any act of tyranny

or injustice ; it has been forced upon us by unparalleled acts of brutality, treason, and wickedness ; and if we may dare to interpret the inscrutable designs of Providence, this is one of those occasions in which a nation is sometimes armed with every element of superior force in order to vindicate eternal justice, and to advance the moral government of the world.

NOTE TO PAGE 127.

IN answer to some of the remarks contained in our review of 'Little Dorrit,' Mr. Dickens states, in the 'Household Words' of the 1st of August, that the catastrophe of that tale formed part of his original plan, and was not suggested by a contemporary occurrence. The coincidence we pointed out was therefore accidental.

I N D E X.

A

- Adam*, Sir Frederick, and General Sir Charles Napier, 327.
America, change in the feeling with which republican institutions are regarded in, 263—effects of numerical representation, 264-5.
Augustus Cæsar, review of the events of his reign, 160, *et seq.*

B

- Bacon*, Francis, Viscount of Alban, review of Spedding's complete edition of his works, 289—notice of Bacon's early life, 291—his 'Essays,' 293—growth and merits of his philosophy, 296—the 'Novum Organon,' 312, *et seq.*—care bestowed by his editors Messrs. Spedding and Ellis, 318-19—M. Charles de Remusat's estimate of his philosophy, 319.
Ballot, vote by, modification of the opinions of the advocates of, 262.
Bernadotte, John (afterwards King of Sweden), and General Maison, 78.
Billing, Chief Justice, Lord Campbell's account of, 439.
Blackie, John Stuart, review of his 'Braemar Ballads,' 467.
Boswell's 'Tour to the Hebrides,' review of Carruthers' edition of, 467.
Bouillet, M. N., review of his 'Œuvres Philosophiques de Bacon,' 289.

C

- Camden*, Lord, antipathy of the Napiers to him, 326.
Campbell, Lord, review of his 'Lives of the Chief Justices,' &c., 433, *et seq.*
Canning, Mr., and Sir John Moore, 324—his duel with Lord Castlereagh, 324.
Castlereagh, Lord, his treatment of Sir John Moore, 324.
Crédit Foncier, review of works relating to, 407, *et seq.* See *Landed Credit*.

D

- Dalhousie*, Lord, and General Sir Charles Napier, in India, 343—his interview with Ali Moorad, 345.

De la Rive, Auguste, review of his 'Treatise on Electricity in Theory and Practice,' 26, *et seq.*

Delhi, veneration of the people of India for, 576.

Dickens, Mr. Charles, strictures on his 'Little Dorrit,' 126-36—his 'Circumlocution Office,' 129—note on his answer, 594.

Disraeli, Right Hon. B., review of his 'Speech at the Farmers' Ordinary at Newport Pagnell,' 254. 258.

Düntzner, H., review of his 'Aus Herders Nachlass,' 194, *et seq.*

E

Electricity, review of works relating to, 26, *et seq.*—M. Ampère's idea, 29—Berzelius, 29—De la Rive, 29—process of *induction*, 30—Faraday, 31—insulators and conductors of electricity, 34—rate at which the electric spark travels, 37—Professor Wheatstone, 37—Mr. Whitehouse's 'magnetoelectrometer,' 41—the Atlantic telegraph, 42—electric light, 47—magnetism, 51—iron-built ships, 58—magnetism of the earth, 62.

Ellenborough, Lord, Chief Justice, notices of, 452.

F

Faraday, Professor, review of his 'Experimental Researches on Electricity,' 26, *et seq.*

Fischer, Kuno, review of his 'Franz Baco von Verulam,' 289.

Foss, Edward, review of his 'Judges of England,' &c., 432, *et seq.*—his criticisms of Lord Campbell, 436.

France, review of MM. Martin and Michélet's histories of, 382, *et seq.*—works of various historians, of—the *épos* of French history, 391, *et seq.*

Frederica of Sessenheim and Goethe, 198-206.

G

Gaskell, Mrs., strictures on her 'Life of Charlotte Brontë,' 153-56.

Glanville, Justiciary and Dapifer, 437-46.

Goethe, review of his character and influence, 194, *et seq.*—tribute to his genius, 195—his treatment of Frederica of Sessenheim, 198-201—his requital of the friendship of Kestner and his wife, 204, *et seq.*—his conduct and character as a German, 211—tendencies of his writings, 223-26.

Grouchy, General, story told by Marshal Marmont of him, 80.

H

Handel, George Frederick, review of Victor Schœlcher's 'Life' of, 227, *et seq.*—his early life, 222—his oratorios, 238-9—anecdotes of the 'Messiah,' 241—remarks on his works, 242, *et seq.*—his residence in England, 235-251—personal notices of him, 253.

Hardinge, Sir Henry (afterwards Lord), and the Napiers, 341.

Hare, Thomas, Esq., review of his 'Machinery of Representation,' 254.

Hartford, John S., review of his 'Life of Michael Angelo Buonarroti,' 507, *et seq.*

Heat, mechanical theory of, 27.

Herder, F. G. Von, review of his 'Aus Herders Nachlass,' 194, *et seq.*

Highlands of Scotland, alleged depopulation of the, considered, 468, *et seq.*

Howick, Lord (now Earl Grey), and the Napiers, 338.

I

Incumbered Estates Court, report of the Commissioners appointed to inquire into the, 98, *et seq.*

India, review of works relating to, 544—our difficulties in governing India, 545—purely military nature of the present mutiny, 547—Lord Canning, 548—state of the Bengal army at the time of the outbreak, 551—probable causes of the revolt, 564—its commencement, 571—seizure of Delhi, 576—the titular sovereigns of Delhi, 579—Nana Sahib, 584-5—restriction of the liberty of the press, 588-90.

Ireland, social progress of, 98, *et seq.*—state of, previous to 1846, 98—the Devon Commission, 99—cottier farmers, 100—middlemen, 101—the Penal Code of Queen Anne, 102—other sources of ill, 105—the famine of 1845-6 107-8—adjustment of the Poor Law, 109—the 'Artificial Drainage,' and the 'Land Improvement' statutes, 110—the 'Renewable Leasehold Conversion Act' of 1849, 113—The 'Incumbered Estates Act,' 114—good conferred on Ireland by this statute, 119-23.

Irish Poor Law, Sir G. Nicholl's 'History' of the, reviewed, 98.

J

Jeanne d'Arc, history of, 400

Josseau, M. J. B., review of his 'Institutions de Crédit Foncier et Agricole,' &c., 407, *et seq.*

K

Kenyon, Lord, notices of, 442.

Kestner, Johann Christian, his connexion with Goethe, 204, *et seq.*

L

Lamerrière, de St. Ferréol, Madlle., and the story of the Lady of La Salette, 15.

Landed Credit, review of works relating to, 407—buyers and sellers of land, 408—difficulties of transfer, 411—proposals for facilitating mortgages, 416, *et seq.*—institutions of Landed Credit, 422—can they be applied to this country? 431.

Leves, G. H., review of his 'Life and Works of Goethe, with Sketches of his Age and Contemporaries,' 194, *et seq.*

M

Macaulay, Lord, and General Sir Charles Napier, 329-30.

Maistre, Joseph de, review of his 'Examen de la Philosophie de Bacon,' 289.

Mantland, Sir Thomas, Sir Charles Napier's character of, 32

Marmont, Marshal, Duke of Ragusa, review of the 'Mémoires' of, 63, *et seq.*—sketches of his career, 66, *et seq.*—his malevolence towards the Imperial family, 77—his account of the interviews between Bernadotte and General Maison, 78—his part in the campaign of 1814, 80—and in the Capitulation of Paris, 81—defection of the corps under his command, 84—his character of Napoleon, 85-6—his ingratitude, 87—his character of his wife, 91—his pecuniary embarrassments, 92—his subsequent life, 94, *et seq.*

Martin, Henri, review of his 'Histoire de France,' 382, *et seq.*

Mediterranean Sea, Admiral Smyth's work on the, 356—its configuration, 361—its name, 362—mountains surrounding it, 364—its islands, 365—Strait of Gibraltar, 366—depth of water, 368—volcanoes, 370—earthquakes, 371—zoology and botany, 372—rivers flowing into it, 373—its colour, luminosity, and saltness, 376—winds, 377—waterspouts, 378—kingdoms, ancient and modern, on its shores, 379.

Merivale, Rev. Charles, review of his 'History of the Romans under the Empire,' 157, *et seq.*

Michael Angelo, review of works relating to the 'Life' of, 504, *et seq.*—artistic tendencies of his age, 511—his character and genius as shown in his poems, 513—his letters, 518—his works of art, 519—his architecture, 527—his social character, 534.

Michelet, M., review of his 'Histoire de France,' &c., 382, *et seq.*

Montagu, Basil, his edition of the 'Works of Francis Bacon,' 289.

Montagu, Sir John, and Mr. Canning, 324.

N

Nana Sahib, the murderer, notice cf. 584.

Napoleon Bonaparte, the Emperor, at the battle of Leipzig, 71—his character as drawn by Marshal Marmont, 35—his alleged conduct on the field of Waterloo, 89—his ruthless oppression of Germany, 211, *et seq.*

Napier, Sir Charles, review of his 'Lectures and Opinions' edited by Sir W. Napier, 322, *et seq.*—Sir Charles's antipathies, 322, *et seq.*—causes of his inconsistencies, 323—his warnings respecting the Indian army, 556.

Novelists, Modern, strictures on, 124, 125—'The Life of Charlotte Brontë,' 126—'It is never too late to mend,' 126—'The Life of Charlotte Brontë,' 153-56.

O

Outram, Colonel (now Sir James), and General Sir Charles Napier, 331, *et seq.*—his conduct at Mianec, 332.

P

Parliament, result of last election, 274.

Parliamentary Committees and Railway Legislation, second letter from Lord Redesdale respecting the article on, 226.

R

Reade, Mr. Charles, strictures on his 'It is never too late to mend,' 136-152.

Redesdale, Lord, and the Standing Order Committee of the House of Lords, 286.

Reform Act of 1832, effects of the, 269.

Remusat, Charles de, review of his 'Bacon, sa Vie, son Temps, sa Philosophie, et son Influence jusqu'à nos Jours,' 289. 319.

Representative Reform, 254, *et seq.*—direction which a new Reform Act ought to take, 257—course proposed by the Ministers, 259—the Ballot and Numerical Representation, 262—example of American democratic institutions, 263—analysis of the effects of universal suffrage, 265-6—the problem of representing classes and not numbers, 269—effects of the Reform Bill of 1832, 269—evils to be apprehended, 273, *et seq.*

Ripon, Lord, and the Napiers, 333.

'*Romans under the Empire*,' review of the Rev. Charles Morival's 'History' of the, 157—reign of Augustus Cæsar, 160, *et seq.*—condition of the Roman provinces at this period, 177—Tiberius, 182—degeneracy of the Roman people during the reigns of the earlier Cæsars, 189—causes of this degeneracy, 191.

Royer, M., review of his 'Institutions de Crédit Foncier en Allemagne et en Belgique,' 407, *et seq.*

S

Salette, La, history of the pretended Apparition of Our Lady of, 1, *et seq.*—Madlle. Constance Lamerliere de St. Ferréol, the Lady of La Salette, 15.

Schälcher, Victor, review of his 'Life of Handel,' 227, *et seq.*

Scholl, A., review of his 'Goethes Briefe an Frau von Stein,' 194, *et seq.*

Scoresby, Rev. W. D.D., review of his 'Experimental Researches on Electricity,' 26, *et seq.*

Scotland, review of books relating to, 467, *et seq.*—cry of 'depopulation of the Highlands' considered, 468, *et seq.*

Sepp's character of, quoted from de Valzeben's 'Les Anglais et l'Inde,' 462.

Sismondi, review of his history of France, 385.

Smyth, Rev. John, review of his 'Mediterranean: a Memoir Physical, Historical, and Nautical,' 356.

Spedding, James, M.P., review of his edition of 'The Works of Francis Bacon,' &c., 289.

Suctonius, strictures on his History, 32.

T

Tacitus, remarks on his 'Annals,' 182.

Taylor, John Edward, review of his 'Michael Angelo considered as a Philosophical Poet,' &c., 507, *et seq.*

Tenison, Charles Abbot, Lord, notices of, 408.

Thierry, Augustin, his history of the Franks, 337.

- Tiberius Caesar*, review of the events of his reign, 181, *et seq.*
Tooke, Wilham, his 'History of Prices,' &c., 407, *et seq.*
Townshend, William C., review of his 'Lives of Twelve eminent
 'Judges,' &c., 432, *et seq.*

U

- Ullathorne*, Right Rev. Bishop, review of his 'Holy Mountain of
 'La Salette,' &c., 1.

V

- Volcanoes* of the Mediterranean, their great age, 370.

W

- Welshy*, W. N., review of his 'Lives of Eminent English Judges,'
 432, *et seq.*
Whately, Richard, D.D., archbishop of Dublin, review of his edition
 of 'Bacon's Essays, with Annotations,' 289.
Wyse, Rev. John, review of his 'Manual of the Confraternity of La
 'Salette,' &c., 1—quoted, 4, *et seq.*

END OF VOL. CVI,

